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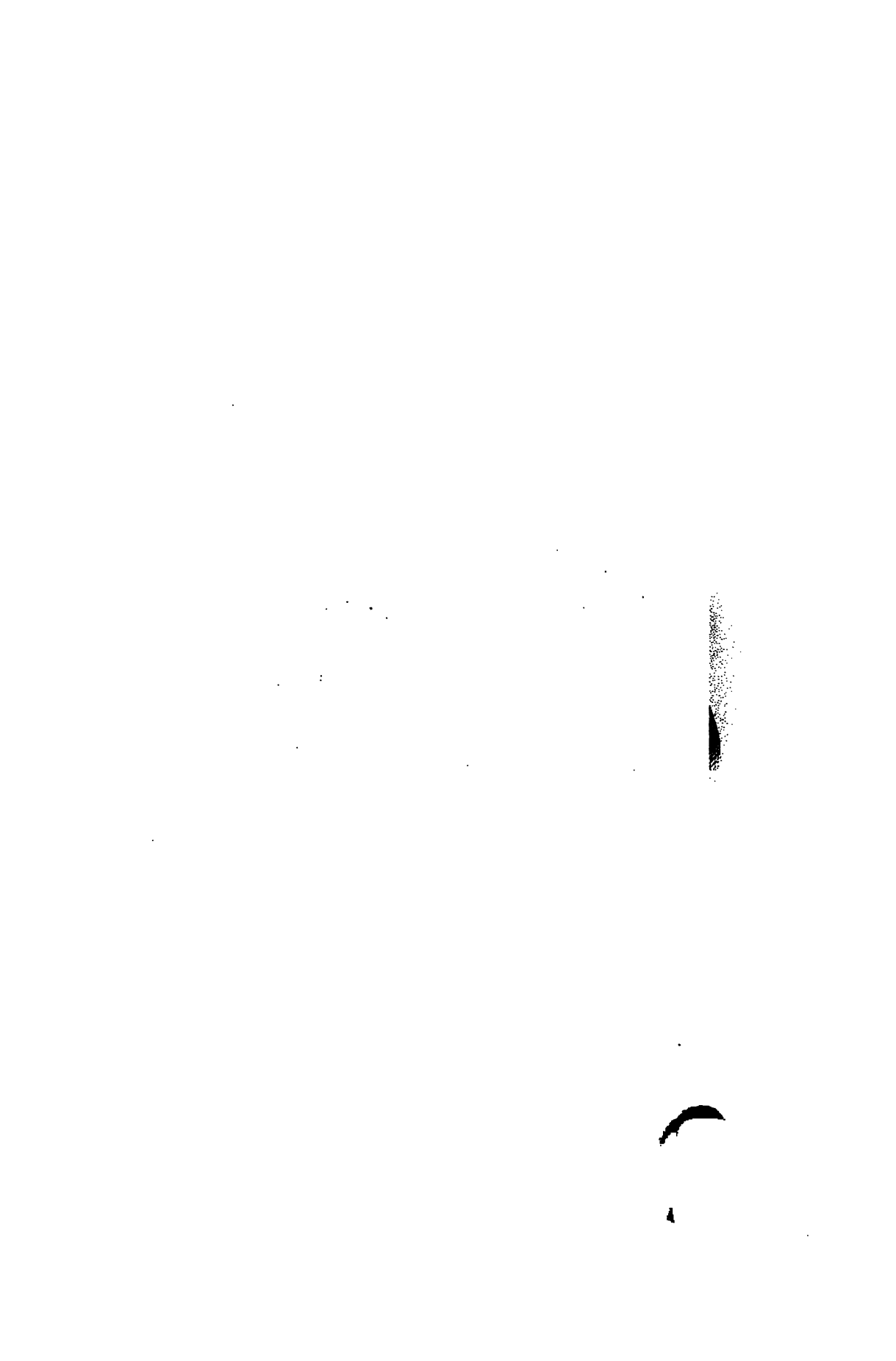
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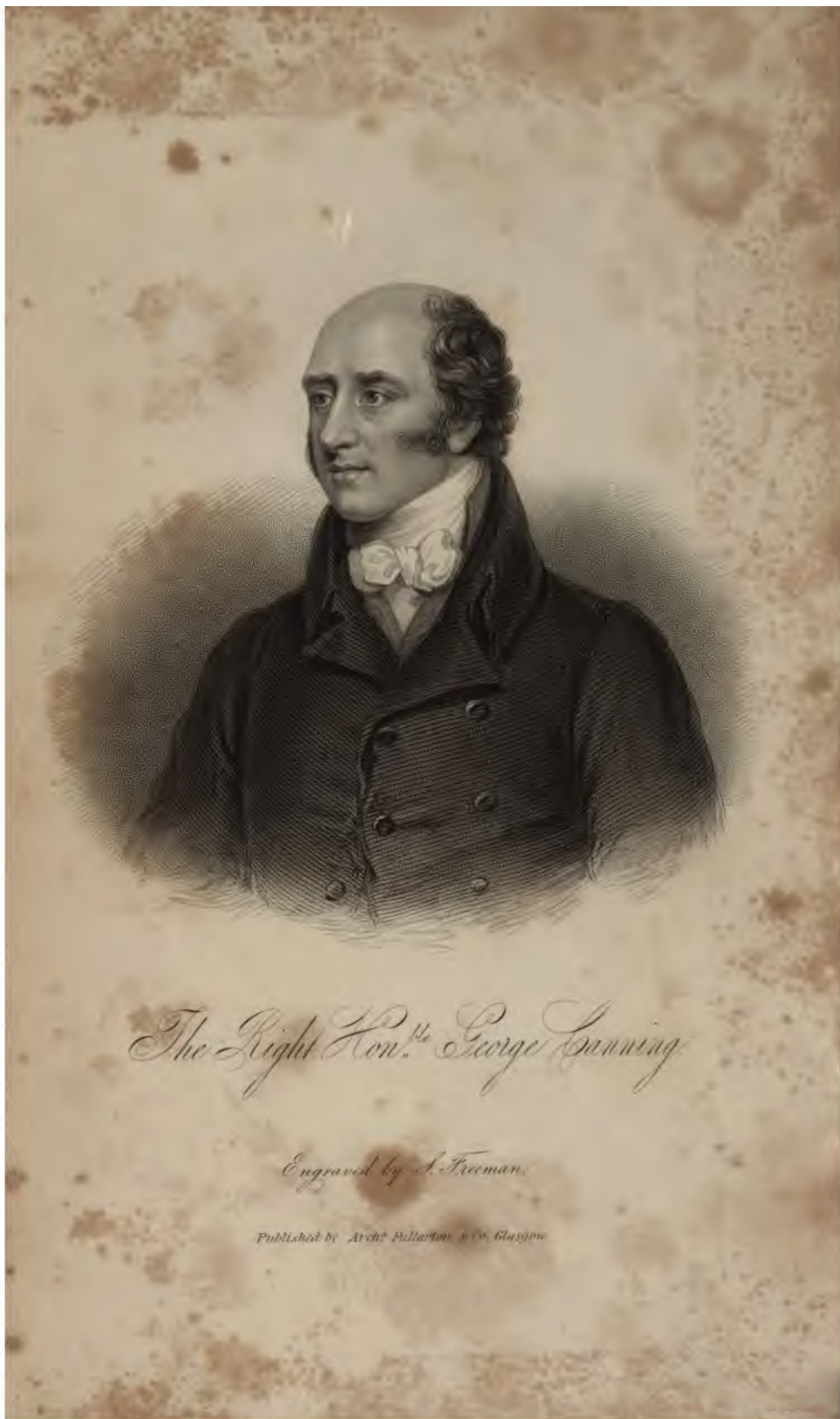
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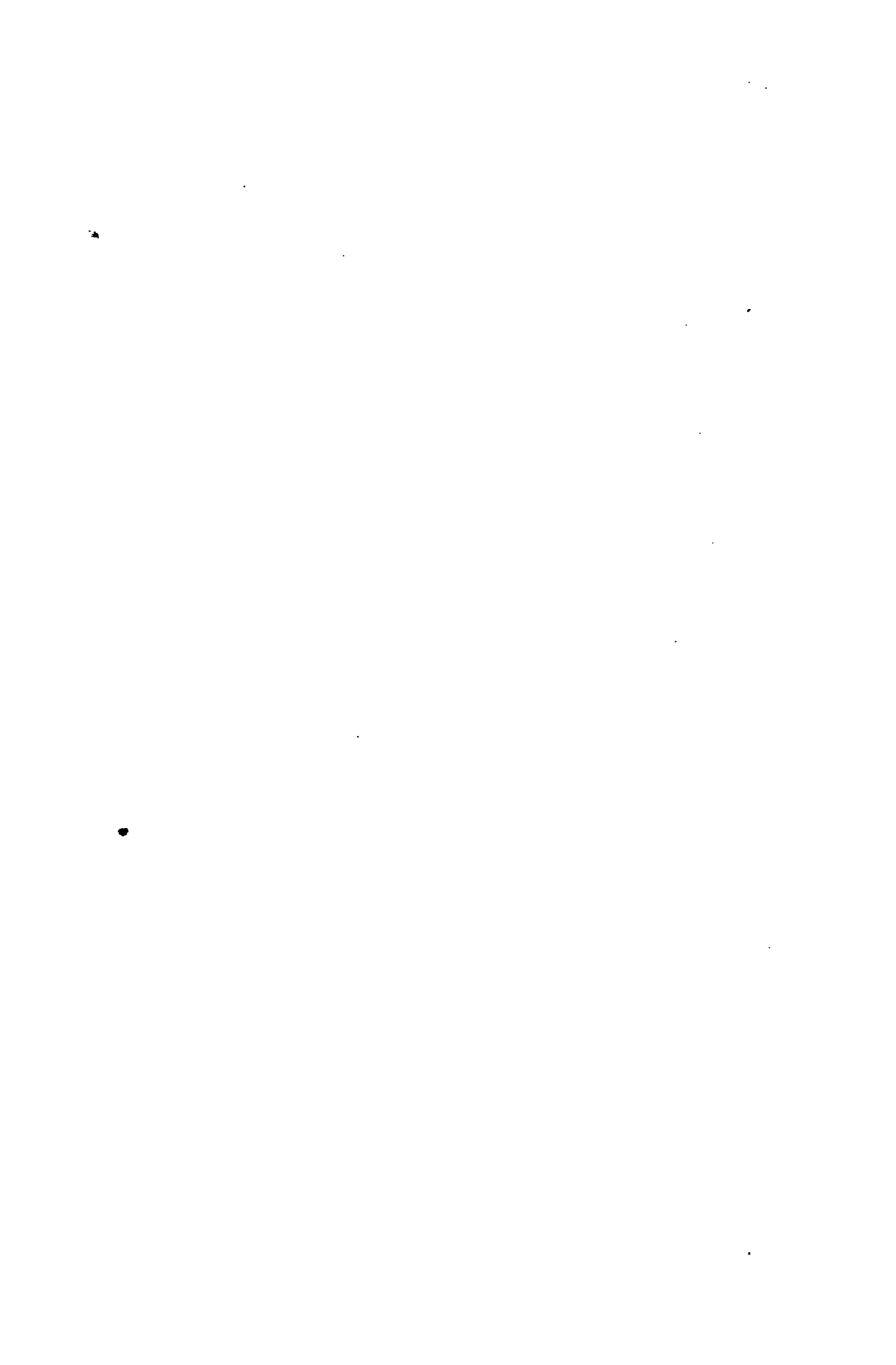




The Right Hon. George Lanning

Engraved by A. Freeman.

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Jeremy Taylor D.D.
Bishop of Down & Connor.

Engraved by J. Freeman.

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Miss Mary A. Taylor

1850

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Sir Humphry Davy. Bart.

Engraved by J. Freeman

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tired to the village of Stoke-Newington, where he resided to the end of his life. Here he still continued zealously to devote himself to literary labours, and besides editing the 'Monthly Magazine,' and continuing the publication of the 'General Biography,' produced a variety of minor essays, translations, and fugitive pieces. In 1801 he composed for the use of young people a very instructive little volume, entitled 'The Arts of Life.' In 1803 he amused himself with the composition of a volume of 'Letters to a Young Lady on a course of English Poetry;' and shortly afterwards undertook a work, entitled, 'Geographical Delineations,'—a performance for which his daughter claims the title of "the philosophy of geography." In 1806 Dr Aikin's connection with the 'Monthly Magazine' ceased, and he engaged in the establishment of a new periodical, entitled, 'The Athenæum,' which was carried on during two years and a half. In 1809, during a suspension of the publication of the biography, he translated, from the Latin, 'Memoirs of the Life of P. D. Huet, Bishop of Avranches, written by Himself;' and in 1812 appeared his 'Memoirs of Selden and Usher.' Towards the close of 1811 he accepted the editorship of 'Dodsley's Annual Register;' and in 1815 he completed the 'General Biography,'—the task of twenty years. Dr Aikin was now 68 years of age, but he still kept planning new literary designs. His last publications were his 'Select Works of the British Poets,' and 'Annals of the Reign of George III.' Shortly after the appearance of the latter work he had a severe and dangerous shock of the palsy, after which his health and spirits gradually sunk, until a stroke of apoplexy closed the scene, on the 7th of December, 1822. He was interred in the church-yard of Stoke-Newington, where a simple monument is erected to his memory.

Dr Aikin, to quote his daughter's description, "was of the middle stature, and well-proportioned though spare; his carriage was erect, his step light and active. His eyes were grey and lively, his skin naturally fair, but in his face much pitted with the small-pox. The expression of his countenance was mild, intelligent, and cheerful; and its effect was aided in conversation by the tones of a voice clear and agreeable, though not powerful." In his political principles Dr Aikin was a devoted admirer of free and liberal institutions, and a staunch contender for the liberty of the subject.

Robert Bloomfield.

BORN A. D. 1766.—DIED A. D. 1823.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD was the youngest son of George Bloomfield, a tailor, and his wife, Elizabeth, a school-mistress, in the village of Honington, in Suffolk, and was born on the 3d of December, 1776. Before Robert was a year old his father died, leaving his widow with six children. Assisted by her friends she managed to give each of them a little education: two or three months' instruction in writing, however, from Mr Rodwell of Ixworth, was all the scholastic accomplishment that Robert obtained. When he was about eleven years old he was taken into the house, and employed in the farm of Mr W. Austin, of Sapiston, who was married to Bloomfield's maternal aunt; but, after some time,

finding him so small of his age, and unfit for such hard labour, Mr Austin signified the same to his mother, who, having married again, and got a second young family to attend to, wrote immediately to two of his eldest brothers, George and Nathaniel—then settled in London—for their advice and assistance,—when the former readily offered to teach him the business of a shoemaker, and the latter undertook to clothe him. The mother came to London, accordingly, and placed Robert in the care of his brother George, charging the latter “as he valued a mother’s blessing, to watch over him, to set good examples before him, and never to forget that he had lost his father.”

“It is customary,” says Mr G. Bloomfield, who at that time lived at No. 7, Fisher’s-court, Coleman-street, “in such houses as are let to poor people in London, to have light garrets fit for mechanics to work in. In the garret, where we had two turn-up beds, and five of us worked, I received little Robert. As we were all single men, lodgers at a shilling per week each, our beds were coarse, and things were far from being neat and snug, as Robert had been accustomed to at Sapis-ton. He was our man, to fetch all things to hand. At noon he brought our dinner from the cook’s shop: and any of our fellow-workmen that wanted any thing fetched in, would send him, and assist in his work and teach him by way of recompense for his trouble. Every day when the boy from the public house came for the pewter-pots, and to hear what porter was wanted, he always brought the yesterday’s newspaper. The reading of the paper we had been used to take by turns; but after Robert came, he mostly read for us,—because his time was of least value. He often met with words he was not acquainted with: and of this he frequently complained. I one day happened, at a book-stall, to see a small dictionary, which had been very ill-used. I bought it for four-pence. By the help of this, in a little time, he could read and comprehend the long and beautiful speeches of Burke, Fox, or North. One Sunday, after a whole day’s stroll in the country, we, by accident, went into a dissenting meeting-house in the Old Jewry, where a gentleman was lecturing. This man filled little Robert with astonishment. The house was amazingly crowded with the most genteel people; and though we were forced to stand still in the aisle, and were much pressed, yet Robert always quickened his steps to get into the town on a Sunday evening soon enough to attend this lecture. The preacher lived somewhere at the west end of the town—his name was Fawcett. His language was just such as the *Rambler* is written in; his action like a person acting in tragedy; his discourse rational, and quite free from the cant of Methodism. Of him Robert learned to accent what he called hard words; and otherwise improved himself; and gained the most enlarged notions of Providence. He went sometimes with me to a debating society at Coachmaker’s Hall, but not often; and occasionally to Covent Garden theatre. These are all the opportunities he ever had of learning from public speakers. As to books, he had to wade through two or three folios: a ‘History of England,’ ‘British Traveller,’ and a Geography. But he always read them as a task, or to oblige us who bought them. And, as they came in sixpenny-numbers weekly, he had about as many hours to read as other boys spend in play. I, at this time, read the ‘London Magazine;’ and in that work about two sheets were set apart for a review, which Robert was always very eager to read. Here he

could see what the literary men were doing, and could learn how to judge of the most of the works that came out. And I observed that he always looked at the Poet's corner. One day he repeated a song which he had composed to an old tune. I was surprised that a boy of sixteen should make so smooth verses; and I persuaded him to try whether the editor of our paper would give him a place in the Poet's corner. He succeeded, and they were printed; and as I forget his other early productions, I shall copy this.

THE MILK-MAID ON THE FIRST OF MAY.

Hail May! lovely May! how replenished my pail!
The young dawn overspreads the East streak'd with gold!
My glad heart beats time to the laugh of the vale,
And Colin's voice rings through the woods from the fold.

The wood to the mountain submissively bends,
Whose blue misty summits first glow with the sun!
See thence a gay train by the wild rill descends
To join the glad sports:—hark! the tumult's begun

Be cloudless ye skies!—Be my Golin but there,
Not the dew-spangled bents on the wide level dale,
Nor morning's first blush can more lovely appear
Than his looks, since my wishes I could not conceal.

Swift down the mad dance, while blest health prompts to move,
We'll count joys to come, and exchange vows of truth;
And haply when age cools the transports of love,
Decry, like good folks, the vain pleasures of youth.

"I remember a little piece which he called 'The Sailor's Return,' in which he tried to describe the feelings of an honest tar, who, after a long absence, saw his dear native village first rising into view. This, too, obtained a place in the Poet's corner. And, as he was so young, it shows some genius in him, and some industry, to have acquired so much knowledge of the use of words in so little time. Indeed, at this time, myself and my fellow-workmen in the garret began to get instructions from him, though not more than sixteen years old. About this time there came a man to lodge at our lodgings that was troubled with fits. Robert was so much hurt to see this poor creature drawn into such frightful forms, and to hear his horrid screams, that I was obliged to leave the lodgings. We went to Blue Hart-court, Bell alley. In our new garret we found a singular character, James Hay, a native of Dundee. He was a middle-aged man, of a good understanding, and yet a furious Calvinist. He had many books,—and some which he did not value: such as the 'Seasons,' 'Paradise Lost,' and some novels. These books he lent to Robert; who spent all his leisure hours in reading the SEASONS. I never heard him praise any book equal to that.

"I think it was in the year 1784, that the question came to be decided between the journeymen shoemakers, whether those who had learned without serving an apprenticeship could follow the trade. The person by whom Robert and I were employed, Mr Chamberlayne of Chispe-side, took an active part against the lawful journeymen, and even went so far as to pay off every man that worked for him that had joined their clubs. This so exasperated the men, that their acting committee soon

looked for unlawful men, as they called them, among Chamberlayne's workmen. Robert, naturally fond of peace, and fearful for my personal safety, begged to be suffered to retire from the storm. He came home; and Mr Austin kindly bade him make his house his home till he could return to me. And here, with his mind glowing with the fine descriptions of rural scenery which he found in Thomson's 'Seasons,' he again retraced the very fields where first he began to think. Here, free from the smoke, the noise, and the contention of the city, he imbibed that love of rural simplicity and rural innocence which fitted him, in a great degree, to be the writer of 'The Farmer's Boy.' Here he lived two months: at length, as the dispute in the trade remained undecided, Mr Dudbridge offered to take him as his apprentice, to secure him, at all events, from any consequences of the litigation, and he was accordingly bound. When I left London he was turned eighteen; and much of my happiness since has arisen from a constant correspondence with him. After I left him he studied music, and became a good player on the violin. As my brother Nat had married a Woolwich woman, it happened that Robert took a fancy to a comely young woman of that town, whose father is a boat-builder in the Government-yard there. His name is Church. Soon after he married, Robert told me in a letter 'he had sold his fiddle and got a wife.' Like most poor men, he got a wife first, and had to get household stuff afterward. It took him some years to get out of ready furnished lodgings. At length, by hard working, &c., he acquired a bed of his own, and hired the room up one pair of stairs at 14, Bell-alley, Coleman-street. The landlord kindly gave him leave to sit and work in the light garret, two pair of stairs higher. In this garret, among six or seven other workmen, his active mind employed itself in composing 'The Farmer's Boy.'

The MS., when completed, was put into the hands of Capel Lofft, Esq. of Troston, near Bury St Edmund's, who benevolently revised it, superintended its progress through the press, and prefixed to it an ample biographical and critical memoir, from which we have selected such passages only as are given in the words of George Bloomfield. Respecting this poem an anecdote has been related by Mr Swan, in a letter to Mr Lofft: "Among other subjects of conversation, with respect to 'The Farmer's Boy,' I wished to be informed of his manner of composition. I inquired, as he composed it in a garret, amidst the bustle and noise of six or seven fellow-workmen, whether he used a slate, or wrote it on paper with a pencil, or pen and ink; but what was my surprise when he told me that he had used neither! My business during the greatest part of my life, having led me into the line of literary pursuits, and made me acquainted with literary men, I am consequently pretty well informed of the methods used by authors for the retention of their productions. We are told, if my recollection is just, that Milton, when blind, took his daughters as his amanuenses; that Savage, when his poverty precluded him from the conveniency of pen, ink, and paper, used to study in the streets, and go into shops to record the productions of his fertile genius; that Pope, when on visits at Lord Bolingbroke's, used to ring up the servants at any hour of the night, for pen and ink, to write any thought that struck his lively and wakeful imagination; that Dr Blacklock, though blind, had the happy facility of writing down, in a very legible hand, the chaste and elegant productions of his muse.

With these, and many other methods of composition we are acquainted, but that of a great part of 'The Farmer's Boy,' in my opinion, stands first on the list of literary phenomena. Sir, Mr Bloomfield, either from the contracted state of his pecuniary resources to purchase paper, or for other reasons, composed the latter part of his 'Autumn,' and the whole of his 'Winter,' in his head, without committing one line to paper! This cannot fail to surprise the literary world, who are well acquainted with the treacherousness of memory, and how soon the most happy ideas, for want of sufficient quickness in writing down, are lost in the rapidity of thought! But this is not all, he went still a step farther:—he not only composed and committed that part of his work to his faithful and retentive memory, but he corrected it all in his head!!!—and, as he said, when it was thus prepared, 'I had nothing to do but to write it down.' By this new and wonderful mode of composition, he studied and completed his 'Farmer's Boy' in a garret, among six or seven of his fellow-workmen, without their ever once suspecting or knowing any thing of the matter!"

Bloomfield continued to employ his poetical powers, and, besides contributing several pieces to 'The Monthly Mirror,' published three volumes of poems, in 1802, 1804, and 1806, successively. In 1811 appeared his 'Banks of the Wye,' the result of a tour made by him into South Wales, the mountain scenery of which country made a novel and pleasing impression on his mind. Not long afterwards, owing to his engaging in the book trade, he became a bankrupt; and about the same time, suffering much from the dropsy, he left London and took up his abode at Shefford in Bucks, for the benefit of his health. His death took place at Shefford, on the 19th of August, 1823. He left a widow and four children; and had published, shortly before his death, 'May Day with the Muses,' and 'Hazlewood Hall,' a village drama, in three acts.

The characteristics of 'The Farmer's Boy' are well-known. Parr, Southey, Aiken, Watson, and all our most eminent critics have praised it. Dr Drake, in his 'Literary Hours,' says, "such are its merits, that, in true pastoral imagery and simplicity, I do not think any production can be put in competition with it since the days of Theocritus."

Edward Jenner.

BORN A. D. 1749.—DIED A. D. 1823.

EDWARD JENNER was born at Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, where his father, Stephen Jenner, was vicar, on the 17th May, 1749. At an early period of his life he lost his father, and at the age of eight years he was put to school at Wotton-under-Edge, and soon after at Cirencester under the care of Dr Washbourn. One of his early propensities was for the study of natural history, and the hours usually devoted to play were spent by him in collecting fossils or studying the habits of birds and insects. His professional education commenced under the care of Mr Ludlow, a surgeon at Sudbury, near Bristol. His apprenticeship being finished, he went to London, and had the good fortune to be taken under the care of the celebrated John Hunter, with whom

he resided. Under these favourable circumstances his zeal for natural history could not fail to be increased, his views became more enlarged, and his talents and industry progressed in a like proportion. Between such congenial spirits as those of John Hunter and Edward Jenner, a friendship of the closest description was, notwithstanding the disparity in years, unavoidable; and though the amount of benefit received was on the side of Jenner much the greater, there is not a doubt that the great master found in the rising talents of his favourite pupil a reward which fully recompensed him for all that he bestowed. So long as Mr Hunter lived their correspondence was uninterrupted, and the respect of the pupil was never diminished. The recommendation of Mr Hunter procured for Jenner, in 1771, the task of arranging the collection of specimens of natural history of Sir Joseph Banks, when Captain Cook returned from his first voyage of discovery. His reputation being thus increased, he was requested to accompany the expedition of 1772 as naturalist; but a desire to return to his native place led him to decline the tempting offer. He returned accordingly to Berkeley, where he settled as a general practitioner, and soon acquired a high reputation and an extensive practice. He continued to improve every advantage which presented itself for the study of his favourite science, and prepared a paper on the Cuckoo, which was read before the Royal society in 1788, and appeared in their transactions. He used to indulge himself occasionally in writing poetry; many of his little pieces display considerable feeling and versatility of talent. About 1778 Jenner took an active part in the formation of a medical society, intended to promote at the same time medical science, conviviality, and good fellowship. He is known to have communicated some very valuable papers to this society, some of which were unfortunately dispersed and could not be recovered. Of another society in Alveston he was an active member, and first made known to the members of it his views on the prophylactic virtues of cow-pox, but did not receive that encouragement which he so eminently deserved. On the 6th of March, 1788, he married Miss Catharine Kingscote, daughter of Anthony Kingscote, Esq., a kinsman of the great Sir Matthew Hale. This marriage proved the source of much happiness to him. In 1792 he resigned his general practice as being too fatiguing, and, obtaining the degree of M. D. from the university of St Andrews, practised afterwards only as a physician. In 1794 he suffered severely from typhus fever, along with several other members of his family.

In 1798 the first part of his 'Inquiry into the Causes and Effects of Variola Vaccina' was laid before the public. This was the result of much labour and long experience, and on account of it the name of Jenner will ever stand high on the list of the benefactors of the human race. An account of the history of the cow-pox can no where be with more propriety introduced than in connection with the name which it has rendered illustrious.

The history of the origin and progress of Dr Jenner's discovery is very well given by his biographer, Dr Baron; and perhaps the best thing that can be done here will be to give an analysis of that portion of the work of Dr Baron. The attention of Jenner was drawn to the subject while he was yet little more than a boy, by the observation of a countrywoman, in whose presence the subject of small-pox was men-

tioned, "I cannot take that disease, for I have had cow-pox." This shows that the notion was a popular one, and though it takes away from Jenner the merit of actual discovery, it does not at all detract from the honour which has been so long acknowledged as justly and peculiarly his own. His mind became first alive to the possibility of averting the evils arising both from the natural and the inoculated small-pox, and he exerted his powers to the utmost, in the face of neglect and ridicule, to convince the world of the efficacy of the means he proposed. John Hunter was early made acquainted with the ideas of Jenner on this subject, and though not impressed so fully with the importance of them, he did not fail to give the young student every encouragement to perseverance, and to communicate his notions to other men of science. To most of these the evidence seemed unsatisfactory, and it was not till 1780 that Jenner was able to acquire sufficient information to confirm his own confidence in the new means he proposed for guarding against this dangerous disease. In that year he communicated his information to his friend Edward Gardner. Among the difficulties which at different times impeded his progress, was one which arose from a considerable similarity between two diseases, both of which were commonly called the cow-pox, but which differed in this essential point, that the one did, and the other did not, afford a protection against the contagion of small-pox. Fortunately he discovered in a disease called the grease, affecting the heels of horses, the origin of the *true* cow-pox, as he denominated that which was the object of his researches, in contradistinction to the *false*, which did not produce the same beneficial effects. In 1788 he got a drawing of the disease, as produced on the hands of milk-women when the cows are affected, and showed it to Sir Everard Home, who gave him every encouragement to proceed in his researches. It was not till the 14th May, 1796, that he was enabled to make an experiment, which decided the virtues of his method. It remained to be proved whether the disease propagated from one human being to another continued to produce the same desirable effect upon the constitution, as that obtained directly from the diseased animal. This was completely decided by the experiment now referred to. In May the matter taken from the hand of a woman was used to inoculate a boy of eight years of age. The pustule was produced, and run its course in a regular manner. In July variolous matter was taken from a pustule and inserted in several places under the skin of the boy, and the gratification of Jenner may well be conceived, when the result is stated—no disease followed. "I shall now," he said, in a letter to a friend, "pursue my experiments with redoubled ardour." In 1798 Dr Jenner repaired to London for the purpose of making an experiment in order to satisfy his medical friends there. It will hardly be credited that in the space of three months he could not procure one person on whom he might exhibit the disease. It is to the honour of Mr Cline, surgeon of St Thomas' hospital, that he exerted himself in favour of Jenner and his views. Much opposition had to be encountered from the less liberal members of the profession; but Jenner lived to see his triumph over it all. It was the opinion of Dr Jenner that the cow-pox and small-pox are modifications of the same disease. Of course the discussion of that question does not belong to this place.

In 1798 he fell in with Dr Ingenhousz, with whom he had a contro-

versy on the subject, the details of which do no honour to the foreign physician, whose name stands otherwise high as a man of science. In the same year Dr Pearson exerted himself to forward the cause of vaccination, with considerable success. Experiments were made in the small-pox hospital, but from the want of attention to many important particulars, they failed. In 1799 the researches of Jenner became known at Geneva, Hanover, and Vienna. In December of the same year, application was made to Jenner, from the Princess Louisa of Prussia, for vaccine matter, whereby the disease was introduced into that country. In the same year, through the exertions of Dr Pearson, the London Vaccine Institution was founded, and Dr Jenner was appointed extra-corresponding physician to the infant establishment. The fame of Dr Jenner was now established; the duke of York recommended the introduction of vaccination into the army; and the duke of Clarence honoured Jenner with a personal interview, wherein he conversed with him on the subject. In 1800, March 7th, he had an interview with the king, to whom he presented his treatise on the cow-pox, and was graciously received. In February, 1801, Dr Trotter, physician to the fleet, in conjunction with the other officers of the navy, presented Dr Jenner a gold medal, as a proof of their admiration of the man, and their confidence in the means he proposed. The obverse exhibits Apollo, as the god of physic, introducing a sailor recovered from vaccination to Britannia, who holds out a civic crown inscribed with the name of 'Jenner.' Below is the appropriate motto, "*Alba nautes stella refulsit.*" On the reverse is an anchor, and above it "*Georgio Tertio Rege;*" below, "*Spencer Duce.*" A diploma, constituting him M. D. of Oxford, was also presented to Jenner by that learned body. As a proof of the zeal of Dr Jenner for the good of the human race, may be quoted an offer of £1000, which he made towards the furtherance of a proposal for sending out the cow-pox to Ceylon. This liberality was rendered unnecessary by the success of another plan. During the years 1799, 1800-1-2, the method of Dr Jenner spread over America, France, Spain, the Mediterranean, Constantinople, Bombay, &c. For information respecting the progress of it in these places, the work of Dr Keir on the introduction of the cow-pox into Bombay, and that of Dr de Carro, published at Vienna in 1804, may be referred to. Not less favourable was the reception which it met with in the north of Europe; an institution was founded in Berlin, and a medal struck in honour of Jenner. By the exertions of an Austrian nobleman, the people of Bremen in Moravia were made partakers in the benefit of Dr Jenner's discovery, and their gratitude to the founder of the system was testified by erecting a temple dedicated to Jenner. On the 10th August, 1802, the empress of Russia wrote a letter to Jenner, signed with her own hand, and sent along with it a valuable diamond ring. He replied in a letter of thanks, and sent a copy of his works on vaccination to the empress. About the same time he was elected an honorary member of the Royal society of Gottingen. He received also a service of plate from his friends in Gloucestershire, among whom Earl Berkeley was most active in promoting the subscription. While Jenner was thus covered with honours, he was labouring entirely for the public good, to the detriment of his own private fortune. The constant change of residence between Berkeley, Cheltenham, and London, effectually de-

stroyed his private practice, and he was likely to have become a loser by his philanthropy. After due consideration, therefore, parliament was petitioned on his account, and after the house of commons had received the evidence of the first men of science in the kingdom, the very inadequate sum of £10,000 was voted to him. In 1807 an additional sum of £20,000 was voted.

Little more can be said of this valuable man. The incidents of the life of a man of science are seldom numerous or interesting, except in so far as they appear in connection with his discoveries. After having achieved a most important benefit for man, having lived to witness the gratitude of the world, having been covered with honours by sovereigns and by learned men, the illustrious Jenner was called from the world in February, 1823. He was then 74 years old, and the cause of his death was a sudden attack of apoplexy. His name will never be forgotten, and he will for ever remain, in the words of Rudolphi, "dear to the human race."

Anne Radcliffe.

BORN A. D. 1764.—DIED A. D. 1823.

THIS distinguished novelist was born in London in the year 1764. Although her immediate progenitors were engaged in trade, they were of no plebeian descent,—a branch of the celebrated Dutch family of the De Witte being to be found among her remoter ancestry, and several individuals of consideration being her near connexions. Educated rather after the more business-like style of our ancestors than in the manner in which it has now become fashionable for young ladies to be "finished off," she was married at Bath in her 23d year to Mr William Radcliffe, a graduate of Oxford, and at that time a student at one of the Inns of Court. The young pair, shortly after their marriage, having come to reside at London, Mr Radcliffe became proprietor and editor of the 'English Chronicle;' and it was owing, we are told, to his frequent absence from home till a late hour, that his wife, to beguile the time, was first induced to resort to the practice of composition, and the invention of those romantic fictions from which she afterwards derived so large a revenue of fame. It was her husband's encouragement, too, which first prompted her to adventure upon the hazard of publication; and the suggestion of a heart which might naturally enough have been suspected of some degree of partiality, was very soon confirmed in a manner the most decided and most gratifying, by the award of the public approbation.

Excited in this way, both by the voice of domestic affection and the intoxication of successful authorship, it is no wonder that a mind like that of Mrs Radcliffe's gave forth for a time ungrudgingly of its fulness. It was, in fact, in the course of a very few years of her life that all the works for which the world is indebted to her pen were written; 'The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne,' her first production, having appeared in 1789, 'The Sicilian Romance' in 1790, 'The Romance of the Forest' in 1791, 'The Mysteries of Udolpho' in 1794, and 'The Italian' in 1797. This was her last publication,—although to the list

we have given must be added, her notes on the English Lakes, which were sent to press in 1795, and the tale of 'Gaston de Blondenville,' which, although written in the winter of 1802, was not published during the lifetime of its author.

Mrs Radcliffe lived twenty-five years after the composition of 'The Italian;' but her literary exertions during that long period consisted merely, with the exception of the posthumous romance of 'Gaston de Blondenville,' in the fabrication of a few occasional verses, which do not appear to have been very painfully elaborated. She was in the habit, it is stated, of giving much of her time to the perusal of the novels and poems of the day, occasionally attending the opera, the oratorios, or the theatres with her husband, and occupying herself, besides, very assiduously in the management of her household concerns. During part of almost every summer she used to accompany her husband on some excursion of pleasure, which was never, however, extended beyond the limits of England, except on one occasion, in 1794, when they made a tour together through Holland, and the western frontier of Germany, returning down the Rhine. When engaged in this way she generally kept a pretty full journal of occurrences. Another of her favourite amusements—and this, by the bye, reminds us of Madame de Stael—consisted in listening to sonorous recitations in languages even which she did not understand,—her husband taking an affectionate delight in gratifying her here, by reading to her the most musical passages from the Greek and Latin classics. During the last twelve years of her life she was severely afflicted with asthma; and died at last in her 59th year, on the 7th of February, 1823.

Of her personal appearance we are told, that, although of low stature, she was exquisitely proportioned, with a complexion of great delicacy, and eyes, eye-brows, and mouth, of singular loveliness. Having no children, almost her only society was that of books and of her husband; for, being naturally of a retiring disposition, she never was able to conquer her aversion to mixed or crowded assemblies, and even after the blaze of reputation which her works procured for her, continued to dislike of all things the personal notoriety of authorship. Her shrinking sensibility, indeed, with regard to any thing like public notice, seems throughout her whole life to have been quite of the old school. It was with no inconsiderable reluctance that she was at first prevailed upon to turn author at all; and the usual honours and distinctions of the profession she never could be persuaded to accept or allow to be offered to her. Her acuteness and delicacy of feeling did not partake, however, in any degree of the morbid or hypochondriac; and it is gratifying to be told that at the very time when some foolish manufacturer of gossip had circulated a report of her insanity, she was in the enjoyment, not only of the most unclouded reason, but of the most equable and cheerful spirits. Even her genius for the preternatural and the horrible, seems to have been entirely under control and management; her power of sketching the most terrific pictures, and calling up around her the world of mysteries and spectres, being held by her apparently without the obligation imposed upon most other wizards and sorceresses, of becoming, in turn, themselves the thralls of the demons they command.

"Mrs Radcliffe," says a writer in the 'Edinburgh Review,' "was

as truly an inventor, a great and original writer in the department she had struck out for herself—whether that department was of the highest kind or not—as the Richardsons, Fieldings, and Smolletts, whom she succeeded and for a time threw into the shade; or the Ariosto of the North, before whom her own star has paled its ineffectual fires. The passion of fear,—‘the latent sense of supernatural awe, and curiosity concerning whatever is hidden and mysterious’—these were themes and sources of interest which, prior to the appearance of her tales, could scarcely be said to be touched on. The ‘Castle of Otranto’ was too obviously a mere caprice of imagination; its gigantic helmets, its pictures descending from their frames, its spectral figures dilating themselves in the moonlight to the height of the castle battlements—if they did not border on the ludicrous, no more impressed the mind with any feeling of awe, than the enchantments and talismans, the genii and peris, of the Arabian Nights. A nearer approach to the proper tone of feeling, was made in the ‘Old English Baron;’ but while it must be admitted that Mrs Radcliffe’s principle of composition was, to a certain degree, anticipated in that clever production, nothing can illustrate more strongly the superiority of her powers, the more poetical character of her mind, than a comparison of the way in which, in these different works, the principle is wrought out;—the comparative boldness and rudeness of Clara Reeve’s modes of exciting superstitious emotions, as contrasted with the profound art, the multiplied resources, the dextrous display and concealment, the careful study of that class of emotions on which she was to operate, which Mrs Radcliffe displays in her supernatural machinery. Certainly never before or since did any one more accurately perceive the point to which imagination might be wrought up, by a series of hints, glimpses, or half-heard sounds, consistently at the same time with pleasurable emotion, and with the continuance of that very state of curiosity and awe which had been thus created. The clang of a distant door, a footfall on the stair, a half-effaced stain of blood, a strain of music floating over a wood, or round some decaying chateau—nay, a very ‘rat behind the arras,’ become in her hands invested with a mysterious dignity; so finely has the mind been attuned to sympathize with the terrors of the sufferer, by a train of minute details and artful contrasts, in which all sights and sounds combine to awaken and render the feeling more intense. Yet her art is even more visible in what she conceals than in what she displays. ‘One shade the more, one ray the less,’ would have left the picture in darkness; but to have let in any farther the garish light of day upon her mysteries, would have shown at once the hollowness and meanness of the puppet which alarmed us, and have broken the spell beyond the power of reclasping it. Hence, up to the moment when she chooses to do so herself, by those fatal explanations for which no reader will ever forgive her, she never loses her hold on the mind. The very economy with which she avails herself of the talisman of terror preserves its power to the last, undiminished, if not increased. She merely hints at some fearful thought, and leaves the excited fancy, surrounded by night and silence, to give it colour and form. Of all the passions, that of fear is the only one which Mrs Radcliffe can properly be said to have painted. The deeper mysteries of love, her plummet has never sounded. More wearisome beings than her heroines, any

thing more 'tolerable and not to be endured' than her love tales, Calprenede or Scudery never invented. As little have the stormier passions of jealousy or hatred, or the dark shades of envious and malignant feeling formed the subjects of her analysis. Within the circle of these passions, indeed, she did not feel that she could walk with security; but her quick perception showed where there was still an opening in a region of obscurity and twilight, as yet all but untrodden. To that, as to the sphere pointed out to her by nature, she at once addressed herself; from that, as from a central point, she surveyed the provinces of passion and imagination, and was content if, without venturing into their labyrinths, she could render their leading and more palpable features available to set off and to brighten by their variety the solemnity and gloom of the department which she had chosen."

John Keats.¹

BORN A. D. 1796.—DIED A. D. 1820.

THIS young poet was of humble origin, and born October 29, 1796, at a livery-stable, kept by his grandfather in Moorfields. In childhood he was sent to Mr Clarke's school, at Enfield, where he remained till the age of fifteen, and was then bound apprentice to Mr Hammond, a surgeon, in Church-street, Edmonton. On leaving Mr Hammond, he attended at St. Thomas's hospital; but his inclination to poetry having been cultivated by his teachers at school, who marked his unusual turn of mind, and meeting when he came out in the world with the other encouragements of it natural to literary and stirring times, he found himself unable to pursue his profession, and gave way entirely to the ambition of becoming a great poet. What induced him to exhibit this ambition with the more eagerness, was an introduction he had at this time to Mr Leigh Hunt, who was struck with admiration at the specimens of premature genius laid before him.

Mr Keats's first volume of poems, many of which were written in his teens, accordingly made its appearance in 1817, when he was in his twenty-first year. This was followed by 'Endymion, a Poetic Romance,' in 1818; and in the year 1820, he published his last and best work, 'Lamia, Isabella, and other Poems,' all which publications excited remarkable attention. Mr Keats's poetical faculty was of a nature to make its way into notice under any circumstances, and would unquestionably have done so; but the political and other opinions to which his attention had been early directed, the public connexions to which he was introduced, and the generous enthusiasm, natural to great talents, which would not allow him to conceal either, soon brought on him a host of critics, some of whom were but too happy to mask their political hostility under the guise of public zeal. An attack from a review, the conductors of which were actuated by this motive, completed the difficulties with which Mr Keats had to contend; and his constitution never having been very strong, and undergoing a severe

¹ We have taken the liberty of extracting this memoir—the best we have seen of the author of 'Endymion'—from Gorton's 'Biographical Dictionary,' a singularly meritorious work.

shock in the illness and death of a younger brother, whose bedside he had attended when he ought to have been nursing an illness of his own, not to mention some other perplexities of a nature too delicate, though unfounded, to be mentioned here, he put forth his last volume with little hope of its doing any thing but showing what he might have done; and withdrew into silence and the arms of his friends to die. It is certain, that he had made up his mind to this premature end a good while before it took place. During his sufferings, which were considerable, owing to the consciousness of what he might have performed, the disdain of his own physical weakness, which subjected him to impressions from his enemies that he otherwise despised, and above all, to a very tender hope which he had reason to indulge, and which he now saw he must give up in this world, he nevertheless exhibited a manly submission, and took a pleasure in showing himself sensible of the attentions he experienced.

After residing some months in the houses of Mr Charles Brown, Mr Leigh Hunt, and other friends at Hampstead, he was prevailed upon to try the climate of Italy, where he arrived, but without effect, in the month of November, 1820, accompanied by his friend, Mr Severn, a young artist of great promise, since well-known as the principal English student at Rome; and in Rome, on the 27th of December following, in the arms of this gentleman, who attended him with undeviating zeal, he expired, completely worn out, and wearied of life. His lingering death-bed was so painful to him, that he used eagerly to watch the countenance of the physician, in hopes of seeing what others would have called the fatal sentence; yet so sweet was his natural taste of life, and so irrepressible his poetical tendencies to the last, that a little before he died, speaking of the grave he was about to occupy, he said, "he felt the daisies growing over him." He was interred in the English burying-ground, near the monument of Caius Cestius, and not far from the grave in which was soon after deposited his poetical mourner, Mr Shelly, who had made him the handsomest offers to come and live with him in Tuscany.

It is a mistake to attribute Mr Keats's death—as Lord Byron has done among others—to the attacks of the critics; and his lordship was told of it, before the passage to that purpose in *Don Juan* appeared; but a lively couplet, with a good rhyme to it, is hard for a wit to part with. The attacks may have accelerated, and undoubtedly embittered his death; but the cause of it was a consumptive tendency, of an extreme kind, and of long standing. When his body was opened, there was scarcely any portion of lungs remaining. The physicians declared, that they wondered how he could have held out so long; and said, that nothing could have enabled him to do it but the spirit within him. Mr Keats had a very manly, as well as delicate spirit. He was personally courageous in no ordinary degree, and had the usual superiority of genius to little arts and the love of money. His patrimony, which was inconsiderable, he freely used in part, and even risked altogether, to relieve the wants of others, and farther their views. He could be hot now and then; and perhaps was a little proud, owing to the humbleness of his origin, and the front he thought it necessary to present to vulgar abuse. He was handsome, with remarkably beautiful hair, curling in natural ringlets.

Mr Keats's poems have been so often criticised both by friends and enemies, and have succeeded, since his death, in securing him so unequivocal a reputation as a highly promising genius, that it will be necessary to say comparatively little of them here. If it was unlucky for his immediate success, that he came before the public recommended by a political party; it was fortunate for him with posterity, that he began to write at a period when original thinking, and a dependence on a man's own resources, were earnestly inculcated on all sides. Of his standing with posterity we have no doubt. He will be considered, *par excellence*, as *the young poet*; as the one who poured forth at the earliest age the greatest unequivocal exuberance, and who proceeded very speedily to show that maturity brought him a judgment equal to the task of pruning it, and rendering it immortal. He had the two highest qualities of a poet, in the highest degree—sensibility and imagination. His 'Endymion,' with all its young faults, will be a store-house for the lovers of genuine poetry, both young and old; a wood to wander in; a solitude inhabited by creatures of superhuman beauty and intellect; and superabundant in the luxuries of a poetical domain, not omitting "weeds of glorious feature." Its most obvious fault was a negligence of rhyme ostentatiously careless, which, by the common law of extremes, produced the very effect he wished to avoid—a pressure of itself on the reader. The fragment of 'Hyperion,' which was his last performance, and which extorted the admiration of Lord Byron, has been compared to those bones of enormous creatures which are occasionally dug up, and remind us of extraordinary and gigantic times.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

BORN A. D. 1792.—DIED A. D. 1822.

THIS gifted but erring genius, was the eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, Baronet, of Castle Goring, Sussex; and was born at his father's seat, on the 4th of August, 1792. The following biographical notice of him is from the pen of his friend and associate, Captain Medwin:—

Percy Bysshe Shelley was removed from a private school at thirteen, and sent to Eton. He there showed a character of great eccentricity, mixed in none of the amusements natural to his age, was of a melancholy and reserved disposition, fond of solitude, and made few friends. Neither did he distinguish himself much at Eton, for he had a great contempt for modern Latin verses, and his studies were directed to any thing rather than the exercises of his class. It was from an early acquaintance with German writers, that he probably imbibed a romantic turn of mind; at least, we find him, before fifteen, publishing two Rosamatilda-like novels, called, 'Justrozzi,' and 'The Rosicrucian,' that bore no marks of being the productions of a boy, and were much talked of and reprobated as immoral by the journalists of the day. He also made great progress in chemistry. He used to say, that nothing ever delighted him so much as the discovery that there were no elements of earth, fire, or water; but before he left school he nearly lost his life by being blown up in one of his experiments, and gave up the pursuit.

He now turned his mind to metaphysics, and became infected with the materialism of the French school. Even before he was sent to University college, Oxford, he had entered into an epistolary theological controversy with a dignitary of the church, under the feigned name of a woman; and, after the second term, he printed a pamphlet with a most extravagant title,—‘The Necessity of Atheism.’ This silly work, which was only a recapitulation of some of the arguments of Voltaire and the philosophers of the day, he had the madness to circulate among the bench of bishops, not even disguising his name. The consequence was an obvious one; he was summoned before the heads of the college, and refusing to retract his opinions, on the contrary preparing to argue them with the examining masters, was expelled the university. This disgrace in itself affected Shelley but little at the time, but was fatal to all his hopes of happiness and prospects in life; for it deprived him of his first love, and was the eventual means of alienating him for ever from his family. For some weeks after this expulsion his father refused to receive him under his roof; and when he did, treated him with such marked coldness, that he soon quitted what he no longer considered his home, went to London privately, and thence eloped to Gretna Green, with a Miss Westbrook—their united ages amounting to thirty-three. This last act exasperated his father to such a degree, that he now broke off all communication with Shelley. After some stay in Edinburgh, we trace him into Ireland; and, that country being in a disturbed state, find him publishing a pamphlet, which had a great sale, and the object of which was to soothe the minds of the people, telling them that moderate firmness, and not open rebellion, would most tend to conciliate, and to give them their liberties.

He also spoke at some of their public meetings with great fluency and eloquence. Returning to England the latter end of 1812, and being at that time an admirer of Mr Southey’s poems, he paid a visit to the lakes, where himself and his wife passed several days at Keswick. He now became devoted to poetry, and after imbuing himself with ‘The Age of Reason,’ ‘Spinoza,’ and ‘The Political Justice,’ composed his ‘Queen Mab,’ and presented it to most of the literary characters of the day,—among the rest to Lord Byron, who speaks of it in his note to ‘The Two Foscari’ thus:—“I showed it to Mr Sotheby as a poem of great power and imagination. I never wrote a line of the notes, nor ever saw them, except in their published form. No one knows better than the real author, that his opinions and mine differ materially upon the metaphysical portion of that work; though, in common with all who are not blinded by baseness and bigotry, I highly admire the poetry of that and his other productions.” It is to be remarked here, that ‘Queen Mab,’ eight or ten years afterwards, fell into the hands of a bookseller, who published it on his own account; and on its publication, and subsequent prosecution, Shelley disclaimed the opinions contained in that work, as being the crude notions of his youth.

His marriage, by which he had two children, soon turned out—as might have been expected—an unhappy one, and a separation ensuing in 1816, he went abroad, and passed the summer of that year in Switzerland, where the scenery of that romantic country tended to make nature a passion and enjoyment; and at Geneva he formed a friendship for Lord Byron, which was destined to last for life. It has

been said that the perfection of every thing Lord Byron wrote at Diodati, (his third canto of 'Childe Harold,' his 'Manfred,' and 'Prisoner of Chillon,') owed something to the critical judgment that Shelley exercised over those works, and to his dosing him—as he used to say—with Wordsworth. In the autumn of this year we find the subject of this memoir at Como, where he wrote 'Rosalind and Helen,' an eclogue, and an ode to the Euganean Hills, marked with great pathos and beauty. His first visit to Italy was short, for he was soon called to England by his wife's melancholy fate, which ever after threw a cloud over his own. The year subsequent to this event, he married Mary Wolstoncraft Godwin, daughter of the celebrated Mary Wolstoncraft and Godwin; and shortly before this period, heir to an income of many thousands a-year, and a baronetage, he was in such pecuniary distress, that he was nearly dying of hunger in the streets! Finding, soon after his coming of age, that he was entitled to some reversionary property in fee, he sold it to his father for an annuity of £1,000 a-year, and took a house at Marlow, where he persevered more than ever in his poetical and classical studies. It was during his residence in Buckinghamshire that he wrote his 'Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude;' and perhaps one of the most perfect specimens of harmony, in blank verse, that our language possesses, and full of the wild scenes which his imagination had treasured up in his Alpine excursions. In this poem he deifies nature much in the same way that Wordsworth did in his earlier productions.

Inattentive to pecuniary matters, and generous to excess, he soon found that he could not live on his income; and, still unforgiven by his family, he came to a resolution of quitting his native country, and never returning to it. There was another circumstance also that tended to disgust him with England: his children were taken from him by the Lord Chancellor, on the ground of his atheism. He again crossed the Alps, and took up his residence at Venice. There he strengthened his intimacy with Lord Byron, and wrote his 'Revolt of Islam,' an allegorical poem in the Spencer stanza. Noticed very favourably in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' it fell under the lash of 'The Quarterly,' which indulged itself in much personal abuse of the author, both openly in the review of that work, and insidiously under the critique of Hunt's 'Foliage.' Perhaps little can be said for the philosophy of 'The Loves of Laon and Cythra.' Like Mr Owen of Lanark, he believed in the perfectibility of human nature, and looked forward to a period when a new golden age would return to earth,—when all the different creeds and systems of the world would be amalgamated into one,—crime disappear,—and man, freed from shackles civil and religious, bow before the throne "of his own awless soul," or "of the Power unknown."

Wild and visionary as such a speculation must be confessed to be in the present state of society, it sprang from a mind enthusiastic in its wishes for the good of the species, and the amelioration of mankind and of society; and however mistaken the means of bringing about this reform or "revolt," may be considered, the object of his whole life and writings seems to have been to develope them. This is particularly observable in his next work, 'The Prometheus Unbound,' a bold attempt to revive a lost play of Æschylus. This drama shows an acquaintance with the Greek tragedy-writers, which perhaps no other person possessed

in an equal degree, and was written at Rome amid the flower-covered ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. At Rome, also, he formed the story of 'The Cenci' into a tragedy, which, but for the harrowing nature of the subject, and the prejudice against any thing bearing his name, could not have failed to have had the greatest success,—if not on the stage, at least in the closet. Lord Byron was of opinion that it was the best play the age had produced, and not unworthy of the immediate followers of Shakspeare.

After passing several months at Naples, he finally settled with his lovely and amiable wife in Tuscany, where he passed the last four years in domestic retirement and intense application to study. His acquirements were great. He was, perhaps, the first classic in Europe. The books he considered the models of style for prose and poetry, were Plato and the Greek dramatists. He had made himself equally master of the modern languages. Calderon, in Spanish; Petrarch and Dante, in Italian; and Goethe and Schiller, in German, were his favourite authors. French he never read, and said he never could understand the beauty of Racine.

Discouraged by the ill success of his writings,—persecuted by the malice of his enemies,—hated by the world,—an outcast from his family, and a martyr to a painful complaint, he was subject to occasional fits of melancholy and dejection. For the last four years, though he continued to write, he had given up publishing. There were two occasions, however, that induced him to break through his resolution. His ardent love of liberty inspired him to write 'Hellas, or the Triumph of Greece,' a drama, since translated into Greek, and which he inscribed to his friend, Prince Mavrocordato; and his attachment to Keats led him to publish an elegy, which he entitled 'Adonais.'

This last is, perhaps, the most perfect of all his compositions, and the one he himself considered so. Among the mourners at the funeral of his poet-friend he draws this portrait of himself (the stanzas were afterwards expunged from the elegy):—

"Mid others of less note came one frail form,—
A phantom among men,—companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
Whose thunder is its knell. He, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness
Actæon-like; and now he fled astray
With feeble steps on the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts along that rugged way
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.
His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;
And a light spear, topp'd with a cypress cone,
(Round whose rough stem dark ivy tresses shone,
Yet dripping with the forest's noon-day dew,)
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasp'd it. Of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart—
A herd-abandoned deer, struck by the hunter's dart!"

The last eighteen months of Shelley's life were passed in daily intercourse with Lord Byron, to whom the amiability, gentleness, and elegance of his manners, and his great talents and acquirements, had endeared him. Like his friend, he wished to die young: he perished

in the 29th year of his age, in the Mediterranean, between Leghorn and Lerici, from the upsetting of an open boat. The sea had been to him, as well as Lord Byron, ever the greatest delight, and as early as 1813, in the following lines, written at sixteen, he seems to have anticipated that it would prove his grave:—

“To-morrow comes:

Cloud upon cloud with dark and deep’ning mass
Roll o’er the blacken’d waters; the deep roar
Of distant thunder mutters awfully;
Tempest unfolds its pinions o’er the gloom
That shrouds the boiling surge; the pitiless fiend
With all his winds and lightnings tracks his prey;
The torn deep yawns,—the vessel finds a grave
Beneath its jagged jaws.”

For fifteen days after the loss of the vessel his body was undiscovered; and when found, was not in a state to be removed. In order to comply with his wish of being buried at Rome, his corpse was directed to be burnt; and Lord Byron, faithful to his trust as an executor, and duty as a friend, superintended the ceremony which I have described. The remains of one who was destined to have little repose or happiness here, now sleep with those of his friend Keats, in the burial-ground near Caius Cestus’s Pyramid;—“a spot so beautiful,” said he, “that it might almost make one in love with death.”

“Shelley,” says the author of an able article in the ‘National Magazine,’ “was most assuredly an amiable man: the spirit which pervades the whole of his writings, is that of a thoughtful and romantic humanity. We have little of the spirit of fashion or of the world. He possessed all the intensity of individual feeling which belongs to Byron, but none of the dark and desolating bitterness with which that haughty spirit overflowed. Like Wordsworth, he has bathed his heart in the beauty, and drunk of the spirit of the universe: he has all the lively conception of natural beauty, but none of the puerility and affectation occasionally to be met with in the works of that illustrious poet. Like him, too, he is one whose ‘hourly neighbour’ ever was

Beauty, a living presence of the earth,
Surpassing the most fair ideal forms
That craft of delicate spirits hath composed
From earth’s materials.

It has been said that Byron, even in his earlier and prouder days, before he was lost to himself, and worse than lost to the world, in the mean and degrading grossness of blackguardism,

‘Ere he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers,’

had little of creative energy in description, and was too much of a mere limner or copyist of nature. We find in the poetry of Shelley, a freer and purer development of what is best and noblest in ourselves: we are taught in it to love all living and lifeless things, with which, in the material and moral universe, we are surrounded,—we are taught to love the wisdom and goodness and majesty of the Almighty, for we are taught to love the universe, his symbol and visible exponent. God has given two books for the study and instruction of mankind: the book of revelation and the book of nature. In one at least of these was Shelley.

deeply versed, and in this one he has given admirable lessons to his fellow-men: throughout his writings, every thought and every feeling is subdued and chastened by a spirit of unutterable and boundless love. The poet meets us on the common ground of a disinterested humanity, and he teaches us to hold an earnest faith in the worth and the intrinsic godliness of the soul. He tells us—he makes us feel—that there is nothing higher than human hope, nothing deeper than the human heart; he exhorts us to labour devotedly in the great and good work of the advancement of human virtue and happiness, and stimulates us

‘To love and bear—to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates.’”

“The most extraordinary production from the pen of Shelley,” our anonymous critic continues, “is the ‘Revolt of Islam,’ which contains some of his highest and purest poetry, and may be considered as the fullest collection of his intellectual strength. There is an air about it of mysticism and wildness,—the materials are disjointed,—it is in some parts enigmatical, discontinuous, and unsubstantial, like the shadowy records of an ill-remembered dream,—and yet, despite all this, its majestic expression, rich imagination, and splendid imagery, must rank it as one of the most remarkable of modern poems. The object of the author in undertaking this work, as we learn from his preface, was to enlist the harmony of metrical language, the ethereal combinations of the fancy, the rapid and subtle transitions of human passion,—all those elements, in short, which essentially compose a poem in the cause of a liberal and comprehensive morality, and with the view of kindling in the bosoms of his readers a virtuous enthusiasm for those doctrines of liberty and justice, that faith and hope in ‘something good, which neither violence nor misrepresentation, nor prejudice, nor the continual presence and pressure of evil, can ever totally extinguish among mankind. Against much of the philosophy of the ‘Revolt of Islam,’ however, we must except as false: it is more powerful in its thought than its conclusions. Its notions of human perfectibility are mere chimeras and golden dreams. The cold realities of the world were accompanied with too much bitterness for Shelley,—he expected from it what it could and does give to no one: he vainly desired to raise the species in the scale of universal being, and to build himself a world,—like a brave poetical fiction. We smile at his vain enthusiasm, but we cannot condemn,—no, nor even scorn him for his simplicity; we leave that to those who see nothing in the world beyond their own dreary commonplaces, and hug themselves in the superiority of their knowledge, which is after all but the knowledge of evil, at all times a questionable advantage. We can imagine—we glory in imagining—the fond hopes that suggested themselves to a mind like Shelley’s, imbued with an intense faith in the natural goodness of all things. We can pardon him for his unavailing belief in the power of man to be kinder and happier,—though we think he would have been himself much wiser and more happy, had he sought contentment in busy action, and the strong natural excitement of strenuous honourable exertion. The plot of this poem, as we have already said, is artificial and fastidious,—and too filmy and obscure to enable us to give our readers a fair idea of it here. The poem throughout is, perhaps, too learned; he measures

every thing by the wide limits of his own understanding, and forgets that to speak to all men with success and power, he must bring himself down to their level, and make himself still more a man than they. He forgets the constitution of things, and follows blindly the light of his own mind, and the light of his own impulses,—he regards every thing in its connexion with his imaginative world, and

‘As if a man were author of himself,
And owned no other kin,’

he endeavours to suggest and illustrate, by noble passages and fine trains of thought, a certain system of philosophy and feeling, which belongs not to them, but rather to his own imagination. He ‘hopeth against hope’ recklessly on, and seeing that the world will not become what he so ardently thirsts for, he builds himself, in his vague abstraction, a world of nonentities and contingencies, and bids defiance there to the old security and sanctity of what he calls superstition and injustice. Such are the faults of the constitution of this singular poem; its beauties are above all praise. Grandeur of imagery, depth of sentiment, an intense feeling of nature, with an enthusiastic and buoyant hopefulness which might well teach us to mourn over the infinite longings and small acquisitions of man.”

The following remarks on Shelley’s personal character are equally deserving of attention:—“The eccentricity of genius has, it appears, passed into a proverb—Shelley does not call into question the authority of the adage. His eccentricity, however, proceeded from enthusiasm; an ardent enthusiasm in all things, which cost him, as it usually does, many friends, and found him many foes. He could not, in any matter, leave his favourite region of sentiment and imagination for the sake of raising his worldly wealth or worldly greatness. With a vision deeper than that of most men he did not use it wisely: he refined too much on thought and feeling; he could not endure the necessary trials of human patience; he would have the world, as has been already said, a brave poetical fiction, and he turned dissatisfied from the harsh and dull reality. He was constantly during life regretting that he knew not the internal constitution of other men. ‘I see,’ he would say, ‘that in some external attributes they resemble me, but when, misled by the appearance, I have thought to appeal to something in common, and unburthen my inmost soul to them, I have found my language misunderstood, like one in a distant and savage land. The more opportunities they have afforded me for experience, the wider has appeared the interval between us, and to a greater distance have the points of sympathy been withdrawn. With a spirit ill-fitted to sustain such proof, trembling and feeble through its tenderness, I have every where sought, and have found only repulse and disappointment.’ And it was from this disappointment, this withering of his fond conjectures, that many of his faults arose. We have a high authority too, for stating that this ‘unfortunate man of genius’ was bitterly sensible, before his early death, of the error and the madness of that part of his career which drew upon him so much indignation and contumely. It is declared that he confessed with tears, ‘that he knew well now he had been all in the wrong.’ In his heart there was nothing depraved or unsound,—those who had opportunities of knowing him best, tell us that his life was spent in the con-

templation of nature, in arduous study, or in acts of kindness and affection. A man of learning, who shared the poverty so often attached to it, enjoyed from him at one period a pension of a hundred a-year, and continued to enjoy it, till fortune rendered it superfluous. To another man of letters in similar circumstances, he presented fourteen hundred pounds; and many other acts like these are on record to his immortal honour. Himself a frugal and abstemious ascetic,—by saving and economizing he was able to assist the industrious poor,—and they had frequent cause to bless his name. In his youth he was of a melancholy and reserved disposition, and fond of abstruse study. Like the scholar described by old Chaucer, he was accustomed to keep continually

At his bed's head,
A twenty bokes, clothed in black and red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophie.

He was, as his poetry attests, an elegant scholar and a profound metaphysician. We have frequently noticed his intense love of natural scenery, which grew with him from youth upwards. 'There is,' he once finely said, 'an eloquence in the tongueless wind, and a melody in the flowing brooks and the rustling of the reeds beside them, which, by their inconceivable relation to something within the soul, awaken the spirits to dance in breathless rapture, and bring tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone.' He made his study and reading room, we are told, of the shadowed copse, the stream, the lake and the waterfall. 'Prometheus Unbound,' a poem of singular vigour, one which strikes the mind like the naked and solitary grandeur of an old sculpture, and which breathes the true spirit of the finest fragments of antiquity, was written among the deserted and flower-grown ruins of Rome. And when he made his home under the Pisan hills, their roofless recesses harboured him as he composed the 'Witch of Atlas,' a strange and wild production, teeming with vivifying soul. Here also he wrote 'Adonais,' a fine tribute to the memory of his friend Keats, who died young, but whose 'infelicity had years too many.' His beautiful and stirring poem of 'Hellas,' was also written here. There is something strange and awful in the thought that he loved fervently, and always gloried in the presence of that sea, whose murderous jaws afterwards closed over his spirit for ever. 'In the wild but beautiful bay of Spezzia,' says one of his friends, 'the winds and waves which he loved became his playmates. His days were chiefly spent on the water; the management of his boat, its alterations and improvements, were his principal occupation. At night, when the unclouded moon shone on the calm sea, he often went alone in his little shallop to the rocky cliffs that bordered it, and sitting beneath their shelter, wrote the 'Triumph of Life,' the last of his productions.'"

John Philip Kemble.

BORN A. D. 1757.—DIED A. D. 1823.

THIS unrivalled actor was born at Prescott, in Lancashire, on the 1st of February, 1757. His father was manager of a provincial company of comedians, with whom young Kemble occasionally acted while yet a boy. His education was, however, well conducted, and it was against the wishes of his father that he finally embraced the profession of an actor.

He made his *débüt* at Wolverhampton, on the 8th of January, 1776, in the character of Theodosius, in the 'Force of Love.' His success was not greatly flattering at first; but he gradually gained upon the estimation of the public, and established his reputation as a provincial actor under Tate Wilkinson, then with his company at York. In 1782 he went to Dublin, at a salary of £5 a-week. Here he made his first appearance in Hamlet. In September of the following year, he was engaged for Drury Lane, of which, in 1788, he became manager. In this office, which he held, with the intervention of a short period, until 1801, he amply justified the discernment that had placed him in it, by the many material improvements which he made in the general conduct of the preparatory business of the stage, in the regular decorum of representation, in the impartial appointment of performers to parts suited to their real abilities, and in giving to all characters their true and appropriate costume. Macbeth no longer sported an English general's uniform; men of centuries ago no longer figured in the stiff court dresses of our own time; and

'Cato's full wig, flowered gown, and lackered chair,'

gave way to the crop, the toga, and the couch. His groupings, his processions, &c. while they were in the highest degree conducive to theatrical effect, were yet so chaste and free from glare, that they appeared rather historical than dramatic, and might have been safely transferred by the artist to the canvass, almost without alteration. The departments of the painter and the machinist were likewise objects of his constant attention; and to his study and exertions the drama is indebted for the present propriety and magnificence of its scenery and decorations. During the time of Mr Kemble's management, he did not confine himself merely to the duties of his situation, but added very considerably to the stock of dramatic pieces, by translations of foreign, and revisions of obsolete plays. Released in 1801 from the fatigues of management, Mr Kemble devoted the year 1802 to the pleasures of travel. Having for his main object the improvement of the histrionic art, he visited the cities of Paris and Madrid, and studied the practice of his theatrical brethren in both those capitals. During his residence abroad, he received the most flattering marks of attention and respect from individuals and societies of literary character; and formed an acquaintance with Talma, which afterwards ripened into the closest intimacy. The following extract from a Parisian journal of that day will show the general interest he excited:—"Mr Kemble, the celebrated actor of

London, whose arrival at Paris has been announced by the papers, possesses a fine figure, and appears to be about forty years of age. His hair is dark, his features are strongly marked, and he has a physiognomy truly tragic. He understands, and speaks with accuracy, the French language. In company he appears thoughtful and reserved. His manners, however, are very distinguished; and he has in his looks, when addressed, an expression of courtesy, that affords us the best idea of his education. Mr Kemble is well informed, and has the reputation of being a good grammarian. The Comedie Française has received him with all the respect due to the Le Kaim of England; they have already given him a splendid dinner, and mean to invite him to a still more brilliant *souper*. Talma, to whom he had letters of recommendation, does the honours of Paris; they visit together our finest works, and appear to be already united by the most friendly ties."

On his return to England, he purchased a sixth share in Covent Garden theatre, of which he now became the manager. The destruction of that edifice by fire, in 1808, nearly stripped Kemble of all his property; but, through the kindness of the duke of Northumberland, he was in a great measure indemnified for his losses, and a new theatre was opened on the site of the former one in the course of the ensuing year. The increase of prices on this occasion, of the boxes, from six shillings to seven shillings, and of the pit, from three shillings and sixpence to four shillings, gave rise to the famous O. P. riots. For sixty nights the British public danced rigadoons on the benches of the pit, and behaved with all the well-known turbulence of John Bull when he is incensed. Not a word could be heard from the rise to the fall of the curtain. Every hat was lettered with O. P. Every banner was inscribed with O. P. The dance was O. P. The cry was still O. P. Each managerial heart beat to the truth of Sir Vicary Gibbs' Latin pleasantry, "*effodiuntur opes irritamenta malorum*." Mr Kemble appealed to the audience from the stage, in vain. Mr Charles Kemble was hooted for being a brother of Kemble. Mrs Charles Kemble was yelled at, nay, pelted with oranges, for being the wife of the brother of Kemble. Even Mrs Siddons's awful majesty was not a counterpoise to her being of the Kemble blood. At length, however, a compromise was effected; the private boxes were reduced to their number in 1802; the price of admission to the pit was restored to three shillings and sixpence; and the proprietors were allowed the benefit of the advance of a shilling on every admission to the boxes.

On the 23d of June, 1817, Mr Kemble took his farewell of the stage, in the character of Coriolanus. He spent the remaining years of his life chiefly on the continent, and died at Lausanne, on the 26th of February, 1823.

"The Hamlet of John Kemble," says an able writer in the 'London Magazine,' "was, in the vigour of his life, his first, best, and favourite character. In the few latter years, time had furrowed that handsome forehead and face deeper than grief even had worn the countenance of Hamlet. The pensiveness of the character permitted his languor to overcome him; and he played it, not with the mildness of melancholy and meditation, but with somewhat of the tameness and drowsiness of age. There never was that heyday in his blood that could afford to tame. He was a severe and pensive man in his youth,—at least in his

theatrical youth. We have, however, seen him in Hamlet to the very heart! We have yearned for the last flourish of the tipping king's trumpets,—for the passing of Mr Murray and Mrs Powell,—for the entrance of Mr Claremont and Mr Claremont's other self in Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. We have yearned for all these; because then, after a pause, came Hamlet!—There he was! The sweet, the graceful, the gentlemanly Hamlet. The scholar's eye shone in him with learned beauty! The soldier's spirit decorated his person! His mourning dress was in unison with the fine severe sorrow of his face; and wisdom and youth seemed holding gracious parley in his countenance. You could not take your eye from the dark intensity of his: you could not look on any meaner form, while his matchless person stood in princely perfection before you. The very blue ribband, that suspended the picture of his father around his neck, had a courtly grace in its disposal. There he stood! and when he spoke that wise music with which Shakspeare has tuned Prince Hamlet's heart, his voice fell in its fine cadences like an echo upon the ear,—and you were taken by its tones back with Hamlet to his early days, and over all his griefs, until you stood, like him, isolated in the Danish revel court. The beauty of his performance of Hamlet was its retrospective air—its intensity and abstraction. His youth seemed delivered over to sorrow, and memory was, indeed, with him the warder of the brain. Later actors have played the part with more energy,—walked more in the sun,—dashed more at effects,—piqued themselves more on the jerk of a foil;—but Kemble's sensible, lonely Hamlet has not been surpassed. Hamlet seems to us to be a character that should be played as if in moonlight. He is a sort of link between the ethereal and the corporeal. He stands between the two fathers, and relieves the too violent transition from the living king, that bruises the heavens with his roaring cups, to the armed spirit that silently walks the forest by the glow-worm's light, and melts away when it 'gins to pale its ineffectual fire.' As far as Prince Hamlet could be played, John Kemble played it,—and now that he is gone, we will take care how we enter the theatre to see it mammoocked by any meaner hand. Mr Kemble's delineation of Cato was truly magnificent. The hopes of Rome seemed fixed upon him. The fate of Rome seemed to have retired to his tower-like person, as to a fortress, and thence to look down upon the petty struggles of traitors and assassins. He stood in the gorgeous foldings of his robes, proudly preeminent. The stoicism of the Roman wrestled with the feelings of the father, when his son was killed; and the contest was terrifically displayed. That line in the Critic, which always seemed the highest burlesque, was realized and sublimed in him: 'The father relents, but the governor is fixed.' If Mr Kemble had only stood with his grand person in Cato, he would have satisfied the audience, and have told all that Addison intended throughout five long cast-iron acts. There are those amongst his admirers who eulogized him much in Brutus; nay, preferred him in that character. We thought the Roman part of Brutus was admirably portrayed; but the generous fears,—the manly candour,—the tenderness of heart, which rise up through all the Roman stoicism, rather wanted truth and vividness. The whole character was made too meditative, too unmoved. And yet the relation of Portia's death renders such objections extremely hazardous. In this

part he dared much for the sake of correct costume; and we are quite sure that if any other performer had been as utterly Roman in his dress as Mr Kemble was, that he would have endangered the severity of the tragedy. Coriolanus was a Roman of quite another nature; and we rather think Mr Kemble was more universally liked in this part than in any other. The contempt of inferiors suited the haughty tone of his voice; and the fierce impetuosity of the great fighting young Roman was admirably seconded by the muscular beauty of person in the actor. When he came on in the first scene, the crowd of mob-Romans fell back as though they had run against a wild bull, and he dashed in amongst them in scarlet pride, and looked, even in the eyes of the audience, sufficient 'to beat forty of them.' Poor Simmons used to peer about for Kemble's wounds like a flimsy connoisseur examining a statue of some mighty Roman. The latter asking to be consul,—his quarrel with the tribunes,—his appearance under the statue of Mars in the hall of Aufidius, and his taunt of the Volscian just before his death, were specimens of earnest and noble acting that ought never to be lost out of the cabinets of our memories. In Macbeth this great performer was grandly effective; particularly in the murder scene. Perhaps he fell off in the very concluding scenes; but at the banquet, he was kingly indeed! The thought of the witches always seemed to be upon him, weighing him down with supernatural fear. In Richard the Third he was something too collected, too weighty with the consideration of crime, too slow of apprehension. In this part Mr Kean certainly has surpassed all others, and we never saw quick intellect so splendidly displayed as in this brilliant little man. In King John, although the character is in itself tedious, Mr Kemble was greatly elaborate and successful. His scenes with Hubert, and his death, were as powerful as genius could make them. His death chilled the heart, as the touch of marble chills the hand; and it almost seemed that a monument was struggling with fate! The voice had a horror, a hollowness, supernatural; and it still sounds through our memories, big with death! In characters of vehemence and passion, such as Hotspur, Pierre, Octavian, he so contrived to husband his powers, as to give the most astounding effects in the most prominent scenes in which those characters appeared. And in the melancholy pride and rooted sentiments of such parts as Wolsey, Zanga, the Stranger, and Penruddock, he had no equal. In the latter character, indeed, with apparently the slightest materials, he worked up a part of the most thrilling interest. He showed love, not in its dancing youth and revel of the blood, but in its suffering, its patience, its silent wasting intensity. Mr Kemble dressed the part in the humblest modern dress, and still he looked some superior creature. Philosophy seemed determined to hold her own. The draperied room was shamed by his severe presence. His boots and hose bore a charmed life! Love hung its banner out in his countenance, and it had all the interest of some worn record of a long-past contest and victory. We have seen Mr Kemble in Lord Townley, in Biron, Sir Giles Overreach, and various other characters; but we preferred him in the parts upon which we have principally remarked. Although he was filled with the spirit of Massinger in Overreach, and bore the ancient drama sternly up, Sir Giles is highly poetical, and cannot be realized by a natural actor. His very vices relish of the schools."

Charles Hutton.

BORN A. D. 1737.—DIED A. D. 1823.

DR CHARLES HUTTON was the youngest son of a Newcastle miner, and was born in that town on the 14th of August, 1737. He early evinced great aptitude and fondness for the science of numbers and the mathematics, and commenced his career in life as a teacher of these branches of education, at the village of Jesmond, in the neighbourhood of Newcastle.

In 1764 he published an excellent manual of arithmetic and book-keeping, which is still used by many eminent teachers. Soon after this he commenced publishing by subscription, and in monthly parts, a 'Treatise on Mensuration,' which has passed through several editions, and is still highly esteemed. In 1773 he was appointed professor of mathematics in the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and soon afterwards elected a fellow of the Royal society, of which he became one of the secretaries in 1779. His contributions to the publications of that learned body are amongst the most valuable of the mathematical papers. In 1798 he published his 'Course of Mathematics,' a work which has gone through several editions and obtained a very wide circulation. In 1807 he resigned his professorship, but continued to employ himself long and usefully in the compilation of a variety of useful works in his favourite sciences, by the sale of which he at once realized a very handsome fortune and increased his scientific reputation throughout Europe. He died on the 27th of January, 1823.

"Dr Hutton," says his friend and biographer, Dr Olinthus Gregory, "had that fondness for retirement which is natural to a man of studious habits; nevertheless, no literary or scientific individual with whom I have ever met, was uniformly so easy of access; a circumstance which I unhesitatingly impute to his desire to be useful to others,—a desire which he steadily evinced through life. No sooner, indeed, had he been removed by Providence into a sphere of extensive influence by his official appointment in the Royal Military Academy, than he felt it his duty to do all in his power to promote the welfare and interest of men of science, and especially those who were devoted to mathematical tuition. Of such he continued for fifty years, truly and eminently the patron. He kept up a most extensive correspondence with mathematicians in every part of Europe, but especially in the United Kingdom. Appreciating correctly and candidly the talents and acquirements of his correspondents, and taking care by various means to ascertain their situations in life, he was ever watchful in seizing opportunities to advance their interests, and provide honourable appointments for them. To this amiable and enviable propensity the late General (then Lieutenant) Mudge owed his recommendation to the duke of Richmond, as duly qualified to be associated with Major Edward Williams in conducting the trigonometrical survey of England and Wales: to this also, my able predecessor, Professor Bonnycastle, owed his appointment at Woolwich, in 1782: and to this again, I cannot omit to ascribe the honour of my invitation to the Royal Military Academy in the year 1802. To many others now living, I refer the pleasure of

testifying their own obligations. The satisfaction which the doctor himself derived from these acts of kindness is expressed in many parts of his journal. Even so lately as 1821, there occur two or three examples of this kind. In one of them, after describing how he had been the principal means of obtaining appointments for two very respectable mathematicians, he adds—'Thus I have much pleasure in a double degree, viz. both in serving and encouraging very able and worthy persons, and in supplying useful institutions with good and proper teachers.' I must not omit to add, that Dr Hutton was a cordial friend to the education of the poor; contributing liberally to Lancasterian and other schools, for their instruction; often expatiating on the advantages, moral and political, which would necessarily accrue from the diffusion of knowledge amongst them; and successfully exposing the folly of expecting, on the one hand, that if men were left ignorant and without principles they would abstain from crimes, yet of fearing, on the other, that if they obtained knowledge and imbibed good principles, they would in consequence go the more astray! Nor, lastly, would it be just to omit, that my venerable friend was a man of genuine, but unassuming benevolence. Never, during our long and close intimacy, did I know him turn a deaf ear to a case of real distress. On paying him one of my periodical visits, about five years ago, I found him reading a letter, the tears trickling down his cheeks. 'Read this,' said he, putting the letter into my hand. It was from the wife of a country schoolmaster, describing how, by a series of misfortunes, he had been reduced to penury, and had just been hurried off to jail, while the sheriff's officers had seized his furniture, leaving her and her children without a shilling. 'Can you rely upon this statement?' I asked.—'Yes,' said he: 'I have information from another quarter which confirms its truth.'—'Then what do you mean to do?'—'I mean,' replied the doctor, smiling, 'to demand a guinea from you, and the same sum from every friend who calls upon me to-day; then to make up the amount twenty guineas, and send it off by this night's post.' He knew nothing of this family, but that, though they were unfortunate, they were honest and industrious, and therefore deserved relief. I could detail many similar examples; but it is unnecessary. *Ex uno disce omnes.*"

Dr Hutton was exceedingly cheerful in his conversation and manner, and deliberate in expressing himself. His voice was agreeably clear and firm, with a slight northern accent. He seems to have displayed in every thing his taste for his favourite study. Showing some one a bust of himself by Gahagan, not long before his decease, he said: "There, Sir, is a bust of me by Gahagan,—my friends tell me it is like me, but that it is too grave for me, though gravity is a part of my character. For the likeness and expression I cannot myself be the judge; but I can vouch for the accuracy, for I have measured it in every point with the callipers." Upon the same person taking leave, the doctor insisted he would accompany him to the door in the street of Bedford-row; and on his remarking to him that the place was broad, light, and very airy, he stepped two or three paces on, and pointing to the end of the street, said, "Yes, it is a very agreeable place to walk in. From the chair in my study to that post at the corner is just forty yards; and from that post to the post at the other end of the row is exactly the

eighth part of a mile: so that when I come out to take my walk, I can walk my eighth part of a mile, the quarter of a mile, half of a mile, or my mile, as I choose. When I return to my seat, I know what exercise I have taken. I am in my eighty-sixth year, and, thank God, have my health in a remarkable way at such an age. I have very few pains, but am a little deaf."

Joseph Nollekens.

BORN A. D. 1737.—DIED A. D. 1823.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, the son of a painter, was born in London, on the 11th of August, 1737. In his thirteenth year he was placed in the studio of Scheemakers, in Vine-street, Piccadilly. Here he studied drawing and modelling with indefatigable diligence, and, in the course of a few years, obtained three prizes from the Society of Arts. In 1760 he proceeded to Rome, where he passed ten years very profitably; his skill in modelling procuring him no small emolument, though he seems to have gained considerably more by the purchase and sale of old pictures, casts, statues, &c. Among other works which he completed while abroad, was a marble one of Timoclea before Alexander, for which the Society of Arts voted him fifty guineas; and at Rome both Sterne and Garrick sat to him for their busts. He was much employed by Lord Yarborough, for whom he executed several works, the best of which were, a Mercury, and Venus chiding Cupid.

On his return to England, Nollekens opened a shop and gallery in Mortimer-street; and as his name had become favourably known during his absence, he soon obtained a tolerable number of sitters for their busts. In 1771 he was admitted an associate, and, in the following year, a member, of the Royal academy.

Nollekens began to exhibit at the academy in 1771, and continued to send his works there until within a very few years of his death. Cupids, Venuses, and Apollos, were his favourite subjects; but they gained him little applause in comparison with his busts. Those that added most to the sculptor's reputation, were the heads of Pitt and Fox; the Prince of Wales; the dukes of Bedford and York; Lords Castlereagh, Aberdeen, Erskine, and Liverpool; and Messrs Canning, Perceval, West the painter, and Coutts the banker.

Though the life of Nollekens was unusually long, little has been related of him that pertains strictly to biography; a mass of gossip and anecdote has been told of him; but that he was blunt and honest, sometimes mean, and sometimes liberal; that he held the chisel till his eighty-second year; and that legacy-hunters crowded about the sculptor in his last moments, are all that we can glean from the mass of matter above alluded to, in addition to what has before been stated. The subject of so much tittle-tattle and anecdote died, of natural infirmity, on the 23d of April, 1823.

Nollekens, if we may judge from a bust of him by Chantrey, had a countenance in which intelligence and simplicity were depicted. In person, he was ill shaped, and so short, that he used to be called one of the three little men of the academy; Fuseli and Flaxman being the

other two. His manners were boorish, but not unpleasantly so; a want of education unfitted him for learned conversation, yet his remarks were sometimes sensible enough to obtain the approbation of Dr Johnson. He preferred, however, the society of the uncultivated to that of the polite, though the latter never put him out of his way; with the former he was familiar and unbending, and would delight to mimic the London cries, or hum snatches of old songs with them over a pint of porter. His penuriousness has been overrated; and though there is some truth in the instances that have been given of his parsimony, quite as many have been related, and more are to be credited, of his liberality. Of this, after the death of his wife, he gave various proofs: he would frequently say to his nurse, "I cannot sleep, I cannot rest. Is there any one, with whom I am acquainted, that would be better for a little money—any person that wants a little money to do him good?" To those who came to him as models, he would often give an additional present of ten pounds; to his servants, on his birth-day, he always gave ten pounds, and sometimes twenty pounds; and when Turner asked him for a subscription of one guinea to the Artists' Fund, he presented him with thirty. Hearing that a poor neighbour was unable to apprentice his son for want of the adequate premium, he sent him a hundred pounds for the purpose; and other anecdotes of his generosity are not wanting to prove the falsehood of Fuseli's assertion, that "Nolly was never known to bleed." Numerous are the stories told of him and his sitters: whilst modelling a lady of rank, who looked rather haughtily, he said to her, "don't look so *scorney*," (a favourite expression of his,) "else you will spoil my bust—and you're a very fine woman—I think it will make one of my very best busts." When the Prince of Wales was sitting to him, he could scarcely help smiling at the grotesque appearance of Nollekens, whose head kept occasionally disappearing beneath the immense collar of his coat. The sculptor, observing the suppressed smile of his royal highness, wagged his head, exclaiming, "If you laugh, I'll make a fool of you!" A widow once came to him, in tears, and desired a model for a monument to her husband, exclaiming, as she departed, "do what you please, Mr Nollekens, but, oh! do it quickly." Nollekens set to work, and had not long completed the order, before the widow again made her appearance. "Dear Mr Nollekens, you have not, perhaps, commenced the model?"—"Ay, madam, but I have," said he; "and finished it too, though it is only three months since you called, and there it stands." "Ah!" sighed the lady, "there it stands, indeed, and very charming it is; but, my good friend, since I last saw you, an old Roman acquaintance of yours has made me an offer, and I don't know how he would like to see, in our church, such a proof of my affection, and your skill, in behalf of my late husband." "A hundred guineas, madam, is my charge for the model," was all the sculptor's reply; which the lady paid, and departed.

His honesty led him to despise flattery, especially from those he disliked. When Wolcott had offended him, by publishing, as he told him, "such lies of the king," the former exclaimed, "Well said, little Nolly! I like the man who sticks to his friend; you shall make a bust of me for that." "I'll see you d—d first!" replied Nollekens; "and I'll tell you, besides, no man in the academy, but Opie, would have painted

your picture; you richly deserved the broken head you got from Gifford:—so now you know my mind."

As a sculptor, Nollekens has risen to eminence only by his busts; his monumental and poetic sculpture are every way inferior. The monumental work, however, of Mrs Howard, dying in childbed, with her infant, and the figure of Religion by her side, is an exception to his works of this nature; it is altogether a beautiful and impressive performance. His heads were finely and faithfully chiselled; if he failed anywhere, it was near the eye, where he seldom cut deep enough. In all that art could achieve, Nollekens was unequalled; but of genius he has afforded little proof. He has left us beautiful forms to admire and forget; but we in vain look for, in the productions of his chisel, that soul and sentiment, of which something more than earthly inspiration is the source.¹

Sir Henry Raeburn.

BORN A. D. 1756—DIED A. D. 1823.

HENRY RAEBURN was born at Stockbridge, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, on the 4th March, 1756. In very early life he did not discover any particular propensity to the art in which he was destined so remarkably to excel. It was only observed, at the class of arithmetic, when the boys were amusing themselves in drawing figures on their slates, that his displayed a very striking superiority to those of the other boys; but this did not lead any farther. In other respects he was distinguished by the affection of his companions, and formed at that early period intimacies with some of those distinguished friends whose regard accompanied him through life.

The circumstances of young Raeburn rendering it urgent that he should, as early as possible, be enabled to provide for his own support, he was accordingly, at the age of fifteen, apprenticed to an eminent goldsmith in Edinburgh. It was soon after this that he began to paint miniatures. In what manner this taste first showed itself, is not exactly known; but it certainly was altogether spontaneous, without lesson or example, and without even having ever seen a picture. His miniatures were executed, however, in such a manner as drew immediate attention among his acquaintances. His master then took him to see Martin's pictures, the view of which altogether astonished and delighted him, and made an impression which was never effaced. He continued to paint miniatures; they were much admired, and were soon in general demand. His time was fully occupied; and he generally painted two in the week. As this employment, of course, withdrew his time from the trade, an arrangement was made, by which his master received part of his earnings, and dispensed with his attendance.

At the expiration of his apprenticeship, Mr Raeburn became professionally a portrait-painter. At the age of twenty-two, he married a daughter of Peter Edgar, Esq. of Bridgelands, with whom he received

¹ From the 'Georgian Era.'

some fortune. Ambitious still farther to improve in his art, he repaired to London, where he introduced himself and his works to the notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds. That great man instantly saw all that the young Scotsman was capable of, gave him the kindest reception, and earnestly advised him to enlarge his ideas by a visit to Italy. He even offered, had it been necessary, to supply him with money. Mr Raeburn accordingly set out for Rome, well furnished with introductions from Sir Joshua to the most eminent artists and men of science in that capital. He spent two years in Italy, assiduously employed in studying those great works of art with which that country abounds. He travelled with all practicable expedition to and from Italy, without stopping at Paris, or at any other place.

His powers now fully matured, Mr Raeburn returned in 1787 to his native country, and immediately established himself at Edinburgh. Having taken apartments in George Street, he came at once into full employment as a portrait painter. A life spent in one place, and in uniform application to professional pursuits, affords few materials for narrative. The real history of Mr Raeburn is that of his painting; but this, unfortunately, only himself could fully have given. Having stored his mind with ideas drawn from the purest school of modern art, he was indebted for his subsequent improvement solely to his own reflections and the study of nature. He was never in the habit of repairing to London, and indeed he did not visit that metropolis above three times, nor did he reside in it altogether more than four months. He was thus neither in the habit of seeing the works of his contemporaries, nor the English collections of old pictures. Whatever disadvantage might attend this, it never stopped the career of his improvement. Probably, indeed, it had the effect of preserving that originality which formed always the decided character of his productions, and kept him free from being trammelled by the style of any class of artists.

The first excellence of a portrait, and for the absence of which nothing can atone, must evidently be its resemblance. In this respect, Sir Henry's eminence was universally acknowledged. In the hands of the best artists, there must, in this part of their task, be something precarious; but in a vast majority of instances his resemblances were most striking. They were also happily distinguished by being always the most favourable that could be taken of the individual, and were usually expressive as well of the character as of the features. This desirable object was effected, not by the introduction of any ideal touches, or any departure from the strictest truth, but by selecting and drawing out those aspects under which the features appeared most dignified and pleasing. He made it his peculiar study to bring out the mind of his subjects. His penetration quickly enabled him to discover their favourite pursuits and topics of conversation. Sir Henry's varied knowledge and agreeable manners then easily enabled him, in the course of the sitting, to lead them into an animated discussion on those ascertained subjects. As they spoke he caught their features, enlivened by the strongest expression of which they were susceptible. While he thus made the portrait much more correct and animated, his sitters had a much more agreeable task than those who were pinned up for hours in a constrained and inanimate posture, and in a state of mental vacuity. So agreeable indeed did many of the most distinguished and intelligent among them find his society, that they

courted it ever after, and studiously converted the artist into a friend and acquaintance.

Besides his excellence in this essential quality of portrait, Sir Henry possessed also in an eminent degree those secondary merits which are requisite to constitute a fine painting. His drawing was correct, his colouring rich and deep, and his lights well disposed. There was something bold, free and open, in the whole style of his execution. The accessories, whether of drapery, furniture, or landscape, were treated with elegance and spirit, yet without that elaborate and brilliant finishing which makes them become principals. These parts were always kept in due subordination to the human figure; while of it, the head came always out as the prominent part. Animals, particularly that noble species, the horse, were introduced with peculiar felicity; and Sir Henry's equestrian portraits are perhaps his very best performances. The able manner in which the animal itself was drawn, and in which it was combined with the human figure, were equally conspicuous. His portraits of Sir David Baird, of the earl of Hopetoun, of his own son, on horseback, and, above all, perhaps, of the duke of Hamilton, are striking illustrations of this remark. This skilful grouping and judicious arrangement of the accessories gave a peculiarly good effect to his family pictures, for which, however, Scotland did not afford a very extensive demand.

The active mind of Sir Henry was by no means confined within the circle of his profession. Indeed, those who best knew him conceived, that the eminence to which he attained in it was less the result of any exclusive propensity, than of those general powers of mind, which would have led to excellence in any pursuit to which he had directed his attention. Though in a great degree self-taught, his knowledge was varied and extensive. His classical attainments were considerable; but mechanics and natural philosophy formed the favourite objects of his study. To these, in a particular manner, he devoted the leisure of his evenings, when not interrupted by the claims of society. Sculpture was also an object of his peculiar study; and so great was his taste for it, that at Rome he at one time entertained the idea of devoting himself to that noble art as a profession, in preference to painting. A medallion of himself, which he afterwards executed, satisfied all men of taste who saw it, that he would have attained to equal excellence in this art, had he made it the object of his choice.

Few men were better calculated to command respect in society than Sir Henry Raeburn. His varied knowledge, his gentlemanly and agreeable manners, an extensive command of anecdote, always well told and happily introduced, the general correctness and propriety of his whole deportment, made him be highly valued by many of the most distinguished individuals, both as a companion and a friend. His conversation might be said in some degree to resemble his style of painting,—there was the same ease and simplicity, the same total absence of affectation of every kind, and the same manly turn of sense and genius. But we are not aware that the humorous gaiety and sense of the ludicrous, which often enlivened his conversation, ever guided his pencil.

Sir Henry Raeburn, like Raphael, Michael Angelo, and some other masters of the art, possessed the advantage of a tall and commanding

person, and a noble and expressive countenance. He excelled at archery, golf, and other Scottish exercises; and it may be added, that, while engaged in painting, his step and attitudes were at once stately and graceful.

The mental qualities of that excellent man corresponded with the graces of his conversation and exterior. By those who most intimately knew him, he is described as uniting in an eminent degree the qualities which command genuine esteem. His attendance on the duties of religion was regular and exemplary. In domestic life he appeared peculiarly amiable. Though so much courted in society, he appeared always happiest at home, in the bosom of his family and of his grandchildren; and while mingling in their youthful sports. To young men, who were entering the arduous career of art, he showed himself always a most active and generous friend. Whether acquainted or not, they were welcome to come to him, and were sure of his best advice and assistance. Notwithstanding his extensive engagements and pursuits, a large proportion of his time was always spent in rendering these kind offices. When unable to command time during the day, he would engage them to come to him early in the morning. In passing sentence on the works of his brother-artists, he evinced the most liberal candour: and even where unable to bestow praise, was scarcely ever heard to blame.

The merit of Sir Henry was amply acknowledged, both by literary societies and those formed for the promotion of art. He became a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of the Imperial Academy of Florence, of the Academy of New York, and of the South Carolina Academy. In 1814, the Royal Academy of London, on occasion of the very first picture sent by him, elected him an Associate; and in the following year they named him an Academician. This honour was conferred in a manner quite unprecedented, not having been preceded by any application whatever; while in general it is the result of a very keen canvass; and at this very time the candidates were particularly numerous.

The time was come, however, when the talents of the artist were to meet a still more brilliant and imposing homage. His Majesty, George IV., in the course of his visit to his Scottish subjects, determined to show his esteem for the fine arts by a special mark of honour conferred on the most distinguished of their professors. This view was happily fulfilled by conferring on Mr Raeburn the dignity of knighthood. Sir Henry received afterwards the appointment of portrait-painter to his Majesty for Scotland; a nomination, however, which was not announced to him till the very day when he was seized with his last illness. The king, when conferring the dignity of knighthood, had expressed a wish to have a portrait of himself painted by this great artist; but Sir Henry's numerous engagements prevented him from visiting the metropolis for that purpose.

It reflects great honour on the subject of this memoir, that he never gave way to those secure and indolent habits which advanced age and established reputation are so apt to engender. He continued, with all the enthusiasm of a student, to seek and to attain farther improvement. The pictures of his two or three last years are unquestionably the best that he ever painted.

Sir Henry died on the 8th July, 1823, after a brief illness.¹

¹ Abridged from 'Edinburgh Annual Register.'

Matthew Baillie.

BORN A. D. 1761.—DIED A. D. 1823.

THE father of this eminent physician was professor of divinity in the university of Glasgow. His mother was the sister of Dr William Hunter and of Mr John Hunter. In the earlier part of his education, he enjoyed great advantages; and, indeed, he was in the whole course of it peculiarly happy. From Glasgow, in 1780, he went to Balliol college, Oxford, where he took his degrees; and came finally under the superintendence of his uncle, Dr William Hunter, with whom he lived. By him he was brought forward into life; and through the influence of his uncle's friends, he was made physician to St George's hospital, in 1787.

"The merest chance," says Sir Charles Bell, in an eloquent *elogé* pronounced by him on the subject of this article, in the theatre of anatomy, Great Windmill street, "made me acquainted with a circumstance very honourable to Dr Baillie. While still a young man, and not affluent, his uncle William, dying, left him the small family-estate of Long-Cadderwood. We all know of the unhappy misunderstanding that existed between Dr Hunter and his brother John. Dr Baillie felt that he owed this bequest to the partiality of his uncle, and made it over to John Hunter. The latter long refused; but in the end, the family-estate remained the property of the brother, and not of the nephew, of Dr Hunter. It was Dr Hunter's wish to see his nephew succeed him, and take his place in these rooms as a lecturer. To effect this, he united with him his assistant, Mr Cruickshanks; and, at his death, assigned to him the use of his collection of anatomical preparations during thirty years.

"It was under this roof that Dr Baillie formed himself, and here the profession learned to appreciate him. He began to give regular lectures here in 1785, and continued to lecture in conjunction with Mr Cruickshanks till 1799. He had no desire to get rid of the national peculiarities of language; or, if he had, he did not perfectly succeed. Not only did the language of his native land linger on his tongue, but its recollections clung to his heart; and to the last, amidst the splendour of his professional life, and the seductions of a court, he took a hearty interest in the happiness and the eminence of his original country. And may the world forget him who forgets this first demand on his gratitude, and best excitement to honourable exertions! But there was a native sense and strength of mind which distinguished him, and more than compensated for the want of the polish and purity of English pronunciation. He possessed the valuable talent of making an abstruse and difficult subject plain: his prelections were remarkable for that lucid order and clearness of expression which proceed from a perfect conception of the subject; and he never permitted any vanity of display to turn him from his great object of conveying information in the simplest and most intelligible way, and so as to be most useful to his pupils. That Dr Baillie ceased to lecture at a time when his opinions became every day more valuable, is the less to be regretted when we consider how he continued afterwards to occupy himself.

"His first work, on '*Morbid Anatomy*,' was, like every thing he did,

modest and unpretending; but it was not on that account the less valued. A perfect knowledge of his subject, acquired in the midst of the fullest opportunities, enabled him to compress into a small volume more accurate and more useful information than will be found in the works of Bonetus, Morgagni, and Lieutsaud. This work consisted at first of a plain statement of facts,—the description of the appearances presented on dissection, or what could be preserved and exhibited; and he afterwards added the narration of symptoms corresponding with the morbid appearances. This was an attempt of greater difficulty, which will require the experience of successive lives to perfect. His next work was the 'Illustration of Morbid Anatomy,' by a series of splendid engravings; creditable at once to his own taste and liberality, and to the state of the arts in this country. He thus laid a solid foundation for pathology, and did for his profession what no physician had done before his time. Much, no doubt, remains unperformed; but I am confident that nothing which he has done will be undone by those who shall follow him. Besides his great work, he gave a description of the gravid uterus, and many important contributions to the transactions and medical collections of his time. Dr Baillie presented his collection of morbid specimens to the college of physicians, with a sum of money to be expended in keeping them in order; and it is rather remarkable that Dr Hunter, his brother, and his nephew, should have left to their country such noble memorials as these. In the college of Glasgow may be seen the princely collection of Dr Hunter; the college of surgeons have assumed new dignity, surrounded by the collection of Mr Hunter,—more like the successive works of many men enjoying royal patronage or national support, than the work of a private surgeon; and lastly, Dr Baillie has given to the college of physicians, at least, that foundation for a museum of morbid anatomy, which we hope to see completed by the activity of the members of that body.

"When a physician rises suddenly into eminence, owing to fortuitous circumstances, connexions, or address, though we cannot condemn that person, nothing can be less interesting than his life or fortunes: but Dr Baillie's success was creditable to the time. It may be said of him, as it was said of his uncle John, 'every time I hear of his increasing eminence, it appears to me like the fulfilling of poetical justice, so well has he deserved success by his labours for the advantage of humanity.' Yet I cannot say that there was not in his manner sufficient reason for his popularity. Those who have introduced him to families from the country, must have observed in them a degree of surprise on first meeting the physician of the court. There was no assumption of character, or warmth of interest exhibited; he appeared what he really was,—one come to be a dispassionate observer, and to do that duty for which he was called. But then, when he had to deliver his opinion, and more especially when he had to communicate with the family, there was a clearness in his statement, a reasonableness in all he said, and a convincing simplicity in his manner, that had the most soothing and happy influence on minds, exalted and almost irritated by suffering and the apprehension of impending misfortune. We cannot estimate too highly the influence of Dr Baillie's character on the profession to which he belonged. I ought not, perhaps, to mention his mild virtues and domestic charities; yet the recollection of these must give a deeper

tone to our regret, and will be interwoven with his public character, embellishing what seemed to want no addition. These private virtues ensured for him a solid and unenvied reputation. All wished to imitate his life,—none to detract from his fame. Every young physician, who hoped for success, sought his counsel; and I have heard him forcibly represent the necessity of a blameless life, and, that, unless medical reputation be joined with purity of private character, it neither could be great nor lasting. The same generosity and warmth of feeling which prompted him to many acts of private charity and benevolence, were not without a powerful influence upon his conduct on more arduous occasions, and may well be supposed to have guided and sustained him in circumstances which might have shaken other men, of less firm and independent minds. But I shall not dwell on this view of his public character. The matters to which I allude are ill fitted for discussion in this place: they belong rather to the history of the period in which he lived, and will there be most suitably recorded.

“After so many years spent in the cultivation of the most severe science,—for surely anatomy and pathology may be so considered,—and in the performance of professional duties on the largest scale,—for he was consulted not only by those who personally knew him, but by individuals of all nations,—he had, of late years, betaken himself to other studies, as a pastime and recreation. He attended more to the general progress of science. He took particular pleasure in mineralogy; and, even from the natural history of the articles of the *Pharmacopœia* he appears to have derived a new source of gratification. By a certain difficulty which he put in the way of those who wished to consult him, and by seeing them only in company with other medical attendants, he procured for himself, in the latter part of his life, that leisure which his health required, and which suited the maturity of his reputation; while he intentionally left the field of practice open to new aspirants.

“When you add to what I have said of the celebrity of the uncles, William and John Hunter, the example of Dr Baillie, and farther consider the eminence of his sister, Joanna Baillie, excelled by none of her sex in any age, you must conclude with me, that the family has exhibited a singular extent and variety of talent. When I last saw him (the day before he left town for Tunbridge,) I enjoyed a long and interesting conversation with him. He was aware of his condition and his danger. His friends believed that he was suffering from a general decay of strength,—a sort of climacteric disease. To me, he appeared like a man who had some local source of irritation, or visceral affection, which was preying on his constitution. Every body hoped that his state of health was to be ascribed to the fatigue of business, and that retirement would afford him relief; but in this we were disappointed. He sensibly and rapidly sank, and, by the calmness and resignation of his last days, summed up the virtues of his life. Dr Baillie's age was not great, if measured by the length of years: he had not completed his sixty-third year; but his life was long in usefulness. He lived long enough to complete the model of a professional life. In the studies of youth,—in the serious and manly occupations of the middle period of life,—in the upright, humane, and honourable character of a physician,—and above all, in that dignified conduct which became a man mature in years and honours, he has left a finished example to his profession.”

Richard Payne Knight.

BORN A. D. 1748.—DIED A. D. 1824.

THIS accomplished scholar was born in 1748. In early life his health was infirm, and his education much interrupted in consequence; but by diligent study, as his constitution improved, he made up his lost ground, and became one of the most accomplished classical and general scholars of his time. He is said—we know not on what authority—to have been a considerable contributor to the ‘*Edinburgh Review*,’ in its early days. Among his published works are: ‘*An Account of the Remains of the Worship of Priapus lately existing at Isernia in the Kingdom of Naples*,’ to which is added, a ‘*Discourse on the Worship of Priapus, and its connexion with the Mystic Theology of the Ancients*,’ 4to. 1786.—‘*An Analytical Essay on the Greek Alphabet*,’ 4to. 1791.—‘*The Landscape*,’ a didactic poem, 8vo. 1794.—‘*Review of the Landscape; also of an Essay on the Picturesque, with practical remarks on Rural Ornament*,’ 8vo. 1795.—‘*The Progress of Civil Society*,’ a didactic poem, 4to. 1796.—‘*Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste*,’ 8vo. 1805.—‘*Monody on the Death of the Right Hon. Charles James Fox*,’ 8vo. 1806. He also wrote *Prolegomena* to an edition of Homer, and various articles of much merit in the ‘*Classical Journal*’ and other periodicals of the day. He bequeathed his collection of bronzes, medals, and other articles of *vertu* to the British Museum.

William Sharp.

BORN A. D. 1749.—DIED A. D. 1824.

WILLIAM SHARP was born on the 29th of January, 1749. His father was a reputable gun-maker, of Haydon-yard in the Minories, who, observing early manifestations of a talent for drawing in his son William, and not being able to estimate (as indeed no father could estimate) the full extent of those talents, thought only of qualifying him for the performance of that species of engraving which is bestowed on fire-arms, and is technically termed bright engraving, because it solicits attention to itself, and not to the impressions that may be taken from it by filling its incisions with ink. Young William was accordingly apprenticed to Mr Longmate, who practised this species of engraving near the Royal Exchange; and, soon after the expiration of his engagement, our artist (having married a French-woman) commenced business for himself in Bartholomew-lane. His first essay in engraving was made on a pewter pot. His friends would have qualified the assertion by substituting a silver tankard, but our artist loved truth, and insisted on the veracity of this humble commencement. About this time he became acquainted with John Kaye Sherwin, from whom he no doubt derived much information. At one period he had almost concluded an engagement with Sherwin, as an assistant, but a difference occurring, the negotiation was broken off. After a few years of experience, as his powers developed, Sharp began to feel himself capable of

higher works than dog's-collars, and door and card-plates, and one of his first essays in the superior branch of his art, was to travel all the way from Bartholomew-lane to the tower of London, make a drawing of the old lion Hector, who had been an inmate of that fortress for about thirty years, engrave from it a small quarto plate, and expose the prints for sale in his window.

Mr Sharp left the busy civic haunts and the hum of Bartholomew-lane, somewhere about the year 1782, for the more salubrious neighbourhood of Vauxhall, where he began to engrave for the 'Novelist's Magazine,' after the designs of Stothard; contributed a single plate to Southwell's folio Bible, and soon after felt firmly seated enough on this superior branch to which he had climbed, to undertake more important works. In fact, his mind had, by this time, been expanded by the contemplation of good pictures and prints, and he began to

— "drink the spirit, breathed
From dead men to their kind;"

to look with due veneration at the great works of the old masters; and, finally, to emulate and imitate them. But the removal to the country did not much amend the infirm health of Mrs Sharp, and he soon became a widower, but without children.

His admirable portrait of John Hunter, after Reynolds; his not less admirable doctors, or fathers, (as it is sometimes termed,) of the primitive church discussing the doctrine of the immaculate conception, after Guido, the former one of the finest portrait, the latter one of the finest historical engravings in the world, were both executed in the small house which he occupied near Vauxhall. Here was completed West's landing of king Charles the Second, which Woollet, at his demise, had left unfinished; and here were performed several other works not mentioned by those who have hitherto treated of his biography; among them two solemn dances by torch-light in the Friendly islands, and some portraits of islanders of the Pacific ocean, engraved for Captain Cook's last voyage; and a most exquisite work of the oval form, after Benwell, an artist who died young, and of which the subject is the Children in the Wood.

Whilst thus living and engraving at Lambeth, our artist became gradually and justly dissatisfied with the scanty remuneration which he received for his plates from the print-dealers, which kept him always poor, although his expenses were moderate; and, his brother dying somewhat unexpectedly at Gibraltar, he became possessed of some property, and was enabled to set about, and to execute and publish for himself, some of those works from Salvator Rosa, Domenichino, and others of the old masters of high character, from the celebrated collection of the late Mr Udney, which, in contributing to the extension of their fame, has established his own. He now effected his removal from Lambeth, to a larger house in Charles-street, near the Middlesex hospital, and indulged himself in new social connexions, and a somewhat more expensive mode of life.

The exact time when the serenity of his mind and the tenor of his studies began to be invaded by credulous notions concerning the animal magnetism of Mesmer, and the mysteries of Emanuel Swedenborg, has not been ascertained. The mental delusion under which he laboured

was, probably, but the result of a moment; nor is it the dates of events of this kind, but the facts themselves, that are interesting. Suffice it, then, to say, that these things happened nearly about the era of his removal to Charles-street; and the same accession of fortune which enabled him to undertake the publication of his own engravings, enabled him, also, to indulge in these aberrations, for so we must esteem them at the best; to patronise Bryan, the enthusiast, and the prophet Brothers; to dabble—for he did no more—in the politics of Thomas Paine and Horne Tooke, by becoming a member of the 'Society for Constitutional Information;' and to cultivate various friendships which had no inconsiderable influence on the future events of his life. But, behold, Richard Brothers arose a prophet in Israel! The millennium was at hand! The Jews were to be gathered together, and were to reoccupy Jerusalem; and Sharp and Brothers were to march thither with their squadrons! Due preparations were accordingly made, and boundless expectations were entertained by our enthusiastic artist. Upon a friend remonstrating that none of these preparations appeared to be of a marine nature, and inquiring how the chosen colony were to cross the seas? our hero answered, "O, you'll see! There'll be an earthquake; and a miraculous transportation will take place." Nor can Sharp's faith or sincerity on this point be in the least distrusted; for he actually sat down and engraved two plates of the portrait of the prophet; having calculated that one would not print the great number of impressions that would be wanted when the important advent should arrive. Brothers, however, had mentioned dates; and dates, although proofs of the prophet's sincerity and insanity, are, in other respects, very stubborn things. Yet, the failure of the accomplishment of this prophecy may have helped to recommend the pretensions of "the woman clothed with the sun!" who now arose—as might be thought, somewhat *mal-apropos*—in the west. But miracles are superior to the laws of nature; the apostles were fishermen; and Jesus Christ himself honoured by his birth the house of a poor carpenter, in an obscure village. The low origin of Joanna Southcote could, therefore, form no objection to her divine credentials. The drowning hopes of the confused and favoured faith of a fanatic will catch at straws: the holy scriptures had said, "the sceptre shall not depart from Israel, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and to him shall the gathering of my people be." When Brothers was incarcerated in a mad-house at Islington, Joanna shone forth at Exeter; and when the day of dread that was to leave the fair metropolis in ruins, while it ushered forth Brothers and Sharp on their holy errand, passed calmly over, the explicators of divine truth, and seers of coming events, being driven to their shifts, began to look out for new ground, and, in short, to prevaricate most wofully. The days of prophecy, Sharp said, were sometimes weeks, or months; nay, according to one text, a thousand years were but as a single day, and one day as a thousand years.

The pious Mrs Rowe, or her husband, has written, that,

"The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and bewray'd,
Lies in new light through chinks that time has made."

But, battered and bewrayed as our artist's faith in modern revelation.

might well be supposed to have become, no new light streamed in at the chinks. It was still the soul's dark cottage, when the corpse of the prophetess lay in the neighbourhood of Manchester-square. When the surgeons were proceeding to an anatomical investigation of the physical and proximate causes of her death, and the mob was gathering without doors in anticipation of a riot or a miracle, Sharp continued to maintain, less in spite of the surgeon's teeth than of his own nose, that she was not dead, but entranced! And also at a subsequent period, when he was sitting to Mr Haydon for his portrait, he predicted to that gentleman, that Joanna would reappear in the month of July, 1822. "But suppose she should not," said Mr Haydon. "I tell you she will," retorted Sharp; "but if she should not, nothing will shake my faith in her divine mission." And those who were near his person during his last illness, state that in this belief he died.

Mr Sharp's professional fame was widely spread on the continent, and wherever else the rays of taste have extended. Foreign institutions of art so highly respected his merits, that he was elected a member of the Imperial Academy of Vienna, and of the Electoral Academy of Bavaria. Both these diplomas he received in the year 1814. It was his own fault that he was not an associate of the Royal Academy of his own country. The fact was shortly this:—Sharp had solicited Sir Joshua Reynolds to be allowed to engrave his celebrated picture painted for the Empress of Russia, of the Infant Hercules strangling the serpent. This proposition was favourably entertained by the president, who, in conversation, offered to recommend Sharp as an associate engraver of the Royal Academy. But Sharp, full of the honour of his own profession, rejected the offer, warmly espousing the opinions of Sir Robert Strange, Woollet, Hall, and other eminent chalcographers, who considered their art slighted by their not being allowed to become Royal academicians. This circumstance, in its turn, offended Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, on Sharp again waiting on him about engraving the picture of Hercules, gave him a cold reception, and informed him that the picture had been engaged by Mr Boydell.

He made two or three removals of his residence before he finally domiciliated at Chiswick; first, from Charles-street, Middlesex hospital, to a smaller house in Titchfield-street, where he engraved, or at least completed, his large plate after Copley, of the scene before Gibraltar, on the morning of the 27th of November, 1781, one of the proudest in the annals of war; when the Spanish floating batteries were destroyed, and British magnanimity shared with British valour in the honours of the victory. From Titchfield-street he removed to Acton, keeping an apartment, which he occasionally occupied, in London-street, Fitzroy-square; and from Acton he removed to Chiswick, where he had not resided long, before he was attacked by dropsy in the chest, which terminated his life at the age of seventy-four, on the morning of Sunday, the 25th of July. He lies buried in the church-yard of that hamlet, with Hogarth, who was of similar origin; and with De Louthembourg, for whom, at one period, he entertained much mystic reverence.

The general style of Mr Sharp's engraving is not borrowed from any of his predecessors or contemporaries; but is eclectic,—which is to say, that it is fairly felt, and wrought out for himself, after looking at them all, with due respect, but without servility; and after comparing them

with their grand archetype—Nature. The half-tints and shadows of his best works are peculiarly rich; yet it is almost treason to the lights of his Diogenes, his Children in the Wood, and his Fathers of the Church, thus to particularise them. His course of lines are always conducted with ability, and sometimes with that

“Wanton heed and giddy cunning,”

which can result only from genius. His play of lines has, generally speaking, the utmost freedom, combined with a power of regularity and accuracy, which always appears commensurate to the occasion. This implies more of the artist, and less of the mechanic, than we elsewhere find; a solicitude for the end, rather than for the means; and is the result of a grander career of mind, governed by bolder bridling.

In his works, every artist who is worthy of that denomination, continues to live long after the close of his mortal career. They are the most just and impartial monuments to his memory. Some of the productions, of which we are about to speak, will be admired for centuries, after the superstitious credulity and political folly of their author will be utterly forgotten.

Mr Sharp's principal portraits are as follows :—The Prince of Wales, a beautiful specimen of the art, both of the engraver and of the painter, who was Cosway. John Hunter, (the great anatomist,) after Sir Joshua Reynolds, a transcendent performance, of large folio dimensions. It is said, that until the production of this plate, Sir Joshua Reynolds was sceptical as to the power of line engraving to give the masses for which his works are so distinguished; and which had induced him to prefer mezzotinto and stippled engravings. Mr Sharp convinced him of his error. Mr Moore, the original secretary to the Society of Arts, after West. Shakspeare's patron, the earl of Southampton, of quarto size, (a small ruined chapel beneath.) A head in Du Roveray's edition of ‘Paradise Lost,’ erroneously called the portrait of Milton. Three views of the head of king Charles the First, after Vandyke. Sir Everard Home, the distinguished comparative anatomist. Sir Walter Farquhar, physician. The Rev. Dr Valpy. Lord Erskine. Sir Francis Burdett, Bart. Horne Tooke. John Kemble. Sir R. Dundas. Charles Long, Esq. F. Walker, Esq. John Bunyan. Joanna Southcote. William Sharp, engraver, after Joseph. Rev. Dr de Salis. The duke of Clarence. Equestrian figure of his royal highness the prince of Wales. Whole-length portrait of Sir William Curtis. His principal historical engravings were St Cecilia, after Domenichino. Diogenes, after Salvator Rosa. The Ecce Homo, after Guido, and the Madonna and child, after Carlo Dolci, a pair. Two heads, after Michael Angelo. Sortie, made by the garrison of Gibraltar, on the morning of the 27th of November, 1781. Boadicea, after Stothard. The Fathers of the church, after Guido, a work of superlative merit. Alfred dividing his loaf with the pilgrim. The witch of Endor,—and the hovel scene in king Lear; all three after West. The infant Saviour, from Annibal Caracci. Christ and St John the Baptist. Head of an old woman, after Rubens. The figures to an oval plate, after Hearne, of Mr Peter Pounce rescuing Fanny, from the novel of Joseph Andrews. A large plate, in a forward, though unfinished state, of the dead Christ and three Maries, after the celebrated picture by Annibal Caracci, in the

collection of the earl of Carlisle. Boadicea and her daughters, after Opie, engraved for Hume's 'History of England,' published by Bowyer. Mary Queen of Scots escaping with Bothwell, after Smirke, for ditto. Judith attiring, after Opie, engraved for Macklin's Bible. Destruction of the Assyrian host, after De Louthembourg, engraved for ditto. The three Marias at the holy sepulchre, after Smirke, for ditto.

E. B. Clarke.

BORN A. D. 1769—DIED A. D. 1822.

EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE was descended from a line of churchmen and scholars. The celebrated Dr William Wotton was his great-grandfather. His paternal grandfather was William Clarke, a fellow of St John's, rector of Buxted, author of a valuable work on Saxon coins, and a very amiable and estimable man. His father likewise followed the clerical career, and passed some time abroad as chaplain to Lord Bristol's embassy at Madrid.

The subject of this notice was born in 1769. He showed, while yet a child, the same adventurous spirit and vehement, but not always discriminating, curiosity, which distinguished him in after life. Every one who has studied the works of the man, will recognise distinct lineaments of his character, in the following anecdotes of the boy:—"Having upon some occasion accompanied his mother on a visit to a relation's house in Surrey, he contrived, before the hour of their return, so completely to stuff every part of the carriage with stones, weeds, and other natural productions of that county, then entirely new to him, that his mother, upon entering, found herself embarrassed how to move; and, though the most indulgent creature alive to her children, she was constrained, in spite of the remonstrances of the boy, to eject them one by one from the window. For one package, however, carefully wrapped up in many a fold of brown paper, he pleaded so hard, that he at last succeeded in retaining it: and when she opened it at night after he had gone to sleep, it was found to contain several greasy pieces of half-burnt reeds, such as were used at that time in the farmers' kitchens in Surrey, instead of candles; which, he said, upon inquiry, were specimens of an invention that could not fail of being of service to some poor old women of the parish, to whom he could easily communicate how they were prepared. Another childish circumstance, which occurred about the same time, is worthy of recital, not only because it indicates strongly the early prevalence of the spirit to which we have alluded, but because it accounts in some measure for the extraordinary interest he took throughout his life in the manners and the fortunes of gypsies. At this period his eldest brother was residing with his relations at Chichester; and, as his father's infirm state of health prevented him from seeing many persons at his house, Edward was permitted frequently to wander alone in the neighbourhood, guarded only by a favourite dog, called Keeper. One day, when he had stayed out longer than usual, an alarm was given that he was missing; search was made in every direction, and hour after hour elapsed without any tidings of the child. At last his old nurse, who was better acquainted with his haunts, succeeded in discovering him in

a remote and rocky valley above a mile from his father's house, surrounded by a group of gypsies, and deeply intent upon a story which one of them was relating to him. The boy, it seems, had taken care to secure their good will with some viuals which he had brought from his mother's pantry; and they, in return, had been exerting their talents for his amusement. Many of the stories which he thus obtained were treasured with great delight in his memory, and often brought out, as occasion served, for the amusement of his rustic audience."

He received the rudiments of education chiefly at Tonbridge, under the celebrated Vicesimus Knox. At the death of his father, he was left an under-graduate of Cambridge, with the smallest possible means of pursuing his academic studies. His studies at the university were self-selected and sufficiently desultory. From his earliest youth he had exhibited a strong predilection for experimental science, and we find him amusing the university with a balloon, at the moment when he ought to have been qualifying himself for an honour! "To illustrate the desultory nature of his occupations at this time," says his biographer, Mr Otter, "and to give an early specimen of the talent which he always possessed in a very high degree, of exciting an interest in the minds of others towards the objects which occupied his own, it may be worth while here to give some account of a balloon, with which he amused the university in the third year of his residence. This balloon, which was magnificent in its size, and splendid in its decorations, was constructed and manœuvred, from first to last, entirely by himself. It was the contrivance of many anxious thoughts, and the labour of many weeks, to bring it to what he wished; and when, at last, it was completed to his satisfaction, and had been suspended for some days in the College hall, of which it occupied the whole height, he announced a time for its ascension. There was nothing at that period very new in balloons, or very curious in the species which he had adopted; but by some means he had contrived to disseminate, not only within the walls of his own college, but throughout the whole university, a prodigious curiosity respecting the fate of his experiment. On the day appointed, a vast concourse of people was assembled, both within and around the college; and the balloon, having been brought to its station, the grass-plat within the cloisters, was happily launched by himself, amidst the applause of all ranks and degrees of gowmsmen, who had crowded the roof, as well as the area of the cloisters, and filled the contiguous apartments of the master's lodge. The whole scene, in short, succeeded to his utmost wish; nor is it easy to forget the delight which flashed from his eye, and the triumphant wave of his cap, when the machine, with its little freight, (a kitten,) having cleared the college battlements, was seen soaring in full security over the towers of the great gate. Its course was followed on horseback by several persons, who had voluntarily undertaken to recover it; and all went home delighted with an exhibition, upon which nobody would have ventured, in such a place, but himself; while none were found to lament the unseasonable waste of so much ingenuity and industry, or to express their surprise that to the pleasure of this passing triumph he should have sacrificed the whole of an important term, in which most of his contemporaries were employed in assiduous preparations for their approaching disputations in the schools. But to gratify and amuse others was ever a source of the greatest satisfaction to himself. In the pursuit of this

object, he thought little of any sacrifice he was to make, and still less of any ulterior advantage he might gain; and though it was important to his enjoyment, that the means employed should be, more or less, of a literary or scientific kind, it was by no means essential that they should gratify his own vanity, or reflect any credit upon himself. As a proof of this, it may be mentioned, that only a few months before this exhibition of the balloon in the university, which seemed calculated to excite an interest among thousands, he bestowed quite as much time and labour in the construction of an orrery, for the sole purpose of delivering a course of lectures on astronomy in his mother's house, to a single auditor; and that one his sister."

On proceeding to his degree in January, 1790, he attained the honour of a junior optime. In the following year he became tutor to the Hon. Henry Tufton, nephew of the duke of Dorset. In this engagement he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of all parties. In 1792 he accepted the invitation of Lord Berwick, to travel with him for two years. They proceeded through Germany and Switzerland to Piedmont, and thence by Genoa to Florence, Rome and Naples. The vocation of Dr Clarke to travelling and scientific research was now complete. "An unbounded love of travel," are the words of Clarke himself, "influenced me at a very early period of my life. It was conceived in infancy, and I shall carry it with me to the grave. When I reflect upon the speculations of my youth, I am at a loss to account for a passion, which, predominating over every motive of interest, and every tie of affection, urges me to press forward, and to pursue inquiry, even in the bosoms of the ocean and the desert. Sometimes, in the dreams of fancy, I am weak enough to imagine that the map of the world was painted in the awning of my cradle, and that my nurse chaunted the wanderings of pilgrims in her legendary lullabies." He remained abroad about two years, and on his return, became tutor, successively, to Sir Thomas Mostyn, and to two sons of the present marquess of Anglesey.

In 1798, having previously taken his degree of M. A., he resumed his residence at Cambridge; and, in the following year, he set out with his pupil and friend, Mr Cripps, on a tour through Denmark, Sweden, Lapland, Finland, Russia, Tartary, Circassia, Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Greece and Turkey. Having arrived at the gulf of Bothnia, Clarke declared he would not return until he should have "snuffed the polar air," and he accordingly proceeded as far as Enontakis, in latitude $68^{\circ} 30'$ north; beyond which, illness prevented him from venturing. The following letter, written to his mother from this point, affords a fine illustration of his amiable and playful character: "We have found the cottage of a priest in this remote corner of the world, and have been snug with him a few days. Yesterday I launched a balloon, eighteen feet in height, which I had made to attract the natives. You may guess their astonishment, when they saw it rise from the earth. Is it not famous to be here, within the frigid zone? More than two degrees within the arctic; and nearer to the pole than the most northern shores of Iceland? For a long time darkness has been a stranger to us. The sun, as yet, passes not below the horizon; but he dips his crimson visage behind a mountain to the north. This mountain we ascended, and had the satisfaction to see him make his curtsey, without setting. At midnight, the priest of this place lights his pipe, during three weeks in the

year, by means of a burning glass, from the sun's rays. We have been driving rein-deer in sledges. Our intention is to penetrate, if possible, into Finmark, as far as the source of the Alten, which falls into the icy sea. We are now at the source of the Muonio, in Tornea Lapmark. I doubt whether any map you can procure will show you the spot. Perhaps you may find the name of the place, Enontakis. Well, what idea have you of it? Is it not a fine town?—sashed windows, and streets paved and lighted—French theatres—shops—and public buildings?—I'll draw up the curtain—now see what it is!—A single hut, constructed of the trunks of fir-trees, rudely hewn, with the bark half on, and placed horizontally, one above another; here and there a hole to admit light. And this inhabited by an old priest, and his young wife, and his wife's mother, and a dozen children, and half a dozen dogs, and four pigs, and John, and Cripps, and the two interpreters, and Lazarus, covered with sores, bit by mosquitoes, and as black as a negro. We sleep on rein-deer skins, which are the only beds we have had since Torneá. The wolves have made such dreadful havoc here, that the rich Laplanders are flying to Norway. One of them, out of a thousand rein-deer, which he possessed a few years ago, has only forty remaining. Our progress from Torneá has been entirely in canoes, or on foot, three hundred and thirty miles. There are no less than one hundred and seven cataracts between this place and Torneá. We live on rein-deer flesh, and the arctic strawberry, which is the only vegetable that has comforted our parched lips and palates for some time. It grows in such abundance, near all the rivers, that John gathers a pailful whenever we want them. I am making all possible exertions to preserve some for you. Wheat is almost unknown here. The food of the natives is raw fish, ditto rein-deer, and sour milk called pijma. Eggs, that great resource of travellers, we have not. Poultry are never seen. Had I but an English cabbage, I should feast like an alderman!"

On the 26th of January, 1800, he arrived at Petersburg, whence he continued his course to Moscow, and Taganrog on the sea of Azoff; and, on his reaching Achmedshid, in the Crimea, he passed some time with his pupil in the house of Professor Pallas. He next visited Constantinople, where he was employed in searching for Greek medals; and, among other adventures, he contrived to enter the seraglio, "where," he says, "no Frank had before set his foot." Hence he made an excursion to the Troad, at the prospect of beholding which, he had previously said in a letter to a friend, "Tears of joy stream from my eyes while I write." Egypt and Syria next claimed his attention. In 1801 he visited Egypt, and whilst in that country, a dispute arising between the French and English generals respecting the literary treasures collected by the former, he was deputed by General Hutchinson to point out those most worthy of being conveyed to England. His country is indebted to him, amongst other things, for the acquisition of the famous sarcophagus of Alexander the Great. From Europe he proceeded to Greece, where his enthusiasm seems to have reached its highest stretch. "It is necessary," he exclaims, "to forget all that has preceded—all the travels of my life—all I ever imagined—all I ever saw! Asia, Egypt, the Isles, Italy, the Alps—whatever you will! Greece surpasses all! Stupendous in its ruins! awful in its mountains,—captivating in its

vales,—bewitching in its climate. Nothing ever equalled it,—no pen can describe it,—no pencil can portray it!"

Our traveller returned to Cambridge in 1802, bringing with him in triumph the colossal bust of Ceres for the university, a choice collection of Greek MSS., another of mineralogy, and the *premières* of Haüy's new system of crystallography, which was then nearly unknown in England. The first of these acquirements engaged him deeply in antiquarian researches, and the last induced him to undertake an annual course of lectures on mineralogy, which have ultimately awakened in Cambridge a spirit of scientific investigation in the different branches of natural science, highly creditable to the university. These pursuits, added to the publication of his travels, would, it might be thought, have sufficiently occupied the time and expended the activity of any one individual. Dr Clarke, however, found leisure to embark in the Bible question, to fulfil the duties of a college-tutor and of a parish-priest, (having taken orders to hold the college-living of Harlton,) to preach occasionally at St. Mary's, to enter into all the antiquarian and scientific polemics of the day, and to conduct personally all the analytical researches incidental to his lectures. In the course of these experiments he was led to the important discovery of the gas blow-pipe, which in its turn became the cause of new researches and new trains of inquiry, which not only cost him his time, but nearly cost him his life;—the apparatus (as yet imperfect) having, according to Sir H. Davy's prediction, exploded with tremendous violence. In one of his letters to a friend, in September, 1816, he says: "I sacrificed the whole month of August to chemistry. Oh, how I did work! It was delightful play to me; and I stuck to it, day and night. At last, having blown off both my eye-brows and eye-lashes, and nearly blown out both my eyes, I ended with a bang that shook all the houses round my lecture-room. The Cambridge paper has told you the result of all this alchemy, for I have actually decomposed the earths, and attained them in a metallic form."

Dr Clarke's character for versatility and application was a frequent theme of admiration in the university; and we remember, says a writer in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' to have seen some verses attributed to Professor Smyth, in which his numerous occupations are made to accumulate on his hands, and to throw him into the most ludicrous and provoking embarrassment. The melancholy consequence, however, of this great subdivision of mental labour was, that it operated unfavourably on Dr Clarke's reputation: for, with more concentration in his pursuits, he could not but have taken his place in the very first line among the great inventors and benefactors of mankind. Vast, moreover, as were his powers of application, he in the end completely exhausted them; and he embittered by disease, and cut short his valuable life, by exercise of the mind greater than the body could endure.

In return for his labours and liberal donations to the university, he successively received an honorary degree of LL.D. the professorship of mineralogy, (a chair founded expressly for himself,) and the appointment of sub-librarian to the university library. Shortly after taking orders, he married; and at his death he left seven children. For the purposes of health and tranquillity he had latterly retired to Trumpington, where he appears to have lived in the bosom of his family in great

affection and philosophical simplicity. "No bipeds," says he, "ever lived more happily than we. I am now sitting in a room six feet square, with a notable housewife, three sprawling brats and a tame squirrel; in the midst of which this letter tells how I chirp." On another occasion he says, "I do assure you we have long lived to see the absurdity of keeping what is called an establishment: we have neither carriage, cart, horse, ass, nor mule; and if I were ten times richer I would live as I now do, in a cockchafer-box, close packed up with my wife and children. We never visit, consume only wine of our own making, and breed nothing but rabbits and children."

In the midst of these pursuits and enjoyments, Dr Clarke died on the 9th of March, 1822. Of his character, his amiable and affectionate biographer, Mr Otter, thus speaks: "The two most remarkable qualities of his mind were enthusiasm and benevolence, remarkable not more for the degree in which they were possessed by him, than for the happy combinations in which they entered into the whole course and tenor of his life; modifying and forming a character, in which the most eager pursuit of science was softened by social and moral views, and an extensive exercise of all the charities of our nature was animated with a spirit which gave them a higher value in the minds of all with whom he had relation or communion. His ardour for knowledge, not unaptly called by his old tutor literary heroism, was one of the most zealous, the most sustained, the most enduring principles of action, that ever animated a human breast; a principle which strengthened with his increasing years, and carried him at last to an extent and variety of knowledge infinitely exceeding the promise of his youth, and apparently disproportioned to the means with which he was endowed; for though his memory was admirable, his attention always ardent and awake, and his perceptions quick and vivid, the grasp of his mind was not greater than that of other intelligent men; and in closeness and acuteness of reasoning, he had certainly no advantage, while his devious and analytic method of acquiring knowledge, involving as it did in some of the steps all the pain of a discovery, was a real impediment in his way, which required much patient labour to overcome. But the unwearied energy of this passion bore down every obstacle and supplied every defect; and thus it was, that always pressing forwards, without losing an atom of the ground he had gained, profiting by his own errors as much as by the lights of other men, his maturer advances in knowledge often extorted respect from the very persons who had regarded his early efforts with a sentiment approaching to ridicule. Allied to this was his generous love of genius, with his quick perception of it in other men; qualities which, united with his good nature, exempted him from those envyings and jealousies which it is the tendency of literary ambition to inspire, and rendered him no less disposed to honour the successful efforts of the competitors who had got before him in the race, than prompt to encourage those whom accident or want of opportunity had left behind. But the most pleasing exercise of these qualities was to be observed in his intercourse with modest and intelligent young men; none of whom ever lived much in his society without being improved and delighted,—improved by the enlargement or elevation of their views, and delighted with having some useful or honourable pursuit, suitable to their talents, pointed out to them, or some portion of his own enthusiasm imparted to their minds."

Charles Maturin.

BORN A. D. 1786.—DIED A. D. 1824.

"SOME twenty or thirty years before the French revolution, a lady of rank attached to the court is said to have been driving through a retired street in Paris, when the cries of an infant child caught her attention. The singularity of the circumstance in so lonely and remote a spot naturally induced her to inquire into the cause, and she drew up her horses, desiring her servant to ascertain from whence the cries proceeded. The man returned, after a very short search, with a basket containing a child newly born, which he found in an obscure corner of the street. The infant was dressed in the richest clothing, and seemed to belong to parents of distinction, whose motives for that inhuman abandonment there can be no great difficulty in guessing at; but although many exertions were afterwards made to discover who they were and the causes of their conduct, the whole matter still remains, and is likely to continue, an impenetrable mystery. The street in which the child was found was called the Rue de Mathurine, in honour of a convent which then stood in it dedicated to a French saint of that name; and the foundling, consequently, was called Mathurine, *Anglicè* Maturin. The lady to whose maternal fosterage the child was thus providentially committed, sent it at a proper age to the convent to be educated, and never neglected an opportunity of promoting the future objects for which she designed it. But the boy, born under the caprice of fortune, grew up under its inflections, and was doomed to the trials of a very fluctuating life. He had scarcely reached manhood, when he became a victim to the political fury of the times, and was thrown into the Bastille, from which, after a long incarceration, he escaped into England at the period of the revolution. Here he married and naturalised. From this individual, with whom the name of Maturin originated, the poet descended."

So writes an apparently well-informed contributor in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' and he traces to this incident some of the exciting sources of Maturin's ambition. He lived to cherish the idea that the lady of rank who rescued the foundling was actually its mother, and that he would one day be able to trace his ancestry to a noble stem. His father held a situation in the Dublin post-office. Charles was the seventh child of the family. "In common with almost every man of genius," says the writer already quoted, "the first indications of his taste were exhibited in sundry temporary verses upon local and personal subjects, which were, as all such premature tokens of talent are, read with avidity and admiration, and quoted, and copied in the circle of domestic friends. Nor did his friends forget that fatal fondness of excessive praise to which the heart too often gives way,—which arrests the growth of solid information and the progress of improvement, by filling the precocious aspirant with undue notions of his powers, and giving him sufficient excuse for thinking he is already perfect, and can perform by intuition, what others have done by labour. The tenderness of his parents towards him, however, was in some measure drawn from circumstances of household sorrow, as he was the only child left of many who lived beyond the term of boyhood, and who seemed to have

been preserved to their love like a solitary relic of early years: he was therefore treated with extraordinary fondness, and every new instance of ability was a fresh motive to that natural and lavish affection: his appearance, too, was a justification of their anxiety, for his frame was delicate and fragile, and a cast of melancholy and reserve overspread his features, which at that period were exceedingly interesting. Some of these verses were, as a matter of course, published in the newspapers, but I am not aware that they excited any attention beyond that of the immediate friends to whom the secret of publication was made known. His earliest passion, notwithstanding the applause bestowed on his authorship, was for the acting drama: here he was the director, the manager, the prompter, the arranger of scenes, and the overseer of the wardrobe. The spirit and genius he threw into his plans naturally gave him the supremacy amongst his juvenile companions; and an authority, equal to a dictatorship, was universally conceded to him on those occasions of holiday pageant and pastime. He ingeniously seized upon opportunities, when his parents were from home, to construct his private theatricals, which he did by converting folding-doors into a green curtain, the back apartment into a stage, and the front into pit, boxes, and gallery for the accommodation of his imaginary, or, at best, scanty audience. It may be remarked as a singular type of the turn of his mind, as afterwards developed in his writings, that his favourite play was Lee's 'Alexander,' in which he enacted the principal part himself. The mad poetry of that piece was his favourite recitation, and it would have been difficult to discover an actor who could give a greater force to the tempestuous passage of his 'Bucephalus' than young Maturin. But who could have beheld the germ of so much talent in the boy dressing and instructing his young sisters and companions? Yet even in that subordinate department he exhibited an adherence to truth, and a desire for effect, that subsequently expanded into delineation of costume and character, to which the delight of thousands has borne testimony. Inappropriate and meagre as were his dresses, they were, nevertheless, disposed gracefully; and if his queen wore a shattered turban of his mother's, and flounced in a French silk or an Irish tabinet, yet she was redeemed by some slight ornament, or some peculiar fold of the drapery, that gave an air of antiquity or extravagance to her appearance: and comical as he must have looked in a double-breasted waistcoat of his father's, and perhaps a scratch-wig, with old Spanish shoes, and some of his mother's frills round his neck and wrists, still he contrived to throw over the ludicrous personation a semblance of reality of manner and earnestness of delivery, that quickly dissipated that which was ludicrous in the effect."

At the age of fifteen young Maturin entered Trinity college, Dublin, where he won many academic honours, and finally gained a scholarship. Having taken orders he obtained the curacy of Loughrea, and subsequently that of St. Peter's, Dublin; but his ruling passion was for the belles lettres,—“his profession drew him one way,—his genius another,—and necessity both."

His first appearance as a novelist was under the uninviting appellation of 'Jasper Murphy;' his next succeeding brochures bore the almost equally unpropitious names of 'Montorio,' 'The Wild Irish Boy,' and 'The Milesian.' None of these works procured him either profit or fame.

It was the tragedy of 'Bertram,' presented and performed at Drury Lane, through the influence of Lord Byron, which first brought him favourably before the public. The profits of the representation, and the copyright of that tragedy, exceeded, perhaps, one thousand pounds, while the praises bestowed upon its author by critics of all classes, convinced Mr Maturin that he had only to sit down and concoct any number of plays he pleased, each yielding him a pecuniary return, at least equal to the first. Unfortunately the brightest hopes of genius are often the most fallacious, and so it proved in the present instance. A few months produced a second tragedy, which failed, and with it faded away the dreams of prosperity, in which the author of *Bertram* indulged. Time enabled Mr Maturin gradually to extricate himself from embarrassments, occasioned by the failure of his hopes; and having thus had the wings of his ambition somewhat shortened, he in future pursued a safer flight. His eccentricities, however, remained in their former vigour, and in the coteries of Lady Morgan, or the romantic solitudes of Wicklow, the vain oddities of the curate of St. Peter's continued as remarkable as during the height of his tragic triumphs. Latterly his pen was chiefly employed on works of romance, in which he evinced great powers of imagination and fecundity of language, with evident and lamentable carelessness in the application of both. He wrote rather for money than for fame, and drew a considerable revenue from the sale of his productions.

His most extraordinary production is his romance of 'Melmoth.' "It is a most characteristic epitome of all his productions. Genius and extravagance—nature and prodigies—angels and devils—theology and libertinism, contest every line of every page of these volumes, and leave us in doubt, at last, whether we should most admire, or deplore, the perverted talent which they indisputably discover. The idea of the work, we are told in the preface, is taken from a passage in one of the author's sermons—the passage runs thus:—'at this moment is there one of us present, however we may have departed from the Lord, disobeyed his will, and disregarded his word—is there one of us who would at this moment accept all that man could bestow, or earth afford, to resign the hope of his salvation? No—there is not one,—not such a fool on earth, were the enemy of mankind to traverse it with the offer!' And thus those sacred truths, which, as the ambassador of Christ, he has but just promulgated from the pulpit, the moment he descends from it, are converted into the theme of a romance! The novel is not taken from any sermon, but from the 'Faustus' of Goethe. Melmoth is Doctor Faustus, under the title of the 'Wanderer,' and closely resembles him, not only in his life and fate, but in many of his adventures. It is a much closer imitation even than the 'Manfred' of Lord Byron, who, though he borrowed the idea, has clothed it in a magnificence which is all his own. The story is that of a wretched being, who has sold himself to the enemy of man for the sake of a protracted existence, during which he is to be omnipotent on earth—gifted with unfading youth—with boundless wealth—with the faculty of traversing an hemisphere at a wish—with a spell of persuasion which is perfectly irresistible, and, in short, with every thing except dominion over memory, which embitters all, by perpetually recurring to the price at which they have been purchased."¹

¹ See a paper 'On the Writings of Maturin,' in the 3d volume of the 'London Magazine.'

Capel Lofft.

BORN A. D. 1751.—DIED A. D. 1824.

MR CAPEL LOFFT was the son of an English barrister. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and early manifested a strong taste for classical and poetical literature. At the age of 24 he was called to the bar. He had made his debut as an author before this period, in some small poetical pieces; and in 1776 we find him editing a professional volume of 'Cases chiefly in the King's Bench,' and entering keenly as a pamphleteer into the political controversies of the day. He vigorously opposed the American war, and advocated reform in the representation, and other liberal measures. He retired from practice in 1781, when he succeeded to the Capel estates in Suffolk; but on being dismissed from his office as a magistrate, in 1800, in consequence of his interference on behalf of a young woman under sentence of death, he resumed professional practice, and was chosen recorder of Aldborough. He subsequently quitted England, and resided with his family on the continent until his death in May, 1824. Mr Lofft was a man of great mental activity, and very considerable acuteness. He contributed largely to the periodical publications of the day, on various topics, literary, metaphysical and political. His principal productions are:—'Timoleon,' a tragedy; 'Eudisia,' a poem in blank verse; a 'Translation of the first two Georgics of Virgil;' 'Laura, or an Anthology of Sonnets;' an 'Essay on the Law of Libel;' and an edition of Gilbert's 'Law of Evidence.'

Peter Elmsley.¹

BORN A. D. 1773.—DIED A. D. 1825.

DR ELSLEY was born in 1773, and educated first at a school at Hampstead, and afterwards at Westminster. His extraordinary proficiency in classical learning, caused him to be placed in the sixth or highest form at this seminary; but he was precluded by his age from becoming a member of the foundation. It was, however, generally expected, that a studentship would have been conferred upon him by the dean of Christ-church, and there is reason to believe that something very like a promise to this effect was made, which an influence not easy to be resisted in favour of another person had weight enough to frustrate. Mr Elmsley was equally unsuccessful in an attempt to obtain a fellowship at Merton; and thus left the university of Oxford with none of its rewards or emoluments, but with a reputation for deep and extensive learning, which no under-graduate had for many years obtained. He was in fact at that early age far beyond what is commonly meant by instruction, and fit to bear a part as an equal in all literary conversation with any whom the university had to produce. It is possible that this unusual inversion of the relative proportions between the

¹ From the 'Gentleman's Magazine.'

rulers of a college and their pupils, which, free as he was from all vain glory and arrogance, it was not in his nature to keep out of view, and which indeed could not be concealed, might produce some degree of jealousy, and lessen in some persons that cordiality of regard which his virtues deserved, if it did not even tend to make them extenuate the praise due to his intellectual powers. It must be added, by way of excuse as well as explanation, that Mr Elmsley was rather unguarded in conversation, and possessed a strong propensity to seize the ludicrous point of view, which, though accompanied with perfect good-nature and benevolence, is not a talent in great favour with those who think, not unjustly, that the subordination and seriousness of a university cannot well be maintained without somewhat more of solemnity, even in trifles, than is consonant to the general habits of the world. However this may be, it is certain that he quitted Oxford with far less favourable impressions than those which came afterwards to occupy his mind, and to render that university for the latter years of his life, the object of his affectionate solicitude, as well as his most favoured residence.

Mr Elmsley took orders not long afterwards; proceeded M. A. in 1797, and was presented in 1798, by W. J. H. Blair, Esq. to little Horkesley, a small chapelry in Essex, which he retained to his death, but the whole emoluments of which, after ceasing to reside there, he bestowed on his curate. He never held any other preferment in the church. By the death of his uncle, Mr Peter Elmsley, the well-known bookseller, he shortly after inherited an independent fortune, which left him at liberty to devote his mind to those literary researches which were its resource and delight, especially to Greek philology, which he soon chose as his favourite province. The events in the life of a man of letters, thus independent in fortune, and tranquil in character, cannot be expected to furnish much information. Mr Elmsley resided for some time at Edinburgh, and became intimately acquainted with the distinguished young men who set on foot the 'Edinburgh Review' in 1802. To this publication he contributed several articles in Greek literature; the critique on Heyne's Homer in the 4th number, on Schweighauser's Athenæus in the 5th, on Bloomfield's Prometheus in the 33d, and on Porson's Hecuba, in the 37th; there may possibly be others of which we are not immediately aware. In the 'Quarterly Review,' he wrote an article on Markland's Supplices, and some others, which we cannot particularize. The only instance of his taking up the pen for the purpose of publication, on any but a philological subject, as far as we know, was in a critique of Lord Clarendon's Religion and Policy, in the 38th number of the 'Edinburgh Review.' His more ostensible contributions to classical literature are well-known; an edition of the Acharnanes in 1809; of the *Œdipus Tyrannus* in 1811; of the *Heraclidæ* in 1815; of the *Medea* in 1818; of the *Bacchæ* in 1821; and lastly of the *Œdipus Coloneus* in 1823. These publications established his fame throughout Europe as a judicious critic, and consummate master of the Greek language. Without entering into comparisons, which must always be invidious, and for which the present writer is by no means prepared, it may be said, without hesitation, that he was in the very first class of scholars whom this country has produced in this advanced age of philological researches. Aware of the uncertainty of conjecture, he was always diffident of correcting the text

without authority; which is the more to be remarked, because of one at least of the dramatists who chiefly occupied his attention, Sophocles, he entertained a very low opinion of the existing manuscripts, which he believed to have been all transcribed from, or corrected by, a *Codex archetypus*, itself written about the 7th century, when the purity of the Athenian idiom had ceased to be understood. This judgment, however, was not hastily formed; no man submitted more patiently to the drudgery of collation, or was more anxious to avail himself of all the assistance which the great European repositories of manuscripts afford. It was in a considerable degree for this purpose that Mr Elmsley visited France and Italy several times, and spent the entire winter of 1818 in the Laurentian library at Florence.

Mr Elmsley lived a few years, after his return from Edinburgh, in Gower-street; but in 1807 took a house at St Mary Cray; sacrificing the allurements of London society for the sake of his mother and some other relatives, to whom a country residence was more eligible. He continued in the midst of a polished and hospitable neighbourhood, to whom his excellence of disposition and lively wit rendered him the object of high esteem and attachment, and in the enjoyment of a learned leisure, till 1816, when he set out on a tour to Italy. Familiar in an extraordinary degree with modern history, and all the information subsidiary to it, and endowed with a minute curiosity as to all the details of such subjects, he felt a strong relish for foreign travel. Seldom with a companion, still more seldom with a servant, he wandered through celebrated scenes, adding continually to his immense stores of accumulated knowledge, rather indeed, through the eye than the ear; for he associated little with foreigners, notwithstanding his accurate acquaintance with the French and Italian languages. He returned to England in 1817, and then took up his abode at Oxford, which he now determined to make his permanent residence. In 1818 he went again to Italy; and after returning in the spring of 1819, was easily persuaded to accept a sort of commission from our government, jointly with Sir Humphrey Davy, to superintend the development of the papyri found at Herculaneum. It will be remembered, that more sanguine hopes were entertained than the experiment realized, that the genius of this illustrious chemist might overcome the obstacles which had hitherto prevented those interesting volumes from being unrolled. But as it was of high importance that no time should be unnecessarily wasted in an operation which must, on any supposition, be tedious, Mr Elmsley was relied upon to direct the choice of manuscripts, as soon as by partially laying them open, the contents and character of each should be determined. The experiment, as is well-known, proved wholly abortive; and Mr Elmsley returned to England in 1820; but having imprudently exposed himself too much to the heat, he was seized with a severe fever at Turin, from which, it is probable, the subsequent failure of his constitution may be dated. Though for some time nothing occurred materially to alarm his friends, he was more frequently indisposed than before, and from the date of a tour he took in Germany, during the summer of 1823, the apparent commencement of an organic disease of the heart may be traced, which ultimately deprived the world of this eminent scholar. After his return from Italy, he lived almost wholly at Oxford; he took the degree of doctor in divinity, became

principal of Alban hall, and Camden professor of history in 1823, and was justly expected to succeed to the next vacancy of a canonry of Christ-church.

Though Dr Elmsley must be chiefly known to the public as a Greek critic, it was by no means in this department of learning that his abilities and acquirements were most extraordinary in the eyes of his friends; and some of them have frequently regretted that he should have confined himself, in what he meant for the world, to so narrow a walk as that of collating manuscripts, and attempting to restore the text of a few tragedies. He certainly did not overvalue the importance of this very limited province of philology, which the conspicuous success of one great scholar has rendered, perhaps too exclusively, fashionable among those who aim at a reputation for classical learning; yet, from whatever cause, he was content to pass several years in a species of labour which, to say the least, did not call into action the full powers of his mind, or impart to others his immense stores of general knowledge. He was probably the best ecclesiastical scholar in England; more conversant than any one with all the history of religious opinion—except, perhaps, for the present times—and with all the details, however trifling, connected with the several churches of Christendom. Few priests of that of Rome could better know their own discipline and ceremonies, which he could explain with a distinctness and accuracy altogether surprising, and characteristic of his retentive memory, and the clear arrangement of his knowledge. He was almost equally at home in the civil institutions and usages of different countries, and in every species of historical information, never pretending to knowledge that he did not possess, but rarely found deficient in the power of answering any question. This astonishing comprehensiveness and exactitude of learning was united to a sound and clear judgment, and an habitual impartiality. Averse to all that wore the appearance of passion, or even of as much zeal as men of less phlegmatic temperaments cannot but mingle with their opinions, he was generally inclined to a middle course in speculation as well as practice, and looked with philosophical tranquillity on the contending factions, religious or political, whom history displayed to him, or whom he witnessed in his own age. If he spoke with asperity or marked contempt of any, it was of hot-headed and bigoted partizans, whose presumptuous ignorance is so often united with disingenuous sophistry. These were frequently the objects of a vein of pleasantry, wherein he particularly excelled. For it would hardly be suspected, by those who have only heard of Elmsley as an eminently laborious philologist, that his liveliness of imagination, and readiness of wit, were as remarkable as his learning. Those who had the good fortune to enjoy his intimacy, and preserved it by correspondence, can best bear witness to these distinguishing qualities. His letters, especially those written during his travels, were rich in a diffused *vis comica*, a perpetual liveliness, more delightful than the occasional sallies of professed wits; his prompt memory suggesting quotations and illustrative allusions from all ancient and modern literature. In this quick perception of the ludicrous, and in his fondness for comedies and other light reading, as well as in his erudition and sagacity, he bore a resemblance to Porson. But none of the blemishes which alloyed that great man's character could be imputed to Mr Elmsley. His life had

been uniformly regular; and his conversation, though entirely free from solemnity, strictly correct. In all the higher duties of morality no one could be more unblameable. His kindness towards his family and friends, his scrupulous integrity, his disdain of every thing base and servile, were conspicuous to all who had opportunities of observing his character, though never ostentatiously displayed. The last months of his life called forth other qualities, which support and dignify the hours of sorrow and suffering; a steady fortitude, that uttered no complaint, and betrayed no infirmity; with a calm and pious resignation, in that spirit of Christian philosophy he had always cultivated, to the pleasure of his Creator.

George Gordon Byron.

BORN A. D. 1788.—DIED A. D. 1824.

LORD BYRON was born at Dover, on the 22d January, 1788. He was the grandson of Admiral John Byron, and succeeded his great-uncle, William, Lord Byron, while at school, in 1798. His father was the admiral's only son, Captain John Byron, of the guards, notorious for his gallantries and reckless dissipation. By the eccentricity and misconduct of the old Lord Byron, and of the captain his nephew, the reputation of the family of Byron, so ancient and honourable in English history, had been considerably tarnished. The former was tried by his peers for killing his relation, Mr Chaworth, in a combat with swords, after a tavern dispute, under circumstances so equivocal that he was indicted for murder, and only saved from the penalty attendant on manslaughter by pleading his peerage—an escape which did not prevent him from being consigned, by public opinion, to a life of seclusion and obscurity. Captain Byron, the poet's father, was so dissipated, that he obtained the name of 'mad Jack Byron.' He was one of the handsomest men of his day, but so immersed in all the fashionable vices, that, at length, to be seen in his company was deemed discreditable. In his twenty-seventh year, he seduced Amelia, marchioness of Carmarthen, daughter of the earl of Holderness, to whom, on a divorce following, he was united in marriage. This ceremony the ill-fated lady did not survive more than two years, when he took, for a second wife, Miss Gordon of Gight in Aberdeenshire, whose fortune he quickly dissipated, leaving her a destitute widow, in 1791, with a son, the celebrated subject of this article, then only three years of age.

Previously to the death of her husband, having been deserted by him, Mrs Byron retired, with her infant son, to Aberdeen, where she lived in narrow circumstances and great seclusion. The singular circumstances attendant upon the early childhood of Byron seem to have operated very materially in the formation of his very striking character. Until seven years of age, the care of his education rested solely on his mother, to whose excusable, but injudicious indulgence some of the waywardness by which it was subsequently marked, was, even by himself, attributed. Being then of a weakly constitution, that disadvantage, added to a slight malconformation in one of his feet, naturally rendered him an object of peculiar solicitude; and to invigorate his constitution, he was not sent

to school, but allowed to brace his limbs upon the mountains in the neighbourhood, where he early acquired associations, and encountered a mass of legendary lore, which indisputably nurtured his poetical tendencies. At the age of seven, he was sent to the grammar-school at Aberdeen, where he was more distinguished for great occasional exertions, in order to make up for the intervals of absence rendered necessary by his delicacy of health, than by his general application. In all boyish sports, however, the ardour of his temperament enabled him to surmount his natural disadvantages.

In 1798 the death of his great-uncle, without issue, gave him the title and estates of the family; on which, being then ten years of age, he was removed from the immediate care of his mother, and placed under the guardianship of the earl of Carlisle, who had married the sister of the late Lord Byron, a lady of considerable poetical abilities. On this change, the youthful lord was placed at Harrow, where he distinguished himself more by his love of manly sports, and by his undaunted spirit, than by attention to his studies, or submission to the school discipline; but, although in a subsequent part of his life he indulged in some animadversion upon the tendency of the system in public schools, he always cherished an affectionate remembrance of Harrow, and of its master, Doctor Drury. He had scarcely seen anything of the quiet graces of domestic life, when, in the course of a short residence at Newstead, in the summer of 1804, he became known to the family of Chaworth of Annesley, the descendants of the gentleman who was killed by his great-uncle. The heiress of Annesley was then a beautiful girl, some two years older than Lord Byron. There was something to touch a colder fancy in the situation, and he soon became intoxicated with the deepest and purest passion his bosom was ever to know. A young lady of eighteen is as old, all the world over, as a man of five-and-twenty; and she amused herself with the awkward attentions of a lover whom she considered as a mere school-boy. Little did she guess with what passions, and with what a mind, her fortune had brought her into contact. "In the dances of the evening (says his biographer) Miss Chaworth, of course, joined, while her lover sat looking on, solitary and mortified. It is not impossible, indeed, that the dislike which he always expressed for this amusement may have originated in some bitter pang, felt in his youth, on seeing 'the lady of his love' led out by others to the gay dance from which he was himself excluded. During all this time he had the pain of knowing that the heart of her he loved was occupied by another;—that, as he himself expresses it,

‘ Her sighs were not for him ; to her he was
Even as a brother.—but no more.’

“ If at any moment, however, he had flattered himself with the hope of being loved by her—a circumstance mentioned in his ‘*Memoranda*’ as one of the most painful of those humiliations to which the defect in his foot had exposed him—must have let the truth in, with dreadful certainty, upon his heart. He either was told of, or overheard, Miss Chaworth saying to her maid, ‘Do you think I could care anything for that lame boy?’ This speech, as he himself described it, was like a shot through his heart. Though late at night when he heard it, he instantly darted out of the house, and, scarcely knowing whither he ran, never

stopped till he found himself at Newstead. The picture which he has drawn of this youthful love, in one of the most interesting of his poems, 'The Dream,' shows how genius and feeling can elevate the realities of this life, and give to the commonest events and objects an undying lustre. The old hall at Annesley, under the name of 'the antique oratory,' will long call up to fancy the 'maiden and the youth' who once stood in it; while the image of the 'lover's steed,' though suggested by the unromantic race-ground of Nottingham, will not the less conduce to the general charm of the scene, and share a portion of that light which only genius could shed over it. . . . With the summer holidays ended this dream of his youth." This episode is to the story of Byron, though in a different way, what that of 'Highland Mary' is to Robert Burns's. This was his one "true love,"—perhaps no truly imaginative mind ever had room for two. But instead of ending, like Burns's early dream of love and innocence, in pure humanizing sorrow, this blossom was cut off rudely, and left an angry wound upon the stem. His profoundest pathos is embodied in the various poems which his maturer genius consecrated to the recollections of Annesley; and it is all interwoven with a thread of almost demoniacal bitterness: "A disposition on his own side, to form strong attachments, and a yearning desire after affection in return, were the feeling and the want," says Mr Moore, "that formed the dream and torment of his existence. We have seen with what passionate enthusiasm he threw himself into his boyish friendships. The all-absorbing and unsuccessful love that followed was, if I may so say, the agony, without being the death, of this unsated desire, which lived on through his life, filled his poetry with the very soul of tenderness, lent the colouring of its light to even those unworthy ties which vanity or passion led him afterwards to form, and was the last aspiration of his fervid spirit in those stanzas written but a few months before his death:—

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
 Since others it has ceased to move;
 Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
 Still let me love!"

When between sixteen and seventeen, he was entered of Trinity college, Cambridge; and here, as at Harrow, his dislike of discipline drew upon him much unavoidable rebuke, which he repaid with sarcasm and satire; among other practical jokes, he kept a bear, which, he observed, he was training up for a degree. At the university he fell, according to every account, including his own, into a course of reckless profligacy. The following is an extract from a letter, written in his twentieth year:—"My pretensions to virtue are unluckily so few, that though I should be happy to merit, I cannot accept your applause in that respect. One passage in your letter struck me forcibly; you mention the two Lords Lyttleton in the manner they respectively deserve, and will be surprised to hear the person, who is now addressing you, has been frequently compared to the latter. I know I am injuring myself in your esteem by this avowal, but the circumstance was so remarkable from your observation, that I cannot help relating the fact. The events of my short life have been of so singular a nature, that, though the pride commonly called honour has, and, I trust, ever will, prevent me from disgracing my name by a mean or cowardly action,

I have been already held up as the votary of licentiousness, and the disciple of infidelity. How far justice may have dictated this accusation I cannot pretend to say, but, like the gentleman to whom my religious friends, in the warmth of their charity, have already devoted me, I am made worse than I really am."—The following is from a subsequent letter to Mr. Dallas:—"I once thought myself a philosopher, and talked nonsense with great decorum; I defied pain, and preached up equanimity. For some time this did very well, for no one was in pain for me but my friends, and none lost their patience but my hearers. At last, a fall from my horse convinced me that bodily suffering was an evil; and the worst of an argument upset my maxims and my temper at the same moment, so I quitted Zeno for Aristippus, and conceive that pleasure constitutes the *το καλον*. In morality, I prefer Confucius to the Ten Commandments, and Socrates to St Paul, though the two latter agree in their opinion of marriage. In religion I favour the Catholic emancipation, but do not acknowledge the pope; and I have refused to take the sacrament, because I do not think eating bread or drinking wine from the hand of an earthly vicar will make me an inheritor of heaven. I hold virtue in general, or the virtues severally, to be only in the disposition, each a feeling, not a principle. I believe truth the prime attribute of the Deity; and death an eternal sleep, at least of the body. You have here a brief compendium of the sentiments of the wicked George Lord Byron; and, till I get a new suit, you will perceive I am badly clothed." At nineteen, he quitted the university, and took up his residence at the family-seat of Newstead abbey, where he employed himself chiefly in amusement, and especially in aquatic sports and swimming.

In 1807, while still at Newstead, he arranged his early productions, which he caused to be printed at Newark, under the title of 'Hours of Idleness, by George Gordon Lord Byron, a Minor.' These poems, although exhibiting some indication of the future poet, also betrayed several marks of juvenility and imitation, which induced the Edinburgh reviewers to notice the book in a style of insulting criticism. The ridicule produced by this critique roused the anger of the poet, who took revenge in his celebrated satire of 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' The spirit of resentment is seldom very just; and the anger, rather than the judgment of Byron, guided his pen on this occasion. It happened, too, singularly enough, that, owing to party and other predilections, a number of the persons satirized in this poem, no long time after, were numbered among the friends of the author; for which reason, after it had passed through four editions, he suppressed it. It is unpleasant to relate, that, about this time, Byron gave in to a career of dissipation, too prevalent among the youthful possessors of rank and fortune, when altogether uncontrolled. Thus his fortune became deeply involved before he had attained legal maturity, and his constitution much impaired by the excesses in which he spent it. This, however, was not a course to last; and, in the year 1809, he determined to travel. Accordingly, in company with his fellow-collegian, John Cam Hobhouse, Esq., he embarked at Falmouth for Lisbon, and proceeded through the southern provinces of Spain to the Mediterranean. His subsequent peregrinations in Greece, Turkey, &c. need not be detailed here, having been rendered so famous by his noble poem of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

He returned home in June, 1811, after an absence of two years, and had not long arrived before he was summoned to Newstead, in consequence of the dangerous illness of his mother, who breathed her last before he could reach her.

In 1812 he gave to the world the two first cantos of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.' This assumption of the character of a wayward libertine, satiated by an over-cultivation of pleasure, into misanthropy, tedium, and listlessness, and that in such a manner that the application would necessarily be made to himself, afforded proof both of the perverted feeling and of the originality of Byron. There was, however, a boldness in the repulsive personification, and a force and an energy in the mode of supporting it, so indicative of great powers, that it at once produced its impression. Eulogy now flowed in from all quarters. Even those readers who disapproved the misanthropy and sombre views of human nature displayed in this extraordinary production, confessed its genius. Thus the feelings of admiration became general, and the strong current of fashion turning directly in his favour, his acquaintance was widely, not to say, universally, courted; and his first entry on the stage of public life may be dated from this era. Nor were the manners, person, and conversation of Byron of a nature to dissipate the charm with which his talents had invested him. Although easy and affable in his general manners, the latent reserve of conscious genius was always observable; added to which the associations connected with his identification with his own Childe Harold excited a mysterious and indefinable curiosity. Even his physiognomy was eminently calculated to keep up the interest which he otherwise inspired; the predominating expression of his fine features being that of deep and habitual thought, although, when engaged in interesting discussion, they as forcibly exhibited gaiety, indignation, and satire. Thus, in the imitative world of fashion, the enthusiastic looked on him to admire, the serious to admonish, and the soft with a desire to console. The latter sympathy he excited too powerfully in certain quarters, and a course of noxious intrigue was the consequence. It is more gratifying to observe, that, in the midst of all this license, he was capable of delicate and generous actions, of which a number of well-authenticated instances are on record.

The quick and scrutinizing glance which he had cast on eastern character and manners was now manifested in the 'Giaour,' the 'Bride of Abydos,' the 'Corsair,' (the copyright of which, as well as that of 'Childe Harold,' he gave to Mr Dallas,) 'Lara,' and the 'Siege of Corinth,' which followed one another in quick succession. For parliamentary duties he seems to have a decided distaste; and it was not until his return from the continent that he ventured to speak. He made his maiden speech in February, 1812, from the opposition bench, against the frame-work bill, and was argumentative and lively, if not very original. Having now become a character whose support might be of considerable consequence, he was congratulated accordingly. Another time, he addressed the house in support of Catholic emancipation, and a third and last time on presenting a petition from Major Cartwright.

On the 2d of January, 1815, he married Anna Isabella, only daughter of Sir Ralph Millbanke Noel, baronet, to whom he had proposed himself a year before, and been rejected. The fortune received with his lady was not large, and his own having been previously much enthrallled,

the reckless system of splendour which succeeded the marriage could not be long maintained; and after enduring considerable embarrassments, it was finally settled that Lady Byron, who had presented his lordship with a daughter on the 10th of December, should pay her father a visit, until better arrangements could be made. From this visit Lady Byron ultimately refused to return, and a formal separation ensued. Moore says, that shortly after the birth of her daughter, Lady Byron went to visit her parents; they parted in the utmost kindness; she wrote him a letter on the way full of playfulness and affection, and as soon as she arrived at Kirkby Mallory, her father wrote to inform Lord Byron that she would never return. This was at a time when his pecuniary embarrassments had become intolerably pressing; executions had been repeatedly in his house; and for a wife to choose this time and manner to leave her husband would inspire a natural prejudice against her, unless there were grave reasons to justify her apparent want of sincerity and good feeling. Lady Byron explains her conduct in a letter written to justify her parents from the charge of interfering on this occasion. She states that she believed her husband insane, and acted upon that impression, both in leaving him and in writing her letter, choosing the tone and manner least likely to irritate his passions. She states that had she not considered him insane, she could not have borne with him so long. She endeavoured to obtain a separation, but the circumstances were not thought sufficient to make out the case of insanity. We are not surprised that such was her impression. Mr Moore mentions that Byron was in the habit of keeping fire-arms in his carriage and near his bed. Such extravagance was enough to excite her suspicion of his soundness of mind; and there was nothing to quiet her apprehensions in his temper, which was grown irresistible by long indulgence of self-will; he was wholly untaught to submit to those mutual concessions, which domestic happiness and harmony require. When we remember that his passions, which he himself describes as occasionally savage, were incensed by seeing his house repeatedly in possession of officers of the law, no wonder that all should have seemed like madness, to her even spirit and uniform feelings. We do not know how any one acquainted with the history of their attachment, could have anticipated any other result. The first mention of Lady Byron is found in Byron's 'Journal.' "A very pretty letter from Annabella, which I answered. What an odd situation and friendship is ours! without one spark of love on either side, and produced by circumstances which in general lead to coldness on one side and aversion on the other. She is a very superior woman, and very little spoiled, which is strange in an heiress—a girl of twenty—a peeress that is to be in her own right, an only child, and a *savante*, who has always had her own way. She is a poetess—mathematician—metaphysician, and yet very kind, generous, and gentle, with very little pretension." Here it seems there was no love on either side. He says in another place, "a wife would be the salvation of me;" and this Mr Moore explains, by his conviction that "it was prudent to take refuge in marriage from those perplexities, which form the sequel of all less regular ties." These are ominous words. He offered himself at that time to Miss Millbanke, and was rejected; "on neither side was love either felt or professed." "In the meantime new entanglements, in which his heart was the willing dupe of his fancy and vanity, came to engross the young

poet; and still, as the usual penalties of such pursuits followed, he found himself sighing for the sober yoke of wedlock as some security against their recurrence." Such is his friend's account of the reasons of this connexion. Some time after this a friend advised him to marry, to which he assented, "after much discussion." He himself was for another application to Miss Millbanke, but his friend dissuaded him, on the ground that she was learned, and had then no fortune. He at last agreed that his friend should write a proposal to another lady; it was rejected. "You see," said Lord Byron, "that Miss Millbanke is to be the person." He immediately wrote to her, and his friend reading what he had written, said, "this is really a very pretty letter; it is a pity it should not go." "Then it shall go," said Lord Byron. It went, and the offer was accepted. In this way the most important action of his life was done. He said, "I must of course reform," and with this shadow of a resolution, he went through the ceremony in a kind of thoughtless heaviness, which he was at no pains to conceal. What induced Lady Byron to risk her happiness in such an adventure, we cannot tell, unless she was ambitious of the glory of reforming such a man. If so, she did her part, by his own acknowledgment. "I do not believe, and I must say it, in the dress of this bitter business, that there ever was a better, or even a brighter, kinder, more agreeable or more amiable being than Lady Byron. I never had, nor can have, any reproach to make her while with me."

Byron now left England, with an expressed resolution never to return. He crossed over to France, through which he passed rapidly to Brussels, taking, on his way, a survey of the field of Waterloo. He then visited the banks of the Rhine, Switzerland, and the north of Italy, and for some time took up his abode at Venice. Here he was joined by Mr Hobhouse, who accompanied him on a visit to Rome, where he completed his third canto of 'Childe Harold.' Not long after appeared the 'Prisoner of Chillon,' a Dream, and other Poems; and in 1817, 'Manfred,' a tragedy, and the 'Lament of Tasso.' In one of his excursions from Italy, he resided for some time at Abydos, and thence proceeded to Tenedos and the island of Scio, where he likewise staid three months; during which time he visited every classical scene, and frequently slept in the peasants' cottages, to whom his liberality made him a welcome guest. He also visited several other islands, and at length repaired to Athens, where he sketched many of the scenes of the fourth and last canto of 'Childe Harold,' which poem was published in 1818, and sustained the high reputation of the author. In the same year appeared the *jeu d'esprit* of 'Beppo,' in the mixed and pointed manner of the Italian style of poetical humour, and marked by a tone of loose morality, which ripened into licentiousness in 'Don Juan.' In 1819 was published the romantic tale of 'Mazeppa,' and the same year was marked by the commencement of 'Don Juan,' which his bookseller, Mr Murray, declined openly to publish. Of this celebrated production, it is as vain to deny the profligacy as the genius. In 1820 was published 'Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice,' a tragedy, written with an avowed attention to the exploded system of the dramatic unities, which too frequently subtracts from the interest all that it gives to more cold and classical qualities; nor did this effort of Byron's prove an exception. The next year he addressed a letter to Mr W. Lisle Bowles, in defence of the poetical character of Pope, which had been rated very low in that writer's life of

him. This dispute arose out of a disposition, in certain critics, to ground poetical character exclusively on a tendency to deal with the primary associations connected with natural objects and affections, rather than on the more complex and factitious combinations produced by art and cultivation. This school not unfrequently pushes its theory to an extreme, as in the case of Pope, whom Byron, on the other hand, may have somewhat hyperbolically exalted. In the same year appeared the drama of 'Sardanapalus,' indisputably the finest of his tragic offspring; the 'Two Foscari,' a tragedy; and 'Cain,' a mystery. The last is a production of much power, but marked by the same rashness of speculation and recklessness of moral effect, which disfigure many of the author's productions. It is an attack upon the goodness of God, on the ground of the existence of evil. It represents him as the tyrant of the universe, delighting in the parasitical praises of his meaner creatures; but whom all nobler spirits must regard with defiance. It is idle to say, by way of apology, that this attack upon the Divinity is broken up into paragraphs, with the names of Cain and Lucifer prefixed to them; since what has been stated is the only sentiment of the work, unanswered and uncontradicted, to the impression of which everything is made to contribute. It accords but too well with earlier expressions of the feelings of the author. We might justify what has been said, by extracts from the poem; but it would be necessary to quote passages, which no light occasion would excuse one for obtruding upon notice.

When Byron quitted Venice, after visiting several parts of the Italian dominions of Austria, he settled at Pisa; where he became connected with the Gamba family, in whose behalf he endured some inconvenience, which ended in the banishment of the Counts Gamba, and the open residence of the countess with Byron. In 1822, in conjunction with Mr Leigh Hunt, who, on invitation, had become his guest, and Mr Percy Bysshe Shelley, the periodical publication called the 'Liberal,' was commenced, which, principally owing to the unhappy fate of Mr Shelley, (who perished by the upsetting of a boat in the Mediterranean,) extended only to four numbers. In this work first appeared the 'Vision of Judgment,' caused by the singularly ill-judged performance, under the same title, of Mr Southey. The publisher was prosecuted, and fined £100. 'Heaven and Earth,' a mystery, also first appeared in the *Liberal*. It is founded on the supposed intercourse between angels and the daughters of earth before the flood, and possesses great force and beauty. The latter cantos of 'Don Juan,' with 'Werner,' a tragedy, and the 'Deformed Transformed,' a fragment, bring up the rear of Byron's performances.

In the autumn of 1822, he quitted Paris, and wintered at Genoa, and now began to indulge those feelings in regard to the efforts of the Greeks to throw off the Mohammedan yoke, which determined him to lend them the aid of his person, purse, and influence. It would also appear, by some noble verses which have been printed since his death, that a secret consciousness of his career of action having too long been unworthy of him, induced him to seek a nobler species of distinction than one of mere self-engrossment and successful gallantry. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the general tendency of powerful minds, at a particular stage of existence, to break from the enthrallments of pleasure and the senses, because it has been the great theme of allegory ever since allegory was invented. In addition to being satiated with the usual enjoyments of a

dissipated man of rank, and disgusted with the sameness of commonplace life, many circumstances contributed to render Byron an enthusiast for Greece. In common with many more, the associations connected with its illustrious history doubtless served to stimulate his concern for its modern degradation; but in him these feelings were quickened by an acquaintance with its grand and beautiful scenery, its various races of wild and picturesque manners, and by the personal interest which he had already excited there. Whatever may have been the exact combination of motives, in August, 1823, he embarked, accompanied by five or six friends, in an English vessel, which he had hired for the purpose, and arrived at the commencement of the third campaign. He established himself some time in Cephalonia, and despatched his friends, Messrs Trelawney and Hamilton Brown, with a letter to the Greek government. The result of their information induced him to advance £12,000 for the relief of Missolonghi. The dissensions among the Greeks gave him great pain, and involved him in considerable difficulties. At length he sailed from Argostoli with two Ionian vessels, and, taking considerable specie on board, proceeded to Missolonghi, where, after considerable hazard and danger, and the loss of one of his vessels, he finally arrived, and was received with every mark of honour Grecian gratitude could devise. His influence was immediately salutary in the mitigation of the ferocity with which the war was waged on the part of the Greeks; but it was much more difficult to produce union among their leaders. He immediately began to form a brigade of Suliotes, 500 of whom were taken into his pay, with a view to an expedition against Lepanto; but such was the disorderly and unsettled temper of these troops, that he was obliged to postpone it. This unexpected disappointment preyed on his spirits, and he was about this time attacked with a severe fit of epilepsy. He had subsequently other attacks, but at length the violence of the disorder began to yield to the skill of his physician, and he was recommended to remove, for a while, from the flat, marshy, and unhealthy site of Missolonghi, to Zante. This step, with his usual tenacity, he refused to take. "I cannot quit Greece (he wrote to a friend) while there is a chance of my being even of (supposed) utility. There is a stake worth millions such as I am, and while I can stand at all, I must stand by the cause. While I say this, I am aware of the difficulties, dissensions and defects of the Greeks themselves; but allowance must be made for them by all reasonable people." On the expedition against Lepanto being given up, other projects were proposed with reference both to military operations and to congresses for uniting Eastern and Western Greece; but, unhappily, the fatal moment was at hand which was to deprive the Greek cause of its firm and energetic friend. On the 9th of April, Byron, while riding out, got extremely wet; and, scarcely recovered from the effects of his former disorder, a fever ensued, which, it is thought, might have yielded to copious bleeding in the first instance, but which, owing either to his own objection or the inaccurate opinion of the physician of the nature of the disease, was destined to prove fatal on the evening of the 19th April, 1824.

"Many pictures have been painted of him (says a fair critic of his features) with various success; but the excessive beauty of his lips escaped every painter and sculptor. In their ceaseless play they represented every emotion, whether pale with anger, curled in disdain,

smiling in triumph, or dimpled with archness and love." It would be injustice to the reader not to borrow from the same pencil a few more touches of portraiture. "This extreme facility of expression was sometimes painful, for I have seen him look absolutely ugly—I have seen him look so hard and cold, that you must hate him, and then, in a moment brighter than the sun, with such playful softness in his look, such affectionate eagerness kindling in his eyes, and dimpling his lips into something more sweet than a smile, that you forgot the man, the Lord Byron, in the picture of beauty presented to you, and gazed with intense curiosity—I had almost said—as if to satisfy yourself, that thus looked the god of poetry, the god of the Vatican, when he conversed with the sons and daughters of man."—"His head," says Mr Moore, "was remarkably small,—so much so as to be rather out of proportion with his face. The forehead, though a little too narrow, was high, and appeared more so from his having his hair (to preserve it, as he said) shaved over the temples; while the glossy, dark-brown curls, clustering over his head, gave the finish to its beauty. When to this is added, that his nose, though handsomely, was rather thickly shaped, that his teeth were white and regular, and his complexion colourless, as good an idea perhaps as it is in the power of mere words to convey may be conceived of his features."—The following passage from Dr Millingen's 'Memoir' may also be acceptable to our readers:—"Before we proceeded to embalm the body," says the young surgeon, "we could not refrain from pausing, in silent contemplation, on the lifeless clay of one, who, but a few days before, was the hope of a whole nation, and the admiration of the civilized world. After consecrating a few moments to the feelings such a spectacle naturally inspired, we could not but admire the perfect symmetry of his body. Nothing could surpass the beauty of the forehead; its height was extraordinary, and the protuberances under which the nobler intellectual faculties are supposed to reside, were strongly pronounced. His hair, which curled naturally, was quite grey; the mustachios light coloured. His physiognomy had suffered little alteration; and still preserved the sarcastic, haughty expression which habitually characterized it. The chest was broad, and high vaulted; the waist very small, the pelvis narrow. . . . The only blemish of his body, which might otherwise have vied with that of Apollo himself, was the congenital malconformation of his left foot and leg."

During his illness, some fine traits of humanity and feeling for his attendants were exhibited by Byron, and nearly his last words, previous to sinking into the lethargy which ended in death, were, "My wife, my child, my sister!—you know all—you must say all." His utterance then failed him, as it had previously done in reference to the same near connexions. Thus, in his 37th year, prematurely died this extraordinary genius, to the deep affliction of the people whose cause he had espoused, who decreed every possible public testimony of their sorrow. Nor was his death a subject of less regret to many, who looked for a noble recompense, in the maturity of his life, for the faults of its commencement and preceding progress. Many of his errors were evidently the result of a too early release from all discipline and control, and the neglect which family circumstances had thrown around him. In other respects, the vices and failings of Byron, undeniable, it is true, were much magnified by the peculiarity of his genius and character, which attracted an inten-

sity of observation to all which concerned him. The disposition of the public at once to admire and condemn, accompanied as it was with an involuntary tendency to confound the character of the poet with some of the most romantic creations of his imagination; however it might annoy him in the first instance, in the sequel too obviously nurtured a degree of personal vanity, which formed one of the greatest weaknesses of his character. Common-place censure produces little effect when coupled with great admiration, and still less is effected by the virulence of party attack, or by direct personal hostility. The morals of Byron, on the score of gallantry, his carelessness of female reputation, and hasty and vindictive spirit of resentment, are altogether indefensible; but it is certain that they were mixed up with great humanity, benevolence and generosity. It was evident, too, from his death and many other circumstances, that, whatever his pride and resentment at being so decisively abandoned, he nurtured the natural feelings of a husband and father deep in his bosom.

The body of Byron was brought to England, and laid in state in London. It was subsequently interred near his own seat of Newstead abbey, where a plain marble slab merely records his name and title, date of death, and age. Besides his own legitimate child and heiress, Byron left another daughter in Italy, to whom he bequeathed £5000, on the condition of her not marrying an Englishman. The successor to his estate and title was his cousin, Captain George Anson Byron, of the royal navy.

Charles Incledon.

BORN A. D. 1764.—DIED A. D. 1826.

THIS celebrated singer was a native of Cornwall. He was the son of a respectable medical gentleman. Displaying an early taste for music, he was, at the age of eight years, placed in the choir of Exeter cathedral, under the care of Jackson, the celebrated composer. Here he remained six or seven years, when a truant disposition induced him, in 1779, to enter on board the formidable man-of-war, of 98 guns, under the command of Captain Cleland. On the West India station he changed his ship, and served on board the *Raisonné*, of 64 guns, then commanded by Lord Hervey, where his vocal powers and sprightliness of character endeared him to the officers and men. In this ship he attracted the notice of Admiral Pigot, commander of the fleet, who frequently sent for Incledon, and sang catches and glees with him and Admiral Hughes. He returned to England in 1783, when Admiral Pigot, Lord Mulgrave, and Lord Hervey, gave him letters of recommendation to Mr Sheridan and the late Mr Colman; the manager, however, was blind to his merits, and Incledon, determined to try his talents on the stage, joined Collins's company at Southampton, where his first theatrical essay was as Alphonso, in the 'Castle of Andalusia.' Here he continued upwards of a year, when he was engaged at Bath, where he attracted much of the public attention, and obtained the patronage of Rauzzini, who not only took him under his tuition, but introduced him in his concerts.

He was a great favourite at the Noblemen's Catch club, which he assisted in establishing; and Dr Harrington, the eminent physician, was his particular friend.

Having again applied in vain at the London theatres, he accepted an engagement at Vauxhall; but in the ensuing winter, (October, 1790,) made his first appearance at Covent Garden, as Dermot, in the 'Poor Soldier,' with so much success as to obtain a permanent situation, on liberal terms. For many seasons Incledon sang with great éclat at the Lent oratorios; he frequently visited Ireland, where no singer, not even Mrs Billington, was ever more caressed; and subsequently to the termination of his regular engagements at the London theatres, he crossed the Atlantic, and made a vocal tour through great part of the United States, though, as is said, without any solid pecuniary advantage. Of late years somewhat neglected, perhaps, for newer favourites in the metropolis, his engagements were chiefly of a provincial nature. Styling himself 'The Wandering Melodist,' he was accustomed to give a vocal entertainment of his own, which was generally received with great favour. He was, we believe, in the arrangement of one of these plans at Worcester, when, about the commencement of 1826, he was suddenly seized with a paralytic affection, which, in the course of a few weeks, terminated his life.

Incledon, though a convivial, was by no means an improvident man. Before his second union he settled all his fortune, the result of his professional exertions for many years, on the children of his first marriage, nor was he wanting in industry to create a new fortune. It is true, his farewell-benefits in London were a small tax on his friends, for he was fond of "more last words;" but they must have been saving indeed who begrudged the price of a ticket to so old a favourite as Charles Incledon.

Incledon's voice was of extraordinary power, both in the natural and falsetto. The former, from A to G, a compass of about fourteen notes, was full and open, neither partaking of the reed nor the string, and sent forth without the smallest artifice; and such was its ductility, that when he sung *pianissimo* it retained its original ductility. His falsetto—which he could use from D to E or F, or about ten notes—was rich, sweet, and brilliant, though we certainly are of opinion that music, like beauty, is when "unadorned adorned the most." He excelled in the pure and energetic English ballad, such as 'Black-eyed Susan,' and 'the Storm,' the bold and cheering hunting-song, or the love-song of Shield, breathing the chaste simple grace of genuine English melody.¹

John Pinkerton.

BORN A. D. 1758.—DIED A. D. 1826.

MR PINKERTON claimed descent from an ancient family seated at Pinkerton, near Dunbar. His grandfather was a worthy and honest yeoman at Dalsersf, who had a numerous family. As presbyterians at that time abounded in the west of England, there was considerable intercourse between them and those of Scotland.

¹ Gentleman's Magazine.

James Pinkerton, father of our subject, settled in Somersetshire, where having acquired a moderate property as a dealer in hair, (an article, as wigs were generally worn, then much in request,) he returned to his native country about 1755, and married Mrs Bowie—whose maiden name was Heron—the widow of a respectable merchant at Edinburgh, who brought him an increase of fortune, and three children. James, the eldest, joined the army as a volunteer, and was slain at the battle of Minden, his brother Robert succeeding to an estate in Lanarkshire left by their father.

John Pinkerton, the youngest son, was born in Edinburgh, February 17th, 1758. After acquiring the rudiments of education at a small school kept by an old woman at Grange-gate-Side, near that city, where was a house belonging to his mother, he was, in 1764, removed to the grammar school at Lanark, kept by Mr Thomson, who married the sister of the poet of that name.

Inheriting from his father a portion of hypochondriacism, young Pinkerton was always a diffident boy, and he neither entered into competition with his schoolfellows in education, nor joined in their boisterous but healthy amusements. At school he was generally the second or third of his class, but nothing remarkable distinguished this period, except one incident:—Mr Thomson one day ordered the boys to translate a part of Livy into English; when he came to young Pinkerton's version, he read it silently to himself, then, to the great surprise of the boys, walked quickly out of the school, but soon returned with a volume of Hooke's Roman History, in which the same part of Livy was translated. He read both aloud, and gave his decided opinion in favour of his disciple's translation, which not a little flattered boyish vanity, and perhaps sowed in him the first seeds of authorship.

After being six years at school, the last year of which only was dedicated to the Greek, he returned to the house of his family near Edinburgh. His father having some dislike to university education, John was kept in a kind of solitary confinement at home; and this parent, being of a severe and morose disposition, his duration little tended to give much firmness to his nerves. An hour or two passed every day in attending a French teacher: and, in his eagerness to attain this language, he had totally lost his Greek, and nearly his Latin also; but soon after, meeting with Rollin's Ancient History, and observing references to the original authors, he bought the History of Justinus, &c. and soon recovered his Latin, so as to write, when he was about thirteen years of age, tolerable fragments in that language. He afterwards studied mathematics two or three years, under Mr Ewing, an able teacher at Edinburgh, and proceeded as far as the doctrine of infinites.

Intended for the profession of the law, young Pinkerton was articled to Mr William Aytoun, an eminent writer to the signet, with whom he served a clerkship of five years. He did not, however, neglect the cultivation of his mind, and having felt the witchery of verse by reading Beattie's Minstrel, and other poems, he wrote an elegy, called 'Craig-miller Castle,' which he dedicated to Dr Beattie. This production, which was published in 1776, was followed by the composition of one or two tragedies, but they were never printed.

In 1780, soon after the expiration of his clerkship, his father died; and being often disappointed in procuring uncommon books at Edin-

burgh, he visited London, where the size and extent of the booksellers' catalogues are said to have formed his sole motive for wishing to fix his residence. This determination was confirmed by the bankruptcy of some merchants in Glasgow, who held about £1000 of his father's money, all which was lost. He accordingly went to Scotland in the spring of 1781, took up the remaining sums lying in mercantile hands, and, returning to England, settled in the neighbourhood of London, in the winter of that year.

In 1781, Mr Pinkerton published in octavo, 'Rimes,' as he peculiarly chose to designate some minor poems; and 'Hardyknute, an Heroic Ballad, now first published complete [a Second Part being added]; with the other more approved Scottish Ballads, and some not hitherto made public, in the Tragic Style.' To which were prefixed, 'Two Dissertations: 1. On the Oral Tradition of Poetry; 2. On the Tragic Ballad;' small 8vo. In 1782, he published 'Two Dithyrambic Odes: 1. On Enthusiasm; 2. To Laughter;' 4to.: and 'Tales in Verse,' also, in the same year.

From his boyish days Mr Pinkerton had been fond of collecting medals, minerals, and other curiosities; and having received from a lady in Scotland a rare coin of Constantine, on his Sarmatian victory, which she had taken as a farthing, he soon laid the foundation of a little collection, and used to read Addison's Dialogues on Medals, with infinite delight. These pursuits led him to see the defects of common books on the subject, and he drew up a manual and tables for his own use, which afterwards grew to the excellent and complete Essay on Medals, the first edition of which was published by Dodsley, in two octavo volumes, 1784. He was materially assisted in its completion by the late Mr Southgate of the British Museum, and Mr Douce. The third and last edition was edited by Mr Harwood.

In 1785, Mr Pinkerton surprised the literary world with a very extraordinary performance entitled, 'Letters of Literature,' under the assumed name of Robert Heron. In this work he depreciated the ancient authors, in a manner which called forth the indignation of the poet Cowper; and criticised the best of the moderns, with an air of assurance that could not have been warranted even by the most confirmed character for taste, learning, and judgment. He had also the vanity to recommend a new system of orthography, more fantastical and absurd, if possible, than that which his countryman, Mr Elphinstone, endeavoured with so much zeal to introduce. Unfortunately too, it happened that the odium of the performance actually alighted on a countryman of his, whose name was in reality Robert Heron, and who was just then coming before the public as an author. However, this book obtained for Mr Pinkerton an introduction to Horace Walpole, through whom he became acquainted with Gibbon the historian, who recommended him to the booksellers as a fit person to translate the English Monkish Historians, a work which, had the proposal met with encouragement, might have tended to a more generally diffused knowledge of the history of the middle ages. On the death of his patron, the earl of Orford, Mr Pinkerton sold a collection of his lordship's remarks, witticisms, and letters, to the proprietors of the 'Monthly Magazine,' in which miscellany they appeared periodically, under the title of Walpoliana, and when exhausted, the whole were reprinted in two small volumes, with a portrait of the gifted nobleman.

In 1786, Mr Pinkerton edited two octavo volumes, entitled, 'Ancient Scottish Poems, never before in Print; but now published from the Manuscript Collections of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, Knight, Lord Privy Seal of Scotland, and a Senator of the College of Justice: comprising Pieces written from about 1420 till 1586. With large Notes and a Glossary.'

In 1787, Mr Pinkerton published in two volumes 12mo, under the feigned name of H. Bennet, M.A., 'The Treasury of Wit; being a methodical Selection of about Twelve Hundred of the best Apophthegms and Jests; from Books in several Languages,'—a compilation pronounced to be much superior to most of the kind. It was accompanied by many just and pertinent observations, in a discourse on wit and humour, considered under the four different heads,—Serious Wit, Comic Wit, Serious Humour, and Comic Humour. The same year produced in one volume 8vo. his well-known 'Dissertation on the Origin and Progress of the Scythians or Goths, being an Introduction to the Ancient and Modern History of Europe;' and though he figured afterwards in many other walks of literature, the prejudices embalmed in that extraordinary production continued to the end to hold almost the undivided possession of his mind. He seriously believed that the Irish, the Scotch Highlanders, and the Welsh, the Bretons, and the Spanish Biscayans, are the only surviving descendants of the original population of Europe, and that in them, their features, their manners, their history, every philosophic eye may trace the unimproved and unimprovable savage, the Celt. He maintained in every company that he was ready to drop his theory altogether the moment any one could point out to him a single person of intellectual eminence sprung from an unadulterated line of Celtic ancestry. He used to appeal boldly to the History of Bulaw, in particular; asking what one *great man* the Celtic races of Wales, Ireland, or Scotland, had yet contributed to the rolls of fame? And it must be owned that he had studied family-genealogies so indefatigably, that it was no easy matter to refute him without preparation. If you mentioned Burke, "What," said he, "a descendant of De Bourg? class that high Norman chivalry with the riff-raff of O's and Macs? Show me a great O, and I am done." He delighted to prove that the Scotch Highlanders had never had but a few great captains—such as Montrose, Dundee, the first duke of Argyle—and these were all Goths;—the two first, Lowlanders; the last a Norman, a *de Campo bello*! The aversion he had for the Celtic name extended itself to every person and every thing that had any connection with the Celtic countries.

In 1789, Mr Pinkerton published in octavo, a collection of ancient Latin 'Lives of the Scottish Saints,' a work which greatly tended to illustrate the early history of his native country. It is now a scarce volume, no more than one hundred copies of it having been printed. This was soon after followed by a new and greatly enlarged edition of his 'Essay on Medals,' which has become the standard work for information on that interesting and useful subject. In the same fruitful year he published an edition of 'The Bruce, or the History of Robert, King of Scotland, written in Scottish verse, by John Barbour,' 3 vols. 8vo.

In 1790, this prolific writer again put forth some of his numismatic researches, in 'The Medallie History of England to the Revolution,' 4to: and published 'An Inquiry into the History of Scotland, preced-

ing the reign of Malcolm III. or 1056; including the authentic History of that Period; 2 vols. 8vo. (republished in 1795,) with some additional observations, containing replies to the various reviews, &c. In 1792, he edited three octavo volumes of 'Scottish Poems,' reprinted from scarce editions.

Our author's next important literary labours were the lives to 'Iconographia Scotica, or Portraits of Illustrious Persons of Scotland, with biographical Notes,' 2 vols. 8vo. 1795—1797; and to the 'Scottish Gallery, or Portraits of eminent Persons of Scotland, with their characters,' 8vo. 1799. His 'Modern Geography, digested on a new plan,' appeared first in two quarto volumes, in 1802; a second edition, published in 1807, consists of three; and there is an abridgment in a single octavo. In 1806 Mr Pinkerton travelled to the French capital, and on his return published his observations, under the title of 'Recollections of Paris,' 2 vols. 8vo. Subsequently he was employed in editing a 'General Collection of Voyages and Travels,' which was extended to nineteen volumes quarto; a 'New Modern Atlas,' in parts, both which works commenced in 1809. For a short time, the 'Critical Review,' with but little success, was under his superintendence.

Mr Pinkerton's last original work was 'Petralogy, or a Treatise on Rocks,' 2 vols. 8vo. 1811; but in 1814, still pursuing his attacks on the Celts, he republished, in two octavo volumes, his 'Inquiry into the History of Scotland,' together with his 'Dissertation on the Origin and Progress of the Scythians or Goths.'

Mr Pinkerton in the later years of his life resided almost entirely in Paris. His appearance was that of a very little and very thin old man, with a small, sharp, yellow face, thickly pitted by the small-pox, and decked with a pair of green spectacles. He was an eccentric, but highly industrious literary workman; and his talents, though in some instances ill directed, were commensurate with undertakings of no ordinary rank in literature.

John Flaxman.

BORN A. D. 1755.—DIED A. D. 1826.

THIS artist, whose labours have thrown such a lustre on British art, was the son of a moulder of plaster figures, who kept a shop in New Street, Covent Garden. His pictorial talents were early developed, and the mildness and docility of his character when a boy procured for him the favourable regards of several friends who took a pleasure in aiding and encouraging the young artist. In his fifteenth year he became a student in the Royal academy, and gained the silver medal. His first serious effort as a sculptor was a figure of Neptune, in wax, which he exhibited in 1770. His chief companions at the academy were Blake and Stothard. "With Blake in particular," says Allan Cunningham, "he loved to dream and muse, and give shape, and sometimes colour, to those thick-coming fancies in which they both partook." In a contest for the academy's gold medal, Flaxman was defeated by Engleheart, though all the probationers and students seemed confidently to anticipate an award in his favour. While pursuing his studies, our young artist at

first chiefly maintained himself by modelling small groups in very low relief, for the Wedgewoods' porcelain manufactory. His labours even in this humble department of the profession were of national importance. "The Etruscan vases and the architectural ornaments of Greece supplied him with the finest shapes: these he embellished with his own inventions, and a taste for forms of elegance began to be diffused over the land. Rude and unseemly shapes were no longer tolerated, and the eye growing accustomed to elegance, desired to have this new luxury at table."

During the ten years which preceded 1782, Flaxman exhibited about thirteen different works at the Royal academy. None of these were in marble, or exceeded half the size of life,—a pretty clear indication that their author was still struggling with poverty, and the embarrassments attendant upon limited finances. In 1782 he married an amiable and accomplished lady, in whose society and conversation the chief happiness of his future life consisted. He loved her tenderly, and when she died in 1820, something like a lethargy came over his own spirit: the world continued to applaud and encourage him, but he was no longer to be roused to high exertion in his art.

In the spring of 1787 he set off for Italy, accompanied by his wife, for the purpose of studying the immortal works of art which are treasured up in Rome. It was during his residence in that city that he executed his series of designs illustrative of the three great poets, Homer, *Æschylus*, and Dante. Of the *Iliad* there are in all thirty-nine illustrations. To the *Odyssey* he has dedicated thirty-four. Of the designs from Dante, thirty-eight are taken from the Hell, thirty-eight from the Purgatory, and thirty-three from the Paradise. Simplicity, dignity, and the same calm repose which mark the productions of ancient art, are the chief characteristics of these splendid series of conceptions, which have excited the admiration of the first connoisseurs and artists of the age. Yet strange to say, England does not possess a single group, or bas relief, executed from them. At subsequent periods he executed numerous illustrations of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, forty designs for Sotheby's translation of *Oberon*, and thirty-six designs from *Hesiod*. While in Italy, our artist executed in marble, a small-size group of *Cephalus and Aurora* for Mr Thomas Hope, one of his earliest patrons; and likewise a heroic group, also in marble, representing the fury of *Athamas*, from *Ovid's Metamorphoses*. He also attempted the restoration of the celebrated torso of *Hercules*, but in this he, for once, disappointed the expectations of his friends. The fragment which he ventured to complete is by many regarded as the finest relic of ancient sculpture extant, and his biographer justly remarks that in such a case, the most glorious conception, and the most beautiful workmanship, were sure to fall far short of what imagination might suppose the lost portions to have been.

After having spent upwards of seven years in Rome, and having been elected a member of several Italian academies, Flaxman returned to London, where he continued to reside till his death. His first great work after his return was a monument to the earl of Mansfield, for which he received £2,500. Of this work Cunningham says: "The statue of Mansfield is calm, simple, severe, and solitary—he sits alone, 'above all pomp, all passion, and all pride,' and there is that in his look which would embolden the innocent, and strike terror into the guilty."

In 1800, he was elected a member of the Royal academy, on which occasion he presented that body with a fine marble group of Apollo and Marpessa. When the object of the grand Naval pillar was first agitated, Flaxman conceived the magnificent design of a statue of Britannia, two hundred feet high, which he proposed to erect on Greenwich hill. The proposal startled the committee of public taste, and was carped at by the wittlings of the day, but its author was more deeply grieved at the inability of the public mind to entertain his magnificent conception, than at the ridicule with which it was treated by some, and the disappointment which the rejection of his scheme created to himself.

In 1810, the Royal academy created a professorship of sculpture, and bestowed it upon Flaxman. The lectures which he delivered from this chair have been published since his death. They are six in number; their composition is less graceful and tone more subdued than might have been expected in any thing of the kind from Flaxman; but they contain a number of valuable remarks and much sound criticism, and, upon the whole, furnish a valuable manual to the young sculptor. At the time of his wife's death, our artist was in the zenith of his fame. Amongst the finest of his latter productions were his *Psyche*, the *Pastoral Apollo*, and a group of the archangel Michael vanquishing Satan. But the most remarkable was the *Shield of Achilles*, modelled for Rundell and Bridge, the eminent silversmiths, in 1818. The diameter of this magnificent circle is three feet, and the description of Homer has been strictly followed in it. The figures are generally about six inches high, and vary in relief, from the smallest possible swell to half an inch. Four casts of it in silver were taken for the king, the duke of York, Lord Lonsdale, and the duke of Northumberland.

Flaxman died on the 7th of December, 1826, of an inflammation of the lungs. He was small in stature, and slightly formed, his forehead was fine, and his eyes large and sparkling. His dress, manners, and mode of life, were simple in the extreme.

"Flaxman," says Mr Thomas Campbell, "had but few native predecessors in our island since the art-desolating Reformation. Bankes, his immediate predecessor, had great merit; and his expression respecting Flaxman, which was repeated to me by one who heard it, may remind us of Dryden speaking of Milton—he said of Flaxman, 'This little man cuts us all out in sculpture.' Flaxman excelled not, like Canova, in finished execution, but in composition and design. He brought to the art expansion of fancy, elevation of thought, and a holy beauty of feeling. His female forms may want finished luxuriance, but they have a charm more expressive and inexpressible from the vestal purity of his sentiment, than finish could have given them. From Penelope to the modern female he sweetens and sanctifies our admiration of woman. His fondness for simplicity sought for that quality in every age and example, and he was not only a severe student of the antique, but was suspected of having imbibed from his admiration of Donatello, and the Pisani, an over-leaning to the example of the half-gothic revivers of art. But still, this error was the excess of a bold and simple taste. In alto, mezzo, and basso-relievo, he stands pre-eminent since the revival of the arts."

William Gifford.

BORN A. D. 1757.—DIED A. D. 1826.

THIS celebrated critic was born of humble patronage, at Ashburton, in April, 1757. "The resources of my mother," he says in his autobiographical sketch, "were very scanty. They arose from the rent of three or four small fields. With these, however, she did what she could for me; and as soon as I was old enough to be trusted out of her sight, sent me to a schoolmistress of the name of Parret, from whom I learned in due time to read. I cannot boast much of my acquisitions at this school, they consisted merely of the contents of the 'Child's Spelling Book;' but from my mother, who had stored up the literature of a country town, which about half a century ago amounted to little more than what was disseminated by itinerant ballad-singers, or rather readers, I had acquired much curious knowledge of 'Catskin,' and the 'Golden Bull,' and the 'Bloody Gardener,' and many other histories equally instructive and amusing."

At a tender age Gifford was left an orphan by the death of his last surviving parent. "I was not quite thirteen," he says, "when this happened; my little brother was hardly two; and we had not a relation nor a friend in the world. Every thing that was left was seized by a person of the name of C——, for money advanced to my mother. It may be supposed that I could not dispute the justice of the claims, and as no one else interfered, he was suffered to do as he liked. My little brother was sent to the alms-house, whither his nurse followed him out of pure affection, and I was taken to the house of the person I have just mentioned, who was also my godfather. Respect for the opinion of the town (which, whether correct or not, was, that he had repaid himself by the sale of my mother's effects,) induced him to send me again to school, where I was more diligent than before, and more successful. I grew fond of arithmetic, and my master began to distinguish me; but these golden days were over in less than three months. C—— sickened at the expense; and as the people were now indifferent to my fate, he looked round for an opportunity of ridding himself of a useless charge. He had previously attempted to engage me in the drudgery of husbandry. I drove the plough for one day to gratify him, but I left it with a firm resolution to do so no more; and, in despite of his threats and promises, adhered to my determination. In this I was guided no less by necessity than will. During my father's life, in attempting to clamber up a table I had fallen backward and drawn it after me; its edge fell upon my breast, and I never recovered the effects of the blow, of which I was made extremely sensible on any extraordinary exertion. Ploughing, therefore, was out of the question, and, as I have already said, I utterly refused to follow it. As I could write and cypher, (as the phrase is,) C—— next thought of sending me to Newfoundland to assist in a store-house. For this purpose he negotiated with a Mr Holdesworthy of Dartmouth, who agreed to fit me out. I left Ashburton with little expectation of seeing it again, and indeed with little care, and rode with my godfather to the dwelling of Mr Holdesworthy. On seeing me, this great man observed, with a

look of pity and contempt, that I was too small, and sent me away sufficiently mortified. I expected to be very ill received by my godfather, but he said nothing. He did not, however, choose to take me back himself, but sent me in the passage boat to Totness, from whence I was to walk home. On the passage the boat was driven by a midnight storm on the rocks, and I escaped with life almost by miracle. My godfather had now humbler views for me, and I had little heart to resist any thing. He proposed to send me on board one of the Torbay fishing boats; I ventured, however, to remonstrate against this, and the matter was compromised by my consenting to go on board a coaster. A coaster was speedily found for me at Brixham, and thither I went, when little more than thirteen. My master, whose name was Full, though a gross and ignorant, was not an ill-natured man, at least not to me; and my mistress used me with unvarying kindness, moved, perhaps, by my weakness and tender years. In return I did what I could to requite her, and my good-will was not overlooked. Our vessel was not very large, nor our crew very numerous. On ordinary occasions, such as short trips to Dartmouth, Plymouth, &c. it consisted only of my master, an apprentice nearly out of his time, and myself: when we had to go farther, to Portsmouth for example, an additional hand was hired for the voyage. In this vessel (the *Two Brothers*) I continued nearly a twelvemonth; and here I got acquainted with nautical terms, and contracted a love for the sea, which a lapse of thirty years has but little diminished. It will be easily conceived that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only a 'ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,' but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot; yet, if I was restless and discontented, I can safely say, it was not so much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all possibility of reading; as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing, during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description, except the '*Coasting Pilot*.' As my lot seemed to be cast, however, I was not negligent in seeking such information as promised to be useful; and I therefore frequented, at my leisure hours, such vessels as dropt into Torbay. On attempting to get on board one of these, which I did at midnight, I missed my footing and fell into the sea. The floating away of the boat alarmed the man on deck, who came to the ship's side just in time to see me sink. He immediately threw out several ropes, one of which providentially (for I was unconscious of it) entangled itself about me, and I was drawn up the surface till a boat could be got round. The usual methods were taken to recover me, and I awoke in bed the next morning, remembering nothing but the horror I felt, when I first found myself unable to cry out for assistance."

At the age of fourteen, his godfather bound him apprentice to a shoemaker. "The family," he says, "consisted of four journeymen, two sons about my own age, and an apprentice somewhat older. In these there was nothing remarkable; but my master himself was the strangest creature! He was a presbyterian, whose reading was entirely confined to the small tracts published on the Exeter controversy. As these (at least his portion of them) were all on one side, he entertained no doubt of their infallibility, and being noisy and disputatious, was sure to silence his opponents; and became, in consequence of it,

intolerably arrogant and conceited. He was not, however, indebted solely to his knowledge of the subject for his triumph: he was possessed of 'Fenning's Dictionary,' and he made a most singular use of it. His custom was to fix on any word in common use, and then to get by heart the synonym or periphrasis by which it was explained in the book; this he constantly substituted for the other, and as his opponents were commonly ignorant of his meaning, his victory was complete. With such a man I was not likely to add much to my stock of knowledge, small as it was; and, indeed, nothing could well be smaller. At this period I had read nothing but a black-letter romance, called 'Parismus and Parismenus,' and a few loose magazines which my mother had brought from South Molton. The Bible, indeed, I was well acquainted with; it was the favourite study of my grandmother, and reading it frequently with her had impressed it strongly on my mind; these then, with the 'Imitation' of Thomas à Kempis, which I used to read to my mother on her death-bed, constituted the whole of my literary acquisitions. As I hated my new profession with a perfect hatred, I made no progress in it; and was consequently little regarded in the family, of which I sunk by degrees into the common drudge. This did not much disquiet me, for my spirits were now humbled. I did not, however, quite resign the hope of one day succeeding to Mr Hugh Smerdon, (his schoolmaster,) and therefore secretly prosecuted my favourite study at every interval of leisure. These intervals were not very frequent, and when the use I made of them was found out, they were rendered still less so. I could not guess the motives for this at first; but at length I discovered that my master destined his youngest son for the situation to which I aspired. I possessed at this time but one book in the world: it was a 'Treatise on Algebra,' given to me by a young woman, who had found it in a lodging-house. I considered it as a treasure, but it was a treasure locked up; for it supposed the reader to be well acquainted with simple equation, and I knew nothing of the matter. My master's son had purchased 'Fenning's Introduction:' this was precisely what I wanted, but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance alone for stumbling upon his hiding-place. I sat up for the greatest part of several nights successively, and before he suspected that his treatise was discovered, I had completely mastered it. I could now enter upon my own; and that carried me pretty far into the science. This was not done without difficulty; I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one; pen, ink, and paper, therefore,—in despite of the flippant remark of Lord Orford,—were, for the most part, as completely out of my reach as a crown and sceptre. There was, indeed, a resource; but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying to it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl; for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent."

Poor Gifford's literary tastes drew upon him first the contempt and afterwards the dislike of his harsh and selfish master, who treated him with great severity. He bore up, however, under all his misfortunes with a courageous heart, comforting himself with the reflection that his apprenticeship was drawing to a conclusion, when he determined to renounce the last for ever, and to open a private school. "In this

humble and obscure state, poor beyond the common lot, yet flattering my ambition with day-dreams, which, perhaps, would never have been realized, I was found in the twentieth year of my age by Mr William Cookesley, a name never to be pronounced by me without veneration. The lamentable doggerel which I have already mentioned, and which had passed from mouth to mouth among people of my own degree, had by some accident or other reached his ear, and gave him a curiosity to inquire after the author. It was my good fortune to interest his benevolence. My little history was not untinctured with melancholy, and I laid it fairly before him: his first care was to console; his second, which he cherished to the last moment of his existence, was to relieve and support me. Mr Cookesley was not rich: his eminence in his profession, which was that of a surgeon, procured him, indeed, much employment; but in a country town men of science are not the most liberally rewarded; he had, besides, a very numerous family, which left him little for the purposes of general benevolence; that little, however, was cheerfully bestowed, and his activity and zeal were always at hand to supply the deficiencies of his fortune. On examining into the nature of my literary attainments, he found them absolutely nothing: he heard, however, with equal surprise and pleasure, that, amidst the grossest ignorance of books, I had made a very considerable progress in the mathematics. He engaged me to enter into the details of this affair; and when he had learned that I had made it in circumstances of discouragement and danger, he became more warmly interested in my favour, as he now saw a possibility of serving me. The plan that occurred to him was naturally that which had so often suggested itself to me. There were, indeed, several obstacles to be overcome: I had eighteen months yet to serve; my hand-writing was bad, and my language very incorrect; but nothing could slacken the zeal of this excellent man: he procured a few of my poor attempts at rhyme, dispersed them amongst his friends and acquaintances, and when my name was become somewhat familiar to them, set on foot a subscription for my relief. I still preserve the original paper; its title was not very magnificent, though it exceeded the most sanguine wishes of my heart; it ran thus: 'A subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and for enabling him to improve himself in writing and English grammar.' Few contributed more than five shillings, and none went beyond ten-and-sixpence; enough, however, was collected to free me from my apprenticeship (the sum my master received was six pounds,) and to maintain me for a few months, during which I assiduously attended the Rev. Thomas Smerdon. At the expiration of this period, I found that my progress—for I will speak the truth in modesty—had been more considerable than my patrons expected: I had also written in the interim several little pieces of poetry, less rugged, I suppose, than my former ones, and certainly with fewer anomalies of language. My preceptor, too, spoke favourably of me, and my benefactor, who was now become my father and my friend, had little difficulty in persuading my patrons to renew their donations, and continue me at school for another year. Such liberality was not lost upon me; I grew anxious to make the best return in my power, and I redoubled my diligence. Now, that I am sunk in indolence, I look back with some degree of scepticism to the exertions of that period."

He was now pronounced fit for the university, and was sent by his patrons to Exeter college, Oxford. While at the university he began his translation of Juvenal, some specimens of which being shown to Lord Grosvenor procured for him the patronage of that nobleman, with whose son he afterwards travelled on the continent. In 1794 he published 'The Baviad,' a satiric poem, in which he effectually demolished the Della Cruscan tribe of poetasters. In the following year, appeared 'The Mæviad,' an imitation of Horace, and levelled at the corrupters of dramatic poetry. He was next engaged in editing 'The Anti-Jacobin,' in which he had the support of Canning, Frere, and Pitt. In 1805 he published an edition of the plays of Massinger; and in 1816, an edition of Ben Jonson. But it was as editor of 'The Quarterly Review,' begun in 1809, that Mr Gifford was most generally known. He conducted this celebrated periodical with great vigour and distinguished ability, till within a very short period of his death, which took place on the 31st December, 1826.

A writer in the 'Literary Gazette' has supplied us with several interesting anecdotes of this self-taught and accomplished man, from which we select the following:—"He disliked incurring an obligation which might in any degree shackle the expression of his free opinion. Agreeably to this, he laid down a rule, from which he never departed—that every writer in the 'Quarterly' should receive so much, at least, per sheet. On one occasion—I dare say others occurred, but I only know of one—a gentleman holding office under government, sent him an article, which, after undergoing some serious mutilations at his hands preparatory to being ushered into the world, was accepted. But the usual sum being sent to the author, he rejected it with disdain, conceiving it a high dishonour to be paid for anything—the independent placeman! Gifford, in answer, informed him of the invariable rule of the 'Review,' adding, that he could send the money to any charitable institution, or dispose of it in any manner he should direct—but that the money must be paid. The doughty official, convinced that the virtue of his article would force it into the 'Review' at all events, stood firm in his refusal:—greatly to his dismay, the article was returned. He revenged himself by never sending another. Gifford, in relating this afterwards, observed with a smile, 'Poor man! the truth was, he didn't like my alterations: and, I'm sure, I didn't like his articles; so there was soon an end of our connexion.' His objection to asking a personal favour was, owing to the same principle, exceedingly strong. If the united influence of the 'Anti-Jacobin' and the 'Quarterly' be considered, we may probably be justified, in assigning to Gifford's literary support of government, a rank second only to Burke. His services, at all events, formed a very powerful claim to any moderate favour in the power of ministers to bestow; and yet, though anxious at all times to gratify the wants of his needier friends to his utmost ability, his aversion to soliciting the bounty of government was seldom overcome: on one occasion, indeed, in particular, he exerted his influence in favour of the son of a deceased friend; but, undoubtedly, not without being driven to it by such importunity as left an application to ministers the less of two evils. About two years before his death, he wrote, I believe to the chancellor, requesting a small living for a distressed relative of his first patron: his request was not complied with.

But then it should be remembered, that at the time it was made, the 'Quarterly' had passed into other hands. Othello's occupation was gone; and Gifford had to digest, as well as he could, the mortification which commonly awaits every political writer, of finding that the favour of a government is self-interested, extorted, and ungrateful. It is true, his independence of opinion might seem to be interfered with by the situations he held; but they were bestowed on him unsolicited, and from motives of personal regard. I am sure every one acquainted with him will admit, that he would have rejected with scorn any kindness which could be considered as fettering the freedom of his conduct in the smallest degree. I am not more certain of many conjectures, than I am that he never propagated a dishonest opinion, nor did a dishonest act. He enjoyed a very close intimacy with Mr Pitt: he used to mention that when he dined with the minister *tête-à-tête*, or with but a few chosen others, a servant was never permitted to remain in the room. The minister's 'dumb waiters' were as serviceable in his private as in any other house. He continued the editorship of the 'Quarterly' much longer than a just regard for his health authorized: but no successor that was proposed pleased him; and nothing but a bodily decay, little short of dissolution, compelled him to resign. He never stipulated for any salary as editor: at first he received £200, and at last £900 per annum, but never engaged for a particular sum. He several times returned money to Murray, saying, 'he had been too liberal.' Perhaps he was the only man on this side the Tweed who thought so! He was perfectly indifferent about wealth. I do not know a better proof of this than the fact that he was richer, by a very considerable sum, at the time of his death than he was at all aware of. In unison with his contempt of money was his disregard of any external distinction: he had a strong natural aversion to any thing like pomp or parade. * * * * *

Yet he was by no means insensible to an honourable distinction; and when the university of Oxford, about two years before his death, offered to give him a doctor's degree, he observed, 'twenty years ago it would have been gratifying, but now it would only be written on my coffin.' His disregard for external show was the more remarkable, as a contrary feeling is generally observable in persons who have risen from penury to wealth. But Gifford was a gentleman in feeling and in conduct; and you were never led to suspect he was sprung from an obscure origin, except when he reminded you of it by an anecdote relative to it. And this recalls one of the stories he used to tell with irresistible drollery, the merit of which entirely depended on his manner. I know an excellent mimic, who was immeasurably delighted with the story, but who never could produce more than a smile, with all his powers, by repeating it. It was simply this:—At the cobbler's board, of which Gifford had been a member, there was but one candle allowed for the whole coterie of operatives: it was, of course, a matter of importance that this candle should give as much light as possible. This was only to be done by repeated snuffings; but snuffers being a piece of fantastic coxcombry they were not pampered with, the members of the board took it in turn to perform the office of the forbidden luxury with their finger and thumb. The candle was handed, therefore, to each in succession, with the word 'sneaf' (anglice, 'snuff') bellowed in his ears. Gifford used to pronounce this word in the legitimate broad Devonshire

dialect, and accompanied his story with expressive gestures.—Now, on paper this is absolutely nothing, but in Gifford's mouth it was exquisitely humorous. I should not, however, have mentioned it, were it not that it appears to me one of the best instances I could give of his humility in recurring to his former condition. He was equally free from personal vanity. A lady of his acquaintance once looked in upon him, and said she had a rout that evening, and endeavoured by every inducement to persuade him to join it. 'Now do, Gifford, come in: it will give such an *éclat*,' she added, patting him familiarly on the shoulder, 'to say, there is Mr Gifford, the poet!' 'Poet, indeed! and a pretty figure this poet,' he answered, looking demurely on his shrunk shanks, 'would cut in a ball-room!' He was a man of very deep and warm affections. If I were desired to point out the distinguishing excellence of his private character, I should refer to his fervent sincerity of heart. He was particularly kind to children, and fond of their society. My sister, when young, used sometimes to go to spend a month with him, on which occasions he would hire a pianoforte, and once he actually had a juvenile ball at his house for her amusement. * * He formed an attachment for his pupil which no subsequent circumstances could abate. The change in his lordship's political sentiments did not shake Gifford's unalterable affection for his character. He, on the other hand, met this attachment with an equal degree of warmth: their mutual respect was built on principle, and reflected equal honour on both."

John Nichols.

BORN A. D. 1744.—DIED A. D. 1827.

THIS literary veteran was born at Islington in 1744. At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to the celebrated printer, William Bowyer, who encouraged the literary tastes of the youth, and in 1766 took him into partnership. In 1778 he became editor of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' which he conducted with much industry and success for a period of nearly half-a-century. He died in November, 1827. The following is a list of the principal publications of which Mr Nichols was either the author or the editor:—Islington, a Poem, 1763, 4to.—The Origin of Printing, 1774, 8vo. the joint production of Mr Bowyer and himself; reprinted in 1776; and a Supplement added in 1781.—Three Supplemental Volumes to the Works of Dean Swift, with Notes, 1775, 1776, 1779, 8vo.—The Original Works, in Prose and Verse, of William King, LL.D. with Historical Notes, 1776, 3 vols. small 8vo.—Six Old Plays, on which Shakspeare grounded a like number of his; selected by Mr Steevens, and revised by Mr Nichols, 1779, 2 vols. small 8vo.—A Select Collection of Miscellaneous Poems, with Historical and Biographical Notes, 1780; 4 vols. small 8vo.; to which four other volumes, and a general Poetical Index, by Mr Macbean, were added in 1782.—The History and Antiquities of Hinckley, in Leicestershire, 1782, 4to.; of which a second edition, in folio, extracted from the 'History of Leicestershire,' was printed in 1812.—Novum Testamentum Græcum, ad fidem Græcorum solùm Codicum MSS. expressum; adstipulante

Joanne Jacobo Wetstenio; juxta Sectiones Jo. Alberti Bengelii divisum; et novâ Interpunctione sæpiùs illustratum. Editio Secunda, Londini, curâ, typis, et sumptibus Johannis Nichols, 1783.—Bishop Atterbury's Epistolary Correspondence, with Notes, vols. I. and II. 1783; vol. III. 1784; vol. IV. 1787.—A new edition of this work, corrected and much enlarged, was published in 1799, with Memoirs of the Bishop; and a fifth volume, entirely new.—In conjunction with the Rev. Dr Ralph Heathcote, he revised the second edition of the Biographical Dictionary, 12 vols. 8vo. 1784; and added several hundred new lives.—The Progresses and Royal Processions of Queen Elizabeth, 1788, 2 vols. 4to.—Of this Collection a third volume was published in 1804; and part of a fourth volume in 1821.—An Edition of Shakspeare, 1790, in 7 vols. 12mo; accurately printed from the text of Mr Malone; with a Selection of the more important Notes.—The History and Antiquities of the Town and County of Leicester; Parts I. and II. 1795. Folio.—A Third Part was published in 1798; a Fourth in 1800; a Fifth in 1804; a Sixth in 1807 (reprinted in 1810); and the Seventh in 1811; and an Appendix and General Indexes in 1815.—Illustrations of the Manners and Expences of Ancient Times in England, 1797, 4to.—In 1800, he completed The Antiquaries' Museum, which had been begun in 1791 by his friend Jacob Schnebbellie.—A new edition of Fuller's History of the Worthies of England, with brief Notes, 1811. 2 vols. 4to.—Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century, 1812—1815, 9 vols. 8vo.—Literary Illustrations of the Eighteenth Century, a Sequel to the above Work, 4 vols. 1817—1822.—Miscellaneous Works of George Hardinge, 3 vols. 8vo. 1819.—In 1818 he prefixed to the third volume of General Index to the Gentlemen's Magazine, a Prefatory Introduction, descriptive of the rise and progress of the Magazine, with Anecdotes of the Projector and his early associates.—The Progresses of King James the First, in 3 vols. 4to. were printing at the time of Mr Nichols' death; and he lived to see the greater part of them published.

Thomas Rowlandson.

BORN A. D. 1756.—DIED A. D. 1827.

THIS well-known and admired artist was born in the Old Jewry, July, 1756; his father was a commercialist of great respectability. Thomas Rowlandson was educated at the school of Dr Barvis in Soho square, at that time, and subsequently, an academy of some celebrity. Richard Burke, son of the late Edmund Burke, M.P., was his schoolfellow. Mr Holman, the celebrated tragedian, was also educated there. The academy was then kept by Dr Barrow. At a very early period of his childhood, Rowlandson gave presage of his future talent; and he drew humorous characters of his master and many of his scholars before he was ten years old. The margins of his school-books were covered with these his handy-works.

In his sixteenth year he was sent to Paris, and was entered a student in one of the drawing academies there, where he made rapid advances in the study of the human figure; and during his residence, which was nearly two years, he occasionally indulged his satirical talent, in por-

traying the characteristics of that fantastic people. On his return to London he resumed his studies at the Royal academy, then held in some apartments at Old Somerset house. He had been admitted on the list of students before his visit to Paris. The celebrated Mr John Bannister, who had evinced an equal predilection for the graphic art, was at this time a fellow-student; and it was here that friendship commenced between them which continued throughout life. The elder Rowlandson, who was of a speculative turn, lost considerable sums in experimenting upon various branches of manufactures, which were tried upon too large a scale for his means; hence his affairs became embarrassed, and his son, before he had attained his manhood, was obliged to support himself. He, however, derived that assistance from an aunt which his father's reverse of fortune had withheld. This lady was a Mademoiselle Chatterlier, married to Thomas Rowlandson, his uncle—she amply supplied him with money; and to this indulgence, perhaps, may be traced those careless habits which attended his early career, and for which he was remarkable through life. At her decease, she left him seven thousand pounds, much plate, trinkets, and other valuable property. He then indulged his predilection for a joyous life, and mixed himself with the gayest of the gay. Whilst at Paris, being of a social spirit, he sought the company of dashing young men; and, among other evils, imbibed a love for play. He was known in London at many of the fashionable gaming houses, alternately won and lost without emotion, till at length he was minus several thousand pounds. He thus dissipated the amount of more than one valuable legacy. It was said to his honour, however, that he always played with the feelings of a gentleman, and his word passed current, even with an empty purse. He has assured the writer, who knew him for more than forty years, that he had frequently played throughout a night and the next day; and that once, such was his infatuation for the dice, he continued at the gaming-table nearly thirty-six hours, with the intervention only of the time for refreshment, which was supplied by a cold collation. This uncontrollable passion for gaming, strange to say, subverted not his principles. He was scrupulously upright in all his pecuniary transactions, and ever avoided getting into debt. He has been known, after having lost all he possessed, to return home to his professional studies, sit down coolly to fabricate a series of new designs, and to exclaim, with stoical philosophy, "I have played the fool; but (holding up his pencils) here is my resource."

It is not generally known, that, however coarse and slight may be the generality of his humorous and political etchings, many of which were the careless effusion of a few hours, his early works were wrought with care; and his studies from the human figure, at the Royal academy, were scarcely inferior to those of the justly-admired Mortimer. From the versatility of his talent, the fecundity of his imagination, the grace and elegance with which he could design his groups, added to the almost miraculous despatch with which he supplied his patrons with compositions upon every subject, it has been the theme of regret amongst his friends that he was not more careful of his reputation. Had he pursued the course of art steadily, he might have become one of the greatest historical painters of the age. His style, which was purely his own, was most original. He drew a bold outline with the reed-pen, in a tint composed of vermilion and Indian ink, washed in the general effect in *chiaro-scuro*,

and tinted the whole with the proper colours. This manner, though slight, in many instances was most effective; and it is known, on indubitable authority, that the late Sir Joshua Reynolds and his successor to the chair of the Royal academy have each declared, that some of his drawings would have done honour to the greatest masters of design of the old schools.

For many years, for he was too idle to seek new employment, his kind friend and best adviser, Mr Ackerman, supplied him with ample subject for the exercise of his talent. The many works which his pencil illustrated are existing evidences of this. Many successions of plates for new editions of those popular volumes, 'Dr Syntax in Search of the Picturesque,' 'The Dance of Death,' 'The Dance of Life,' and other well-known productions of the versatile pen of Mr Coomb, will hereafter be regarded as mementos of his graphic humour. No artist of the past or present school, perhaps, ever expressed so much as Rowlandson, with so little effort, or with so small and evident an appearance of the absence of labour.¹

John Mason Good.

BORN A. D. 1764.—DIED A. D. 1827.

JOHN MASON GOOD was born of reputable parents, at Epping, on the 25th of May, 1764. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a surgeon-apothecary at Gosport, where, with an activity peculiar to himself, he set himself immediately to pound medicines, play cricket and the German flute, practise fencing and poetry, study Italian, and compose a Dictionary of Poetic Endings, besides sundry other literary pieces. In 1783 and 1784 he attended lectures in London, and wrote a treatise on the theory of Earthquakes, containing a great deal of reasoning as elaborate as it was erroneous. In 1784 he entered into partnership with a surgeon at Sudbury.

In 1792 Mr Good, either owing to "suretiship," or the imprudent practice of lending money to his friends, became embarrassed in his pecuniary affairs. This had the happy effect of stimulating him to literary exertion: he wrote plays, translations, and poetry, but without the desired effect; he then tried philosophy, but without discovering the secret of transmutation; and at last, to somewhat more purpose, opened a correspondence with a metropolitan newspaper and review.

In 1793 he removed, with his family, to London, and entered into partnership with a Mr W., by whose misconduct the business soon after failed. On the 7th of November he was admitted a member of the College of Surgeons, and soon after became an active member of the Medical Society, and of the General Pharmaceutic Association; at the suggestion of some of his colleagues in the latter, he wrote a 'History of Medicine, so far as it relates to the profession of an Apothecary,' which was published in 1795.

In 1797 he began a translation of Lucretius; and, two years after, set himself to study the German language, having previously made

¹ *New Monthly Magazine.*

considerable progress in the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. The Arabic and Persian he afterwards added to his acquisitions. In 1799 he finished his translation of Lucretius, which was composed in the streets of London during the translator's walks to visit his patients.

Mr Good's literary productions now followed each other in rapid succession till 1812. Of these, his 'Song of Songs,' 'Translation of the Book of Job,' and his contributions to the 'Pantologia,' are the best known. In 1810 he began to deliver lectures at the Surrey Institution, the first course of which treated of the nature of the Material World, the second of that of the Animate World, and the third of that of the Mind, the whole of which were afterwards published under the general title of 'The Book of Nature.' In 1820, by authority of a diploma, dated from the ancient and anti-mercenary university of Aberdeen, he began to practise as a physician; and from the extraordinary success that attended his career from this moment, had reason to regret that he had not aspired at an earlier period to the highest branch of his profession. In the same year he published 'A Physiological System of Nosology,' and, in 1822, 'The Study of Medicine,' one of the most successful of his works.

Up to this period, and indeed for some time after, his health had been almost uniformly good, which will not be deemed so extraordinary even in a man who read, wrote, and thought so much as Dr Good, when it is recollected that his bodily exertions were, of necessity, almost equal to those of his mind. Even in London, when visiting his patients on foot, he must have walked enough to counterbalance the effects of more than one sheet per diem; and when the lazy luxury of a coach was substituted for this healthful exercise, it is not wonderful that the mental pressure of study should have increased, even to the extinction of life. He died on the 2d of January, 1827, in the sixty-third year of his age.

Dr Good was a man of great and versatile talents. As a medical writer his name stands high; and as a physician his practice was extensive and successful. He was not, and, from his education and opportunities, could not be, profoundly learned; but the stores of knowledge, collected by unwearied industry, carried on with a kind of enthusiasm in research, were in him as valuable for all practical purposes as abstruse learning.

The following passages, in a letter received by Dr Gregory, from Dr Good's eldest daughter, Mrs Neale, will assist the reader in forming his estimate of the private character of the subject of this memoir:—"You will doubtless have learned much from my mother and sister of my dear father's affectionate deportment in his family, and especially of his parental kindness; yet I cannot avoid mentioning one way in which, during my childhood, this was frequently manifested towards myself. My dear father, after a hurried meal at dinner, occupying but a very few minutes, would often spend a considerable portion of what should have been his resting time in teaching me to play at battledore, or some active game, thinking the exercise conducive to my health. I never saw in any individual so rare a union as he possessed of thorough enjoyment of what are usually termed the good things of this life, with the most perfect indifference respecting them when they were not within his reach. In the articles of food and drink he always took, with relish and cheerfulness, such delicacies as the kindness of a friend

or accident might throw in his way ; but he was quite as well satisfied with the plainest provision that could be set before him, often indeed seeming unconscious of the difference. His love of society made him most to enjoy his meals with his family or among friends ; yet, as his employments of necessity produced uncertainty in the time of his return home, his constant request was to have something set apart for him, but on no account to wait for his arrival. I perhaps am best qualified to speak of his extreme kindness to all his grandchildren. One example will serve to show that it was self-denying and active. My fourth little one, when an infant of two months old, was dangerously ill with the whooping-cough. My father was informed of this. It was in the beginning of a cold winter, and we were living sixty miles from town, in a retired village in Essex. Immediately on receiving the news of our affliction, my father quitted home ; and what was our surprise, at eleven o'clock on a very dark night, to hear a chaise drive fast up to the door and to see our affectionate parent step out of it. He had been detained, and narrowly escaped an overthrow, by the driver having mistaken his way, and attempted to drive through rough ploughed fields. We greatly feared that he would suffer severely from an attack of the gout, to which he had then become seriously subject, and which was generally brought on by exposure to cold and damp such as he had experienced ; and we urged in consequence the due precautions ; but his first care was to go at once to the nursery, ascertain the real state of the disease, and prescribe for the infant. Strangers have often remarked to me that they were struck with the affectionate kindness with which he encouraged all my dear children to ask him questions upon any subject, and the delight which he exhibited when they manifested a desire to gain knowledge. Indeed I do not once remember to have heard them silenced in their questions, however apparently unseasonable the time, in a hasty manner, or without some kind notice in answer. He never seemed annoyed by any interruption which they occasioned, whether during his studies, or while he was engaged in that conversation which he so much enjoyed. Whenever he silenced their questions by the promise of a future answer, he regarded the promise as inviolable, and uniformly satisfied their inquiries on the first moment of leisure, without waiting to be reminded by themselves or others of the expectations he had thus excited. These are simple domestic facts ; not perhaps suited to every taste, but as they serve to illustrate character I transmit them, to be employed or not as you may think best."

Of Dr Good's intellectual character, the following is Dr Gregory's summary :—"The leading faculty was that of acquisition, which he possessed in a remarkable measure, and which was constantly employed, from the earliest age, in augmenting his mental stores. United with this, were the faculties of retention, of orderly arrangement, and of fruitful and diversified combination. If genius be rightly termed 'the power of making new combinations pleasing or elevating to the mind, or useful to mankind,' he possessed it in a high degree. He was always fertile in the production of new trains of thought, new selections and groupings of imagery, new expedients for the extension of human good. But if genius be restricted to 'the power of discovery or of creative invention,' whether in philosophy or the arts, they who have most closely examined Dr Good's works, will be least inclined to claim for him that

distinction. Be this however as it may, there can be no question that his intellectual powers were of the first order; that in the main they were nicely equipoised, and that he could exercise them with an unusual buoyancy and elasticity. His memory was very extraordinary; doubtless much aided by the habits of arrangement, so firmly established by sedulous parental instruction. His early acquired fondness for classical and elegant literature laid his youthful fancy open to the liveliest impressions, and made him draw

‘The inspiring breath of ancient arts,
and tread the sacred walks,
Where at each step imagination burns:’

and this undoubtedly again aided his memory; the pictures being reproduced by constant warmth of feeling. The facility with which on all occasions (as I have probably before remarked) he could recall and relate detached and insulated facts, was peculiarly attractive, and not less useful. But the reason is very obvious: however diverse and even exuberant the stores of his knowledge often appeared, the whole were methodised and connected together in his memory by principles of association that flowed from the real nature of things; in other words, philosophical principles, by means of which the particular truths are classified in order under the general heads to which they really belong, serving effectually to endow the mind that thoroughly comprehends the principles with an extensive command over those particular truths, whatever be their variety or importance. With the mathematical sciences he was almost entirely unacquainted; but, making this exception, there was scarcely a region of human knowledge which he had not entered, and but few indeed into which he had not made considerable advances; and wherever he found an entrance there he retained a permanent possession; for to the last he never forgot what he once knew. In short, had he published nothing but his ‘Translation of Lucretius,’ he would have acquired a high character for free, varied, and elegant versification, for exalted acquisitions as a philosopher and a linguist, and for singular felicity in the choice and exhibition of materials in a rich store of critical and tasteful illustration. Had he published nothing but his ‘Translation of the Book of Job,’ he would have obtained an eminent station amongst Hebrew scholars, and the promoters of biblical criticism. And had he published nothing but his ‘Study of Medicine,’ his name would, in the opinion of one of his ablest professional correspondents, have ‘gone down to posterity, associated with the science of medicine itself, as one of its most skilful practitioners, and one of its most learned promoters.’ I know not how to name another individual who has arrived at equal eminence in three such totally distinct departments of mental application. Let this be duly weighed in connexion with the marked inadequacy of his early education (notwithstanding its peculiar advantages in some respects), to form either a scientific and skilful medical practitioner or an excellent scholar, and there cannot but result a high estimate of the original powers with which he was endowed, and of the inextinguishable ardour with which through life he augmented their energy and enlarged their sphere of action.”

William Mitford.

BORN A. D. 1743.—DIED A. D. 1827.

WILLIAM MITFORD was the eldest son of John Mitford, Esq. of Lincoln's inn. He was born in London, February 10, 1743-4; and was educated at Cheam school in Surrey, under the venerable and excellent William Gilpin, on whom he bestowed the living where he resided and died. When yet a schoolboy, his brother informs us, he took a fancy "to the Greek in preference to the Latin language, and to the Grecian character in preference to the Roman; but rather as that character was offered to his youthful imagination in other works than those of the most authoritative Greek historians; in Plutarch, rather than Thucydides and Xenophon. A severe illness, which occasioned his removal from school, and denied him the advantage of other instruction during a year, at the critical age of fifteen, and the necessity, for some time after, of careful attention to health, checked his progress in his favourite study; and the bar having been proposed as his future profession, he was discouraged in his pursuit of the Greek, and urged to attend more to the Latin language, as that to which his studies might be more advantageously applied."

From Cheam he went to Queen's college, Oxford. He left the university without taking a degree, and, entering the Middle Temple, commenced the study of the law; but his brother was the member of the family that was destined to acquire eminence in that profession, and Mr Mitford early quitted it, on obtaining a commission in the South Hampshire militia.¹ He first joined it as captain, May 22, 1769; was appointed lieutenant-colonel November 22, 1779; and from August 9, 1805, to the date of his resignation, October 15, 1806, held the colonelcy. It was in the same regiment that Gibbon was lieutenant-colonel. When Mr Mitford first had a company, that distinguished writer was his commanding officer, and it was to the lieutenant-colonelcy that had been held by the historian of Rome, that the historian of Greece succeeded in 1779. "Their conversations," says his brother, "in those hours of leisure which the militia service afforded, frequently turned on ancient history; and Mr Gibbon, finding the eagerness of his friend in the pursuit of Grecian literature, urged him to undertake the 'History of Greece.' These circumstances led to the compilation and publication of the first volume." Mr Mitford's father died in 1761, when he succeeded to the family estate at Exbury. Mr Mitford's first publication appeared anonymously in 1774. It was 'An Essay on the Harmony of Language, intended principally to illustrate that of the English Language.' It was much admired; Horne Tooke is said to have frequently expressed a wish that he had been its author. "At two and thirty, the loss of an amiable wife interrupted all his purposes at home. A violent illness followed;

¹ It was said by the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, that scarcely any person, amongst his early acquaintance, had persevered in the study of the law, who had competent means of support without the profits of the bar; and the author's father, and his mother's brother and father, all educated for and called to the bar, having quitted the profession when they respectively succeeded to moderate paternal estates, he thought himself justified, by their example, in leaving the bar to his younger brother, whom necessity compelled to persevere.

and on his recovery from danger, in October, 1776, he set out, in a state of imperfect convalescence, for the continent, proposing to spend the winter at Nice. Before he left England, he had become acquainted with two young Frenchmen of high character amongst the men of letters at Paris—M. de Meusnier, then about eight and twenty, and afterwards much distinguished, and M. de Villoison, about the same age, who had acquired reputation as a Greek scholar. Through the latter he was introduced to the Baron de St Croix, a young officer in the French service, author of a work of great repute on the historians of Alexander. The literary pursuits of De Meusnier, Villoison, and St Croix accorded with his favourite study; and he had afterwards the advantage of spending some time with the Baron de St Croix at Mourmoiron, in the comtat of Avignon, both in his journey to Nice and on his return to England. The enthusiasm of the Baron de St Croix and M. de Villoison for the Greek language and literature tended to increase similar feelings in his mind, and engaged him more ardently to pursue his studies, in which he had been principally his own instructor."

The first volume of his 'History of Greece' appeared in 1784, in 4to. The favourable manner in which it was received encouraged him to proceed. The second volume was published in 1790, the third in 1797; but the work was not completed till 1810. "It was his intention to have continued his work to that period when conquest reduced Greece to the condition of a Roman province; and having this in view, he determined not to interrupt the narration of the expedition of Alexander in Asia, which forms the subject of the fifth volume in the original quarto edition, by adverting to the internal affairs of Greece during the progress of that expedition. Increasing age producing great, and often painful, bodily infirmity, failure of eyesight, peculiarly distressing to him in reading the Greek character, and failure of memory, compelled him to abandon the further pursuit of what had been, during many years, his favourite study and amusement; and he has left no materials for his proposed conclusion of the Grecian history of which any use can be made. When new editions of any of the volumes were required, he revised and corrected those volumes; and he attempted a revision and correction of the whole work; but failure in health and strength compelled him to abandon the task, and to the fifth volume he did little. Upon the religions of ancient Greece and Rome, the public, the mystical, and the philosophical, he had composed a separate treatise. When he felt himself compelled to abandon the completion of the 'History of Greece' according to his original plan, he published this treatise, in small octavo, as a separate work. He seems, however, to have considered it, so far as it relates to the Greeks, as in some degree a supplement to his 'History;' but it was principally composed after he had been compelled, by increasing age and infirmity, to abandon the prosecution of that history to the conclusion which he had contemplated; when (to use the language which, in that treatise, he has applied to a distinguished Roman), "ruminating on the end of life, which his years admonished him to be approaching," his mind turned to a subject importantly affecting the conduct of man toward his fellow-man; important, therefore, in the consideration of the history of man in every country; and suggesting to those who, having the benefit of the Christian revelation, might be disposed to judge too harshly of the moral conduct of men whose minds

were not so instructed, a charitable indulgence to human infirmity, wandering in uncertainty and error."

Whilst in the militia, Mr Mitford published a 'Treatise on the Military Force, and particularly the Militia of this Kingdom;' and, in 1791, when the public mind was agitated on the grand national question relative to the means of supplying the country with bread, he published another pamphlet, entitled 'Considerations on the Opinion stated by the Lords of the Committee on Corn, in a representation to the King upon the Corn Laws, that Great Britain is unable to produce Corn sufficient for its own consumption,' &c. It was Mr Mitford's opinion, that it was not only possible, but easy, for our island to supply a quantity of wheat sufficient for the use of its inhabitants.

Mr Mitford first sat in the house of commons as member for Newport in Cornwall. He was returned in 1785 to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Sir John Coghill, Bart., and represented that borough till the close of the parliament in 1790. From 1790 to 1796 he was not a member of the house. In 1796, through the interest of the duke of Northumberland, he was returned to the house of commons as member for Beeralston, of which borough his brother John, (afterwards Lord Redesdale,) had been one of the representatives during the two preceding parliaments. He did not deliver his sentiments in the house on many subjects; but he gained great credit by his exertions in upholding the militia system. On the proposition brought forward in 1798, by Mr Secretary Dundas, for increasing the number of field officers in the militia, Mr Mitford opposed the measure in its various stages, contending that the militia should be governed by the militia laws, and not by those of the regular army; and entered into a brief history of the militia of this country, commenting on the salutary jealousy of a military despotism with which it was established. On subsequent occasions, Mr Mitford always arrayed himself against any innovation of those principles on which the militia was originally founded. He sat in three parliaments for Beeralston, from 1796 to 1806; and afterwards represented New Romney from 1812 till 1818.

In 1802 Mr Mitford acquired a large addition to his property in the Revelly estates in Yorkshire, belonging to his mother's family. He continued, however, to his death, which took place on the 8th of February, 1827, to make Exbury in Hampshire, a most sequestered spot, his country residence.

Lord Redesdale, in the brief and unostentatious biographical sketch which he has furnished for the recent corrected edition of his brother's 'History of Greece,' thus replies to the severe observations which some critics have passed upon it:—"In writing the history of Greece, the author had to encounter many preconceived opinions: and when a writer ventures to encounter opinions, and especially political opinions, he ought not to be surprised at finding his opinions assailed by those whose minds have been long in subjection to opposite opinions; for opinions long cherished may exercise a degree of tyranny over the strongest minds; a tyranny of which the person subjected to it may not be fully aware. So it may have been with the author of this history, and so it may have been with those who have most severely censured his work. The chief object of this address is to vindicate the political opinions of the author as generally manifested in his work. On some less important

subjects on which he has been assailed, he was disposed to yield to what may be called fashion : but to his political opinions he steadily adhered. It is not proposed to deny that his opinions of orthography were in some degree peculiar ; but they were founded on considerations not, perhaps, unworthy of some attention. One of his amusements, in his early solitude, was an attempt to gain some knowledge of that language, usually called Saxon, which the northern invaders of Britain, to whom we have been accustomed to give the name of Saxons, had rendered the language of those parts of the island in which they had obtained permanent settlement. That language, though varying in dialects in different parts of the country, remained the language of the people of England, notwithstanding the Norman conquest, and at length became the sole language of their country. That language, therefore, he conceived, must be deemed the source from which the language now called English had flowed. It was originally the language of a rude people ; and, to supply its defects, many words have been adopted from other languages. He deemed it probable that when the Saxons first attempted to express their original language in writing, they used for that purpose letters according with their pronunciation of the words which they intended thus to describe ; but that when they expressed in writing words which they had adopted from other languages, they had often, entirely or in a degree, adopted with the words the letters by which those words had been expressed in writing by the people from whose language such words had been taken, though not always agreeing with their own pronunciation of such adopted words ; and he thought it evident that many words, originally derived from the Latin language, had been adopted through the medium of another tongue, and not directly from the Latin. He found also that the spelling of words used in the English language, whether derived from the Saxon, or from the languages of other countries, had, in many instances, been varied considerably from time to time, and often capriciously ; and even that modern usage had varied, in many instances, from the common practice in his boyhood. Under these impressions, he attempted to form for himself a system of orthography different from the practice of the day : but he found the tide of fashion too strong for him ; and from his last corrections of parts of the printed copies of his works, it may be collected that he was disposed to submit generally to the fashion. In some words of Greek origin he approached more nearly to the original language than had been common ; but in this also, in revising his works, he made alterations."

" His political opinions, applied to the constitutions of the Grecian republics, have, indeed, been the subject of the severest observation. They were the result of his early and continued thought, of anxious reflection, and of some practical experience in the various situations in which he had been placed ; and from those opinions he never swerved. His study of the Grecian history he conceived warranted him in believing that the forms of government adopted in the best-constituted Grecian states, often the subject of youthful eulogy, were not suited to the extensive territory and the free condition of the inhabitants of the British islands ; and he thought that he discharged a duty to his country in pointing out the evils arising from all the forms of government adopted in the different states of Greece, constituting a tyranny of citizens, in some degree, over those who, though free in their persons, had not the

privileges of citizens, and, in a greater degree, over a much larger population of slaves; and, not unfrequently, a tyranny of citizens over citizens. He was not misled by the delusive words 'the people,' when he found that 'the people' had not the signification with the same words in his own country; that 'the people' in Greece meant not all, but a part only, and not the largest part, of the population of a state; and that that part called 'the people' were absolute and uncontrolled sovereigns of those who, though free in their persons, had not the imperial dignity of citizens, and of a body of men, superior in number to all the rest of the population, but retained in a degrading state of slavery; and that, even amongst the privileged citizens, the most worthy were often victims of the caprice and injustice of that sovereign power called 'the people,' because that power was sovereign, sole, and uncontrolled. He conceived, therefore, that in Greece true freedom, the freedom of all, such as he conceived British freedom long to have been, never existed; that the general security of person and property, which marks the British government, never existed; that, whether ruled by a single tyrant, ruled by an aristocracy, or ruled by a democracy, (falsely called democracy, if that word is used to import a government of the people, in the sense in which the words 'the people' are understood in this country,) the same mischievous passions prevailed in the governing power; that jealousy of their power, fear of losing it, thirst of private gain, and every other bad passion, alike swayed the conduct of every ruler, rendering all despots in the use and abuse of power; and that even the mixed government of Sparta, though least exposed to some of these evils, was a tyranny of a part of those who called themselves free, in some degree over others who, though free in their persons, had not the same privileges; and in a horrible degree over a miserable population of slaves, more oppressed than in any other state of Greece, because they were the slaves of the aggregate body of privileged freemen, and not of different masters; excluding that personal affection which may exist, and often has existed, between master and slave."

Hugh Clapperton.

BORN A. D. 1788.—DIED A. D. 1827.

THIS enterprising traveller was born in 1788, the youngest of six sons, and one of a family of one-and-twenty children. His father, a medical man, established in Annan, on the Solway Frith, had little leisure to attend to the education of his children, and that of Hugh, the youngest by his first marriage, seems to have been much neglected. Reading, writing, and such a knowledge of the elements of mathematics as fitted him for the sea, was all that he had been taught before he was bound apprentice, at the age of thirteen, to a trader between Liverpool and North America. In 1805 or 1806, he either entered or was pressed into the royal navy, and having been draughted on board the *Renommée*, at Gibraltar, had the good fortune to meet with one of his uncles, an officer in the marines, through whose interest he was placed by his captain, Sir Thomas Livingston, on the quarter-deck as a midshipman. In 1808 he was sent to the East Indies, and having been injudiciously

ordered out in so high a sea "that a boat," to use a nautical phrase, "could not possibly live," he was in the most imminent peril, all hands having perished, except two, of whom he was one. He was nearly six feet high, and proportionably strong; and it is reasonable to suppose, that, under Providence, his life was saved on this occasion by his superior strength. In 1815, while employed on the Lakes in Canada, he lost one joint of his thumb, from humanely carrying a poor boy for eight or nine miles on his back over the ice, to save him, as he hoped, from being frozen to death. The block-house, in which he was stationed, had been destroyed by a superior force, and his party had their alternative of being made prisoners, or travelling on foot sixty miles across the ice to the nearest British station. They chose the latter. The lad was unable to proceed, when they had gone only ten or twelve miles, but Clapperton's kindness was of no avail; on finding that the boy lost his hold, he apprehended—what was actually the case—that he was in a dying state. The sufferings of the party were extreme; as, independently of the season, they had only one bag of meal for their support. In 1816 he was made lieutenant; and from 1817, when the vessels on the Lakes were paid off, he remained in Scotland, occupied with the ordinary amusements of his age, till 1820, when he became acquainted with Dr Oudney, then going out on a mission into the Interior of Africa, and agreed to accompany him.

In the 'Recent Discoveries in Africa,' made in 1823 and 1824, by Major Denham, Captain Clapperton, and Doctor Oudney, we have accounts of an excursion from Mourzouk to Ghraat, a town of the Tuarics, by Doctor Oudney; of a journey across the desert to Bornou, of various expeditions to the southward and eastward, by Major Denham; and of an excursion through Soudan to the capital of the Fellatahs, by Captain Clapperton. The expedition set out from Mourzouk, Nov. 29, 1822, and arrived at the lake Tchad, in the kingdom of Bornou, Feb. 4, after a journey of 800 miles. Six days after they entered the capital, Kouka, Clapperton, in company with Doctor Oudney, who died on the way, set out on an expedition to Soccatoo, the capital of Houssa, more than 700 miles east of Kouka, which he reached in ninety days. He was not permitted to pursue his journey to the west, and returned to Kouka, and thence to England in 1825. The information which the travellers collected, in regard to the habits and commerce of the people of Central Africa, was important, as showing the existence in that quarter of a large population with a peaceable disposition, and possessed of a considerable civilization. The geographical information collected was not without its value, although it left undecided the disputed questions of the course and termination of the Niger. They proceeded south from Tripoli (lat. $32^{\circ} 30'$) to Musfeia (lat. $9^{\circ} 10'$), being 1400 miles in difference of latitude, and from Zangalia, on the east of lake Tchad (long. 70° E.), to Soccatoo (long. 6° E.), making a difference of longitude of 660 miles. They thus determined the position of the kingdoms of Mandara, Bornou and Houssa, their extent, and the position of their principal cities.

On his return to England, Lieutenant Clapperton received the rank of captain, and was immediately engaged, by Lord Bathurst, for a second expedition, to start from the Bight of Bénin. Leaving Badagry, Dec. 7, 1825, he pursued a north-easterly direction, with the intention

of reaching Soccatoo and Bornou. Two of his companions, Captain Pearce and Doctor Morrison, perished, a short time after leaving the coast, and Clapperton pursued his way, accompanied by his faithful servant Lander. At Katunga, he was within thirty miles of the Quorra or Niger, but was not permitted to visit it. Continuing his journey north, he reached Kano, and then proceeded westward to Soccatoo, the residence of his old friend Bello. Bello refused to allow him to proceed to Bornou, and detained him a long time in his capital. This disappointment preyed upon Clapperton's mind, and he died, April 13, 1827, at Chungary, a village four miles from Soccatoo, of a dysentery. "Twenty days," says Lander, "my poor master remained in a low and distressed state. His body, from being robust and vigorous, became weak and emaciated; and, indeed, was little better than a skeleton." A short time before his death, he called him to his bed, and said: "Richard, I shall shortly be no more; I feel myself dying; do not be so much affected, my dear boy!—it is the will of the Almighty;—it cannot be helped. Take care of my journal and papers after my death; and when you arrive in London, go immediately to my agents, send for my uncle, who will accompany you to the colonial office, and let him see you deposit them safely in the hands of the secretary. After I am buried, apply to Bello, (the sultan,) and borrow money to purchase camels and provisions for your journey over the desert. Do not lumber yourself with my books; leave them behind, as well as the barometer, boxes and sticks, and every heavy article you can conveniently part with. Remark what towns and villages you pass through; pay attention to whatever the chiefs may say to you, and put it on paper. The little money I have, and all my clothes, I leave to you: sell the latter, and put what you may receive for them into your pocket; and if, on your journey, you should be obliged to expend it, government will repay you on your return." "He then," says Lander, "took my hand betwixt his; and, looking me full in the face, while a tear stood glistening in his eye, said, in a low but deeply affecting tone, 'My dear Richard, if you had not been with me, I should have died long ago; I can only thank you, with my latest breath, for your kindness and attachment to me; and if I could have lived to return with you, you should have been placed beyond the reach of want; but God will reward you.' This conversation," continues Lander, "occupied nearly two hours, in the course of which my master fainted several times. The same evening he fell into a slumber, from which he awoke in much perturbation, and said he had heard distinctly the tolling of an English funeral bell: in a few days afterwards he breathed his last."

Clapperton was the first European who traversed the whole of Central Africa, from the Bight of Benin to the Mediterranean. We have thus a continuous line from Tripoli to Badagry, which is of great importance from the assistance which it will afford to future researches. Clapperton was a man without education, but intelligent and impartial; of a robust frame and a happy temperament. He was capable of enduring great hardships. His knowledge of the habits and prejudices of the Central Africans, and his frank, bold, and cheerful manners, would have rendered him peculiarly useful in promoting the designs of the British government in that quarter.

Sir Humphry Davy.

BORN A. D. 1778.—DIED A. D. 1828.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY, Bart., was the most celebrated chemist of the present age. To trace the progress of a man of science, from childhood to manhood, and from the prime of life to age and decay, is at all times an instructive and an agreeable task. But there are occasions on which this task is more agreeable than on others. When the labours of the man of science have been ennobled by success, and have been productive of results of incalculable value to mankind, we cannot avoid transferring to the man a large portion of that interest which was originally excited by his works, and this interest is heightened to a very great degree when we find the elegance of the man of taste and literature mingled with the acquirements of the philosopher. It is delightful to turn from the consideration of the details of an abstract or an experimental science, to repose, for a moment, in tracing the progress of a mind devoted to the pursuits of elegant literature. A pleasure of this kind now awaits us, in a contemplation of the events of the life of the illustrious Davy.

On the 17th of December, 1778, Humphry Davy was born at Penzance, in Cornwall. His father, who had been educated as a carver in wood, was proprietor of a small estate at Varfell, in the Mount's Bay, on which he resided. The name of his mother, who was a most amiable woman, was Grace Millett. This lady had the misfortune to lose her parents at a very early age, but was taken under the care of Mr John Tonkin, a surgeon of Penzance, who had attended her parents in their last illness. To the benevolence of this gentleman, she and her sisters owed a home and an excellent education. Robert Davy, the father of Humphry, married Grace, who was the second of the three orphans, and had a family of five children, of whom two were boys, the eldest the subject of our present memoir, the second also a man of science, the present Dr John Davy.

The early years of Humphry were spent partly under the immediate care of his parents, partly with the benefactors of his mother. It is seldom that the mind of a future philosopher and man of genius does not, even in the earliest years, rise, in some point or another, above the ordinary powers of childhood; and few examples of this can be adduced as more marked than that of Humphry Davy. The first school he attended was that of a Mr Bushell, where he showed talents quite unusual in a child of his age, and at a much earlier period of life than usual he was sent to the grammar-school in Penzance, under the Rev. J. C. Coryton. The earliest character which manifested itself in his mind in a remarkable degree, was that of quickness of apprehension. "At the age of about five years," says Dr Paris, his accomplished biographer, "he would turn over the pages of a book as rapidly as if he were merely engaged in counting the number of leaves, or in hunting after pictures; and yet, on being questioned, he could generally give a very satisfactory account of the contents." The same faculty distinguished him through life. His reading was chiefly directed to history and works of

fancy, for both of which he showed a strong bias; and even exhibited his own powers, in occasional and not unsuccessful attempts at oratory and the relation of marvellous stories. Among his amusements we may also mention a few experiments of a chemical nature, with which he used to astonish his playfellows, as affording indications of the early tendencies of a great mind. He was also a sportsman; and used to catch fish long before he could aspire to a gun. The use of the rod and the gun was never forgotten, and the delight they afforded him was renewed on every opportunity, up to the latest year of his life. Davy was once the designer and an actor in a pantomime—the play-bill still exists: the future philosopher acted the part of harlequin.

In 1793 he left the grammar-school, to enter upon the more advanced branches of education, under the Rev. Dr Cardew of Truro. He had hitherto not been studious; but the inducements to exertion being now stronger, he soon made up for lost time, and took his proper station among his class-fellows. In 1794 the father of Davy died. His character appears to have been tolerably good; he certainly did transmit to his son much of that power of mind which has rendered the name immortal. Soon after this Humphry was apprenticed to Mr Borlase, a surgeon in Penzance, under whom he had many opportunities, small indeed, but sufficient for an ardent mind, for prosecuting the study of chemistry, to which he was becoming strongly attached. He also made himself acquainted with the elements of mechanics; we say, *made himself*; for it appears that he acquired a knowledge of the most important parts of natural science by no other means than his own observations and experiments. Speaking of the "collision of bodies," Dr Paris says, "it is clear, that, had this branch of science not existed, Davy would have created it." For the anecdote on which this assertion is founded, we must refer to the original work. He did not like surgery, and certainly we cannot blame his master for complaining of his divided attention; though the consequences have been such as to make us regard as a fortunate circumstance, that which, in another, would have been deplored. From an early age young Davy was a poet. His more early productions are lost, but a few which were published display the dawnings of a great genius; and we may safely say, that, had not Davy become a great philosopher, he would have been great as a poet. The poems which remain are transcribed at large into Dr Paris' Memoir; they were written about the age of seventeen or eighteen. It is fortunate for the interests of mankind, that the powers of mind which shone forth so early were directed into a more useful channel. The desire for chemical experiment, once set in motion, became soon insatiable. Every thing that could be made to serve the purpose of a piece of chemical apparatus was, without scruple, appropriated to that purpose by young Davy. When an object was to be attained, his ingenuity soon contrived the means out of the most simple and apparently inadequate materials. An old and clumsy clyster apparatus was raised to the rank of an air-pump, before Davy had ever seen a proper instrument of that kind, and by the aid of this and other simple, though ingeniously applied pieces of apparatus, he made many experiments, and laid the foundation of his future experimental skill and unfailing resource. It is thus that the great benefactors of chemistry, Schule and Priestley, also began their career. With means extremely limited,

the ardour for science fostered that inventive genius, which, under circumstances apparently more favourable, might never have been called into action. The first attempt of any importance which Davy made, was to prove by experiment the non-material nature of caloric, in opposition to the theory of Black. The attempt was unsuccessful, but the conception and the execution of his plan were alike ingenious. He went upon a principle now exploded, that caloric could not pass through a vacuum. The essay on this subject appeared in a collection of tracts edited by Dr Beddon of Bristol, in April, 1798. That gentleman was so well pleased with the specimen of Davy's talents and industry, that he offered to him, the same year, the situation of his assistant in the pneumatic institution at Bristol. In addition to the opinion formed from the essay above-mentioned, Dr Beddon had heard of the character of Davy from Mr Gilbert and Mr Gregory Watt, who had for some time perceived his talents and encouraged his exertions. On the 2d of October, 1798, Davy left Penzance to join Dr Beddon in Bristol. The institution in which he was to be employed was one where experiments were made on the use of different gases in the treatment of diseases, and his office was to superintend the preparation of those gases. He was still a student of medicine, and had not yet given up his original idea of graduating in Edinburgh and returning to practice in his native place. But his studies were almost entirely confined to chemistry and physics. During his residence in Bristol he acquired the friendship of many men of science, as well as of many distinguished in general literature. He visited London, for the first time, in December, 1799. None of the circumstances attending this visit are of any interest, except that he made some new friends and many acquaintances. Among the friends with whom he associated there were Coleridge, Southey, Gregory Watt, James and John Tobin, Thomson, and Clayfield. For many interesting letters and anecdotes, we must refer to the work of Dr Paris. The essays on light and heat which he published at this time, though full of hypothesis and error, were yet remarkable for ingenuity; and though it might have been as well had they been suppressed, we cannot now regret their appearance, as they form, with his other productions, an interesting series, by means of which we can trace the origin and the progress of the powers for which he was afterwards distinguished. When engaged in the pneumatic institution he instituted some investigations into the compounds of nitrogen, which he gave to the world in 1800, in a work entitled 'Researches, Chemical and Philosophical, chiefly concerning nitrous oxide, and its Respiration.' The merits of this work are but ill expressed by this awkward title. In the course of his experiments on gases, he tried how far some of them were fit for respiration. On two occasions he was exposed to great danger; first in inhaling nitrous gas, on the second occasion he nearly lost his life; the gas was carburetted hydrogen. The consequences of the hazardous experiment, was, however, advantageous to science, as they established the doctrine of the sedative or narcotic influence of certain gases. These experiments, with the effects of his other labours, materially affecting his health, he was obliged to retire for a time to Cornwall. During this time he made the first step in that series of magnificent discoveries which afterwards rendered his name so famous, and commenced a new era in chemical science. He had been employed

in the examination of the action of a Voltaic pile, and the important conclusion to which he came (want of space forbids us to detail the steps by which he arrived at it) was, that *Galvanism is a process purely chemical*.

A short time before this period the Royal institution of Great Britain had been founded. Count Rumford, himself a man of high consideration in the scientific world, was employed to select a person who might become chemical assistant and afterwards lecturer there. After looking about for some time in vain for such a person, Davy was suggested to the count, by whom or by what means does not appear to be known, and it were useless for us to inquire. Davy was invited, and on the 16th February, 1801, it was entered on the minutes of the institution: "Resolved—That Mr Humphry Davy be engaged in the service of the Royal institution, in the capacities of assistant lecturer in chemistry, director of the laboratory, and assistant-editor of the journals of the institution, and that he be allowed to occupy a room in the house, and be furnished with coals and candles; and that he be paid a salary of one hundred guineas per annum." He took possession of his situation on the 11th of March. His success was great; his appearance had at first made an unfavourable impression, but a single lecture dissipated it entirely, and in six weeks he was promoted to the situation of lecturer in chemistry at the Royal institution. In the month of August of the same year, having obtained leave of absence from the institution, he travelled with his friend Mr Underwood in Cornwall. Returning from this in November, he delivered some lectures on the chemical process of tanning at the request of the managers of the institution. Hitherto his lectures had been merely desultory essays; his triumph as a lecturer was yet to come. In the words of Dr Paris: "His splendid career cannot be said to have commenced till the next year, when, on the 21st of January, he delivered his introductory lecture, to a crowded and enlightened audience in the theatre of the Royal institution; which was afterwards printed at the request of a respectable proportion of the society. It contains a masterly view of the benefits to be derived from the various branches of science." The elegance and clearness of his style gained Davy many admirers. Among those was Coleridge, who used to attend the lectures most regularly, and being asked why he did so, is said to have replied: "I attend Davy's lectures to increase my stock of metaphors." Although the style of the lectures thus produced won applause almost universal, there were some who found matter for censure in them. No doubt the imagination of the poet sometimes led the philosopher too far; but although this may not suit the more severe taste of the man who is enamoured of science for her own sake, can we regret or condemn it where it was the means of fixing the attention of the idle and the gay on subjects which, however interesting and important, they would otherwise have passed over with carelessness or neglect. In 1802 the managers of the institution complimented him with the title of Professor. We cannot pass over in silence the style of his experiments. In the laboratory he was hasty, and apparently careless; but the quickness of his apprehension was the cause. He seldom made an experiment the results of which he had not in a great measure foreseen, and an appearance which another would have left unnoticed was with him sufficient to establish a discovery or confirm an opinion. In the

lecture-room, the character of his experiments was very different. They were elegant; and when we add that they were most completely adapted to the place and the purpose, can we give greater praise? His first session at the Royal institution being finished he rested from his more arduous labours, and enjoyed, for a short time, the scenery of Wales, in company with his friend Mr Purkis. He was now editor, along with Dr Young, of the *Journal of Science* published at the institution, in which many of his own papers appeared. Among the most important of these were the following: 'Account of a New Endiometer,'—a method of ascertaining the quantity of oxygen contained in air; several papers on the phenomena of Galvanism; on Tanning, &c. On the last subject he has contributed much that is useful, especially with respect to the powers of various substances in tanning. Among these was catechu or terra Japonica, and he wore at one time a pair of shoes, the one of which was tanned with oak bark, and the other with catechu, as a practical illustration of his researches. His first essay, communicated to the Royal society, was read on the 18th of June, 1801. The subject was, 'An Account of some Galvanic combinations, formed by an arrangement of single Metallic Plates and Fluids, analogous to the Galvanic apparatus of M. Volta.' On the 21st of April, 1803, he was proposed, and on the 17th November he was elected, a fellow of that society. On the 7th July he was chosen an honorary member of the Dublin society. In that year he gave his first course of lectures on agricultural chemistry, before the Board of Agriculture. He was appointed their professor with a salary of £100 per annum, and continued during ten years to detail before them the enlarged views which his scientific acquirements enabled him to take of the subject. In 1813 the lectures were published at the request of the Board, and are still regarded as the most valuable treatises on the subject.

Davy had not, in the midst of scientific pursuits, forgotten his poetical talent; but used to amuse himself with writing sonnets and other light pieces, which he sent to his friends. Among his published pieces was a prologue to the 'Honey Moon,' a comedy written by his friend Tobin, who had but recently died. It possesses considerable merit, but is too long to be quoted here; it is given at length in the work of Dr Paris. One of the earliest friends whom Davy met in London was Sir Thomas Bernard, one of the original projectors of the Royal institution. When the course of lectures on agricultural chemistry was established, he set apart a considerable portion of ground at his villa, near Rochampton, for the purpose of agricultural experiment under the direction of Davy. This proved of great value to Davy, and many interesting results were obtained, which were afterwards recorded in his work on agricultural chemistry. In 1805 he presented a valuable collection of minerals to the Royal institution, and early in the same year received additional honour and emolument in being appointed director of the laboratory to that institution. He delivered also a series of lectures on geology, with his usual success. In the course of the summer he visited Wales and Ireland for the purpose of studying some of the most interesting parts of these countries, in a geological point of view. In February, 1805, a paper of his on a new mineral called Wavellite, was read before the Royal society, of which, two years afterwards, he became secretary and member of the council.

We have previously hinted at the experiments of Davy on Galvanism; it was not till 1806 that he communicated to the world the grand system which may be regarded as the foundation of a large portion of modern chemical science. Parts of his system had previously appeared in Nicholson's journal, even so early as 1800, but the consummation was reserved for the Bakerian lecture, delivered on the 20th of November, 1806. He then revealed the true theory of Galvanic action, and its relation to chemistry; and on this subject we cannot express the general sentiment with more force and truth than in the words of Dr Paris: "This grand display of scientific light burst upon Europe like a splendid meteor, throwing its radiance into the deepest recesses, and opening to the view of the philosopher new and unexpected regions." We must refer to the same work for an analysis of the paper, which, to do it justice, must be examined at a length much too great for the limits of the present work. A discovery so great as that of Davy could not fail to excite envy among less fortunate investigators; and various attempts were made to deprive him of, or at least to divide, the honour. All opposition was effectually silenced by the decision of the Institute of France, which, unsolicited, awarded to Davy the prize of three thousand francs, founded by Bonaparte, for the most important discoveries in Galvanism and electricity. Thus, while the nations were at deadly animosity, science was not forgotten, and national feuds were overlooked in rewarding the merits of a philosopher.

One of the most brilliant results of these discoveries followed immediately afterwards, in the discovery of the metallic basis of certain alkaline and earthy substances which had previously been regarded as simple bodies. The first experiment was made on a solution of potash. Having ascertained by a number of trials, that decompositions, inexplicable on the principles of chemistry as hitherto known, were produced by the action of Galvanism on the alkalies, Davy subjected a mass of moistened potash to the action of a powerful battery, and to his delight resolved it into a metallic substance which accumulated round the negation wire, and a gas, afterwards discovered to be oxygen, which was liberated at the position wire. To this metal he gave the name of potassium. This discovery was given to the world in the second Bakerian lecture, read before the Royal society in November, 1807. Like the former it did not pass without rigid examination, in which feelings by no means worthy of philosophers did not fail to take a part. But truth, in such hands as those of Davy, could not fail to silence all opposition, and in a short time the merit of the discovery, and the honour of the discoverer were at once established on an immovable foundation. It is remarkable that many of the facts which Davy discovered, and which led him to the discovery of higher and more important principles, had been previously observed by others, yet without leading to any thing but surprise and vague conjecture.

In the same month in which this lecture was read, a severe illness nearly deprived the world of this great man. He was attended by Drs Babington, Frank, and Baillie, whose united exertions succeeded in saving him from imminent danger, but it was not till February, 1808, that he was able to appear again before the managers of the institution, and announce that he would recommence his lectures early in March. In

the meantime, his absence had proved a great loss to the funds of the institution.

In December, 1808, the researches of the year were related in his third Bakerian lecture. He had carried on his investigations into the nature of the alcalies and earths hitherto undecomposed, and proved by experiment the truth of those principles which on a happy analogy he had previously advanced. In 1809 he extended his researches, and made some attempts to decompose nitrogen, but without success. He discovered also several compounds of hydrogen; showing the power which that gas has of entering into combination with certain solid bodies and causing them to assume the gaseous form.

The next important subject to which he turned his attention, was the nature of oxymuriatic acid. The substance had been discovered by Schule about the period at which Davy was born, and been already the subject of some discussion. Schule considered it as muriatic acid deprived of phlogiston. At the period at which the theory of chemistry gave the name of phlogiston to hydrogen, the real nature of the oxymuriatic acid was nominally known, experiment had not yet established it on physical evidence. When the theory of Lavoisier assumed the ascendancy, the theory of phlogiston fell to the ground, and along with other parts of chemical science the notion of the nature of the dephlogisticated muriatic acid underwent a revolution. It was henceforward supposed to be muriatic acid combined with oxygen, and received the name of oxymuriatic acid. The result of the experiments of Davy was the discovery of the simple nature of the supposed compound, which he called chlorine, and the overthrow of the principle of the school of Lavoisier, that the presence of oxygen is always necessary to the formation of an acid. He discovered chlorine to be like oxygen a supporter of combustion, though in a different degree, and to be capable like it of forming acids, &c. by entering into combination with other bodies. The merit of this discovery was attempted to be taken from him in two ways,—by endeavouring to prove him in error; and by giving the priority of discovery to others. Both of these failed entirely, and by their failure contributed to the honour of Davy.

In 1810 the Dublin society invited Davy to Ireland. They requested that he would deliver a course of lectures on electro-chemistry in their new laboratory, to which the Farming society of Ireland added a request that he would repeat before them his lectures on agricultural chemistry. With these requests he complied, and after a most successful course, was presented by the society with the sum of five hundred guineas. In the following year the society preferred the same request, with which he again complied, giving also a course of lectures on geology. For these labours he was rewarded with the sum of £750. Before his return to England, the college of Trinity in Dublin testified their sense of his high scientific merits by conferring on him the degree of LL. D.

In the month of August he was one of those employed in devising the unsuccessful plan for ventilating the house of lords, the failure of which annoyed him exceedingly.

On the 8th of April, 1812, his late majesty, then prince regent, at a levee held in Carlton house, conferred on Davy the honour of knighthood. The next day terminated his career as professor to the Royal

institution, though the situation did not become vacant till next year, of which he took leave in a farewell lecture.

On the 11th of the same month he married the widow of Shuckburgh Ashby Apreece, Esq. daughter and heiress of Charles Kerr, of Kelso, Esq. who possessed a considerable fortune. After the marriage, Sir Humphry and Lady Davy resided for a short time with Sir John Selright, previous to setting out for Scotland, where they intended to make a tour.

In June, 1812, the first part of his 'Elements of Chemical Philosophy' was published, with a dedication to Lady Davy. The work has never been finished; indeed, the plan on which it was conceived was too great for any individual to accomplish, being nothing less than a system in which nothing was published without having been proved by the author's own experiments. So far as it goes it is a work well worthy of the genius of the author.

On the 18th June he presented to the Royal society a paper on the combinations of phosphorus and sulphur, in which he established the existence and nature of some new compounds. In October he was engaged in the examination of a detonating substance, now known as chlorid of nitrogen, when a violent explosion destroyed the vessel which contained the substance, and wounding him in the eye prevented him from continuing his researches. A letter on this, addressed by him to Sir Joseph Banks, was read on the 5th November before the Royal society, chiefly with the view of warning others from running the same risk. In the course of the next spring he was able to renew his experiments, and in July a second paper on the subject was read, in which the nature of the substance in question was fully investigated. Even in this second course of experiments he met with some accidents, but he had used sufficient precautions to render their consequences less dangerous than the former. On the 8th of July, 1813, he read a paper to the Royal society, descriptive of the substances produced in different chemical processes on fluor spar. In this paper he stated his conviction that fluoric acid consisted of an unknown base in combination with hydrogen, and therefore analogous to the muriatic acid. Of his work on agricultural chemistry, published at this time, we have previously spoken. Of this work we cannot here enter upon an analysis.

In the same year the permission of the emperor Napoleon was obtained by the French Institute, that Davy should travel on the continent without restraint. On the 13th of October he embarked at Plymouth, accompanied by Lady Davy and Mr Faraday, for Morlaix in Brittany. In Paris he met with his old friend Underwood, one of those who had been taken prisoners by Napoleon at the commencement of the war. On the 30th he visited the Louvre with this gentleman, and to the surprise of his friend, exhibited the utmost insensibility to the beauties of the works of art. The first of the *savans* to whom he was introduced was the venerable Vauquelin; but he desired most of all the acquaintance of M. Ampère, whom he looked upon as the one who had set the most proper value on his discoveries. It would be a needless waste of time were we to recount all the honours paid to Davy in Paris, or all the men of science with whom he associated. The most important circumstance which occurred during that time was his connection with the discovery of the nature of iodine. This substance is a

solid body of a dark colour, with a metallic lustre, capable of being converted by heat into a violet-coloured gas, and possessed of chemical properties analogous to those of oxygen and chlorine. M. Courtois, a manufacturer of saltpetre at Paris, was the discoverer of its existence, but the chemical talents of France had for twelve months in vain attempted to ascertain its nature and properties. Davy received a specimen from M. Ampère in November, 1813, and on the 24th January, 1814, his paper describing its real nature was communicated to the Royal society of London. The honour of the discovery seems to be divided between Davy and Gay-Lussac, for the paper of the former detailing his experiments is dated on the 10th December, and the latter had on the 6th merely thrown out in public a hint as to the probability of its being a new substance with properties analogous to those of chlorine. This affair, however simple it may seem, caused great dispute; the French chemists accusing Davy of an unjust attempt to take from them the honour of its discovery. During his residence in Paris, Davy was not introduced to the emperor, and indeed it is very doubtful whether he would have consented to paying his court to him. On the 13th of December, 1813, the first class of the Imperial Institute of France elected Davy a corresponding member. The utmost kindness was shown to him by every one; it is painful to think that if he did not absolutely repay it with ingratitude, he was at least not sufficiently careful to show that he was sensible of it. It is difficult to speak ill of such a man; the following words from his panegyrist and friend Dr Paris, will be better than any thing we could say: "It would be an act of literary dishonesty to assert that Sir Humphry Davy returned the kindness of the *savans* of France in a manner which the friends of science could have expected and desired. There was a flippancy in his manner, a superciliousness and hauteur in his deportment, which surprised as much as they offended."

From Paris Davy travelled to Montpellier, where he became acquainted with the eminent chemist Berard. From Montpellier he travelled by Nice and Turin to Genoa, where he arrived on the 25th of February. On the 13th of March he set out for Florence, where he employed himself in the laboratory of the Academia del Cimento, in prosecuting his researches on iodine, and likewise assisted at some experiments on the combustion of the diamond. He wrote a paper on the combustion of the diamond and other forms of carbon, which was sent to the Royal society, and appeared the same year in the 'Philosophical Transactions.' On the 6th of April he was in Rome, where he took advantage of the laboratory of the Academia del Lyncei to continue his experiments. We cannot follow him through the details of this tour; it is sufficient to say that, after visiting Naples, he returned to England by Rome, Mantua, the Tyrol, the south of Germany, and the north of France, and arrived in London on the 23d of April, 1815.

Soon after his return to England the attention of Davy was turned to the subject of the explosions in coal mines, produced by a mixture of inflammable gas and the air of the atmosphere, known by the name of *fire damp*, and the discovery of means for preventing them. This gas, which is chiefly carburetted hydrogen, seems to accumulate under different circumstances. In old workings, which have been ill-ventilated, it accumulates gradually from imperceptible sources; but even in the

best ventilated mines it sometimes appears suddenly from fissures in the rock, when opened by the pick of the miner. The stream of gas thus let loose comes out with irresistible force, catches fire at the first light, and explodes with a tremendous power, destroying the apparatus of the mine, the workmen, and even forcing large bodies up the shaft. This is followed by the choke damp or carbonic acid, which destroys those persons who have escaped with their lives from the previous explosion. For some time previous to the period of which we have been speaking, those explosions had been unusually frequent and occasioned a great loss of life and property. The attention of Davy was first turned to this subject by a society established at Bishop-Wearmouth, for the purpose of ascertaining means for preventing accidents in coal mines. The object to be attained was the construction of a lamp of sufficient power to serve the purposes of the miner, and not be subject to the disadvantage of being capable of setting on fire a mixture of air and inflammable gas. Various plans were tried, and several of those suggested by Davy were found to be successful; but we shall confine ourselves to the description of that which was ultimately adopted, and is now in use in almost all mines. In the course of his experiments, Davy discovered that flame could not pass through the apertures of a tissue of wire cloth of a certain fineness. Thus, if we hold a piece of wire cloth above a stream of gas issuing from a tube, we may apply a light, either above or below the cloth, and the gas will inflame on that side, but the flame cannot pass through in either direction. This fact at once suggested a plan for a safety-lamp. After many experiments, Davy found that the wire gauze, consisting of wires from one fortieth to one sixtieth of an inch in diameter, and woven so as to contain upwards of 700 apertures in a square inch, was best adapted for the purpose. A safety-lamp was therefore constructed so as to be completely inclosed by a covering of this wire gauze, through which no flame could pass, and which thus obviated every chance of an explosion. Instead of adding to the danger, this lamp converts the deadly *fire damp* into a means of supplying light, for when it is surrounded by an explosive atmosphere, every opening becomes a point of inflammation, the gas burns inside the lamp, and the whole is in a general glow. Even when the wires become red hot the danger is not increased. The safety arises from the degree of heat requisite to influence eurburetted hydrogen, being never above that of iron heated to whiteness, in passing the meshes of the wire gauze, therefore the inflammable matter is cooled below the point at which it burns. While engaged in the experiments which led to this, Davy made some discoveries of an interesting nature with regard to the combustion of gases. He found that flame was not an essential part of combustion; as an example of which we may adduce the combustion of spirit of wine, by means of a fine wire of platina, wound about the wick, which being once heated to redness, will continue so, and consume the spirit, even after the flame has been blown out. In the same way platina, in a peculiar condition, called spongy, consumes hydrogen, becoming red hot, and even setting it on fire.

Various attempts were made to deprive Sir Humphry of the honour due to him on this occasion, but they were soon overcome. It is unnecessary to enter into the particulars, such circumstances are never agreeable. We turn with greater pleasure to the honours which were

bestowed on him. On the 25th of September, 1817, at a meeting of a numerous company of coal-owners, and other gentlemen, in Newcastle, a service of plate was presented to Sir Humphry as a testimony of their admiration and gratitude for his exertions in their cause. We cannot quote the account of the proceedings on this occasion, but we may extract a single paragraph from the address made by the chairman, Mr Lambton:—"Your brilliant genius, which has been so long employed in an unparalleled manner in extending the boundaries of chemical knowledge, never accomplished a higher object, nor obtained a nobler triumph.—If your fame had needed any thing to make it immortal, this discovery alone would have carried it down to future ages, and connected it with benefits and blessings." In 1815, having sent to the Emperor Alexander of Russia a model of his safety-lamp, that monarch was graciously pleased to signify his acceptance of it, and transmitted to him a valuable silver-gilt vase in testimony of the value in which he held the invention.

The papers on flame, presented by Davy to the Royal society, obtained for him the Rumford medals. All his researches on this and other subjects connected with it, were collected and published in one volume in 1818. The government expressed their sense of his merits, on the 20th October, 1818, by creating him a baronet,—a barren reward, it must be acknowledged, for services such as those which Davy has rendered to humanity.

In 1818 he visited the continent again, under the patronage of the government, to assist in unrolling the ancient manuscripts found in Herculaneum. Some experiments had convinced him that chemical acid was not sufficiently trusted to by those previously engaged in this process, and he went out for the purpose of assisting with the resources of that science. He set out on the 26th May, 1818, and on the journey he employed himself in the investigation of a subject which had recently interested him, the circumstances under which mists are formed. He communicated the results in 1819 to the Royal society, in whose Transactions the paper may be found. He travelled by the Rhine, Austria, Hungary, Carniola, and arrived in Naples before the end of the year. His observations respecting the object of his visit, may be found in the memoir which he presented on the subject to the Royal society, printed in the 'Philosophical Transactions' for 1821. He made many important observations, proving that the carbonized condition of many substances had not been owing to the operation of fire, but to a gradual process of decomposition, varying according to the nature of the substance, and the situation under which it was found, but in the original object of his visit he failed almost entirely. According to Davy, this was not owing to the failure of his method, but to a want of co-operation on the part of the government and others at Naples.

Soon after his return to England, the death of Sir Joseph Banks, on the 19th of June, 1820, left the presidency of the Royal society vacant. Many persons were named as deserving of the honour of succeeding Sir Joseph, but none could stand in competition with Sir Humphry Davy and Dr Wollaston. The latter, however, declined entering into competition, and on the 20th of November, 1820, Sir Humphry was elected with scarcely a dissentient voice. That Sir Humphry Davy

deserved this honour does not admit of a doubt,—that his habits and disposition were well adapted for it, cannot, we fear, be said with truth. “To assert,” says Dr Paris, “that Davy retained his popularity, or to deny that he retired from the office under the frown of a considerable party, would be dishonest.” We cannot here enter into a detail of the circumstances which marked the decline and fall of his popularity; these must be sought for in more extended works.

Though now at the head of science in England, Davy did not cease (to use his own words) “to act as a private soldier in her ranks.” In 1819 the discoveries of Professor Oested, of Copenhagen, on the connection between magnetism and electricity, being made known to the world, Davy set about an investigation for the purpose of extending these researches. He made several interesting discoveries, and communicated them to the Royal society in three memoirs, in the years 1820–21–23. In 1822 a paper of his on the water and gases found in the cavities of crystals, was read before the Royal society. This subject was an important one, as it has always been supposed to bear upon the relative notions of the Huttonian and Wernerian systems of geology. The conclusion of Davy was, that the existence of water in the cavities of crystal is no argument against their having been formed by the agency of fire, since it is probable that they were formed under a pressure so great as to compensate for the expansive power of water when heated. The discovery of Mr Faraday respecting the liquefaction of gases under compression, may be mentioned here, as Sir Humphry was partly concerned in the experiments by which the subject was further elucidated, though the discovery does not belong to him.

It is well known that the copper used for sheathing the bottom of ships is liable to decay from various causes, and thus becomes a source of great expense. Many ineffectual means had been tried for preventing this loss, and in 1823 an application was made by government to the Royal society for advice on the subject. The investigations were made in various ways by Sir Humphry Davy, and an account of them may be found in various places in the Philosophical transactions. The principle upon which he went was this: that the destruction depends on the galvanic relations of the metal and the sea water; that if these can be altered, the action must cease. This was effected by certain pieces of zinc or iron, in contact with the copper. The theory was correct, but unforeseen disadvantages arose, and to the vexation of Davy the plan was pronounced a failure. In 1824 he travelled to Norway and Sweden, and returned by the north of Germany in the month of August, the same year. On the voyage he was employed in the investigation above mentioned; on land he devoted himself entirely to his favourite amusements of fly-fishing, and the contemplation of nature. We anticipate a little, but as it is connected with what we have been relating, we cannot help mentioning here, that his Bakerian lecture of 1826, “On the relations of electrical changes,” obtained him in 1827 the “Royal medal” awarded by the Royal society.

In 1826 his health began to fail, and prevented him from giving that attention to science and to his duties as president of the Royal society, which he had previously done. In the end of this year he suffered from an attack of apoplexy, from which, however, he recovered so far as to be able in 1827 to travel to Italy. While there his health re-

cruited to a certain extent, but remained so uncertain that he was obliged to resign the chair of the Royal society. Having received his resignation, the society on the 6th of November, 1827, appointed Mr Davies Gilbert president *pro tempore*, in his stead. In October, 1827, he returned to London in very poor health; and made an attempt, in a visit to the country, to enjoy his field sports, but without success. In the spring of 1828 he published his 'Salmonia, or days of Fly-fishing,' a book which can only be compared to that of Izaak Walton. It is full of elegant and exalted sentiments, and cannot be read without pleasure.

On the 20th of March, a paper of his was read before the Royal society, 'On the Phenomena of Volcanos;' it is full of interest but not peculiarly successful.

Soon after this he left England for the last time. After spending some time in Austria, he went to Rome, where he became alarmingly ill. He desired, however, to be removed to Geneva, where he arrived on the 28th of May, only to die; for though he appeared unusually well, he did not survive above 12 hours. In his last moments he was attended by Lady Davy, his brother, and his godson Mr Tobin. Every honour was paid to his remains by the authorities and the learned in Geneva, where, according to his own desire, he was buried. A tablet, which was placed by his widow in Westminster Abbey, is as yet the only monument which records his memory. He has left no children to inherit his name.

There remains to us now the difficult task of examining the character and merits of Sir Humphry Davy. His genius was of a high order. It is seldom that we see in one individual such a versatility of talent as he exhibited. Poetry, science, and philosophy were alike familiar to him, and sources of refined enjoyment. In the course of the foregoing description we have treated upon all his works except one, published after his death. This is entitled 'Consolations in Travel, or the last days of a Philosopher.' As our limits do not admit of an extended criticism, we shall be content with saying in the words of Dr Paris, "This is a most extraordinary and interesting work: extraordinary, not only from the wild extent of its fancy, but from the bright light of scientific truth which is constantly shining through its metaphorical tissue, and irradiating its most shadowy imaginings."

The mind of Davy was of a most aspiring nature. His imagination always went before his powers of investigation, yet he seldom erred. His perception of truth seemed almost intuitive, and before another could perceive the relations of the premises, he would often arrive at the conclusion. Of his ingenuity and industry we have already had sufficient evidence. His attachments were strong, but in forming them he was sometimes capricious. Perhaps no avenue to his heart was more open than that which admitted a brother of the angle. Was this love for angling a weakness? It is difficult to say; but when regarded as but a part of that passionate admiration of the beauties of nature which characterized him, it becomes important from the noble association. It is to be lamented that a want of polish in his manners rendered him disagreeable to many, and proved the cause of much of his unpopularity. We referred to this subject in speaking of his visit to Paris. Adulation soon changed his original simplicity of character,

and (in the words of Dr Paris) "when Davy sighed for patrician distinction in the chair of Newton, we can only lament the weakness from which the choicest spirits of our nature are not exempt." Yet his love for science was not tainted by a desire for making it a source of wealth. He might have amassed a fortune, but he preferred to be crowned with honours, no small part of which was that the services which they rewarded were unpaid for.

The last subject which claims our attention is the important question: How much does science owe to Davy? Perhaps this is superfluous; for as we have gone along we have shown the relation which his discoveries bear to what had gone before, yet a slight sketch of them in connection will not be without its advantages. However much praise be due to Sir Humphry Davy, it must not be forgotten that the honour of being reformer of chemical science is much divided, and that the state of the science at the period at which he began to take a share in it, was such as to afford to him facilities infinitely above those possessed by his predecessors. It is impossible for us to form an estimate of the comparative value of his discoveries without taking a general view of the progress of chemical science. In the seventeenth century chemistry had begun to emerge from the trammels of alchemy. The first attempt at a regular theory was that of Beecher, afterwards remodelled by Stahl. This rude system was founded upon the supposition that a substance called phlogiston entered into the composition of all combustible bodies, the elimination of which constituted combustion, which process was supposed to leave the germ of the body in a pure state, in which it was called a calx. A few careful experiments would have overturned this theory, but the experiments of the day were very imperfectly conducted. The modern system of experimental chemistry owes its origin to a later period, and to the researches of Schule, Black, Cavendish, and Priestley. To them pneumatic chemistry owes much, and in general we may say that they discovered new substances, investigated combinations which had before not been understood, and rendered more perfect the art of chemical analysis. It was but a short step further that led Lavoisier to make those experiments by which the existence of phlogiston was shown to be merely imaginary, and to establish the relation of oxygen to acids, combustion, and metallic oxids. Such was the state of chemistry when the career of Davy began. The science was free from the grosser errors, but had fallen into others, by carrying refinement and generalization too far, while experiment had not yet accumulated a sufficient store of facts. Davy discovered that acids might be formed and that combustion might take place without oxygen; and that other substances might enter into combination with metals, producing compounds analogous to the oxides. He discovered that not only acids, but alcalies might be the result of metallic combinations with oxygen; he enriched the different branches of the science with numerous lesser discoveries; and finally, he was the author of the electro-chemical theory, of which we have already spoken. Taken together he has made more numerous and more brilliant discoveries than any other chemist, but it must not be forgotten that the labours of the illustrious men who preceded him had accumulated many of those facts, by reflecting on which his master mind saw the light of

a scientific system, where little had been seen before but a chaos of unconnected facts.

In conclusion, we must acknowledge ourselves indebted to the work of Dr Paris for the greater part of our information, other authorities have been referred to *en passant*. For a more extended view of the relation of the discoveries of Davy to the present state of chemistry reference must be made to Dr Thomson's excellent history of chemistry.

Sir James Edward Smith.

BORN A.D. 1759.—DIED A.D. 1828.

SIR JAMES EDWARD SMITH was born in the city of Norwich, December 2d, 1759. He was the eldest of seven children, and for almost five years an only child. His father, Mr James Smith, was a dealer in the woollen trade, of respectable connexions and easy in his circumstances, and of a naturally strong understanding, much cultivated and enlarged by reading, and a habit of thinking for himself on all subjects. Sir James's mother, Frances Kinderly, was the daughter of a clergyman of an ancient and once opulent family in the north of England, remarkable for the sweetness of his temper and his eccentricities. On account of a constitutional delicacy of spirits, as well as of health, young Smith was never sent to a public school, but was attended at home by the best masters that his native city afforded, and under their tuition he acquired a competent knowledge of the French and Italian languages, and of the rudiments of Latin. But the best part of his education was derived from the society of his well informed sensible parents, and from reading and conversation in the domestic circle, by which the heart as well as the understanding was instructed and enlarged. Under these influences he grew up, and on the basis of extreme delicacy and sensitiveness of soul, by the aid of judicious culture and religious principle, a moral courage and a noble independence of character were reared, by which he became distinguished, in after life, almost as much as for his amiable and affectionate disposition.

Botany, "the amiable science," as it has been called, was the study for such a mind, and his early predilection for it, and the difficulties and encouragements he met with, are often mentioned in his writings. In one of his introductory lectures before the Royal institution, he observes: "From the earliest period of my recollection, when I can just remember tagging ineffectually with all my infant strength at the tough stalks of the wild succory on the chalky hillocks about Norwich, I have found the study of nature an increasing source of unalloyed pleasure, and a consolation and refuge under every pain. Long destined to other pursuits, and directed to other studies, thought more advantageous or necessary, I could often snatch but a few moments for this favourite object. Unassisted by advice, unacquainted with books, I wandered long in the dark; till some of the principal elementary works, the publications of Lee, Rose, Stillingfleet, and a few others, came in my way, and were devoured over and over again. This kind of botanical education has the advantages of the necessary drudgery of a grammar-school; it trains the mind to labour, it fixes principles, and facts, and

terms, and names, never to be forgotten. At length, however, I found I wanted something more to apply to practice what had thus been acquired. I was then furnished with systematic books, and introduced to Mr Rose, whose writings had long been my guide. I was shown the works of Linnæus; nor shall I ever forget the feelings of wonder excited by finding his whole system of animals, vegetables, and minerals, comprised in three octavo volumes. I had seen a fine quarto volume of Buffon, on the horse alone. I expected to find the systematic works of Linnæus constituting a whole library; but they proved almost capable of being put, like the *Iliad*, into a nutshell. Hence a new world was opened to me. I found myself, moreover, in the centre of a school of botanists. Ever since the Spanish tyranny and folly had driven commerce and ingenuity from Flanders, to take refuge in Britain, a taste for flowers had subsisted in my native county along with them. Our weavers, like those of Spitalfields, have from time immemorial been florists, and many of them most excellent cultivators; their necessary occupations and these amusements were peculiarly compatible. And it is well worthy of remark, that those elegant and virtuous dispositions, which can relish the beauties of nature, are no less strictly in unison with that purity of moral and religious taste which drove the founders of our worsted manufactory from foul and debasing tyranny to the abode of light, and peace, and liberty."

In the autumn of 1781, he repaired to Edinburgh to finish his education at the university, with a view to the study of medicine. Here he passed two years, and found warm and kind friends, as he did every where, and in friendship a pure enjoyment. His proficiency in other branches of knowledge appears to have been respectable only, but in his favourite science he soon distanced every competitor, and carried off all the honours.

From Edinburgh our young naturalist went up to London, still bent on pursuing and completing his medical studies, and anxious to avail himself, for this purpose, of the advantages to be derived from visiting the hospitals and attending the lectures of the celebrated Dr John Hunter. Here again he made many valuable acquaintances, and particularly, as might have been expected from his favourite tastes and pursuits, that of Sir Joseph Banks; to his connexion with whom, an incident is to be referred, which did more perhaps than all other causes put together, to shape his course and lay the foundation of his future eminence. We give it in the words of his biographer: "Upon the demise of young Linnæus, Dr Acrel, professor of medicine at Upsal, had written to Dr Engelhart, who was then in London, offering the whole collection of his books, manuscripts, and natural history, to Sir Joseph Banks, for the sum of 1000 guineas. 'It happened,' adds Sir James, 'that I breakfasted with Sir Joseph upon the day the letter arrived, which was the 23d of December, 1783; and he told me of the offer he had had, saying he should decline it; and, handing me the letter to read, advised me strongly to make the purchase, as a thing suitable to my taste, and which would do me honour.' Being thus encouraged by Sir Joseph, he went immediately to Dr Engelhart, with whom he had been intimately acquainted at Edinburgh, and made his desire known to him; and they both wrote the same day to Professor Acrel, Dr Engelhart to recommend his friend, and the other desiring

a catalogue of the whole collection, and telling him if it answered his expectations, he would be the purchaser at the price fixed." A writer in 'The Monthly Repository' says: "The sale was precipitated before the return of the king of Sweden, then on his travels, lest he should oblige the heirs to dispose of the whole, at a cheaper rate, to the university at Upsal. This would actually have been the case, as appears from the exertions made by his majesty, who, on his return, sent a courier to the Sound, and a swift sailing vessel to intercept the ship which was bearing away the prize." Higher offers had also been made, to tempt the heirs to break off the treaty, and, among the rest, an unlimited sum by a Russian nobleman; and Sir James appears to have owed it to the scrupulous honour of the negotiator, professor Acrel, that he succeeded at last in obtaining the inestimable treasure at the stipulated charge. The packages were safely landed at the custom-house in October, 1784. "Sir James's first idea," says his lady, "was to deposit his purchase in some spare rooms in the British museum; but he found some objections to the scheme, and preferred taking a house, that it might be safer, and more accessible to himself and his friends. He therefore hired apartments in Paradise-row, Chelsea, whither it was immediately conveyed; and often has he recurred with great pleasure to the first winter after its arrival, when, with Sir J. Banks and Mr Dryander, they examined the herbarium minutely, and carefully unpacked and arranged the whole collection. With no premeditated design of relinquishing physic as a profession, yet from this hour he devoted his time and all the powers of his mind to the object for which he had hazarded so much; nor was there ever a period, in his subsequent life, of misgiving or regret, that he had made a wrong choice; neither was his love of botany pursued to the exclusion of other literature or lighter pleasures; but it was the charm of his existence, always at hand ready to take up, always leading the mind forward and filling his hours with satisfaction."

On the 28th of May following, Sir James acquaints his father, that "he was admitted a fellow of the Royal society on Thursday, without a single black ball;" and adds, "I paid my money, £32 11s.; and took my seat the same evening: my success was indeed very flattering, and, I believe, gave my good friend the president—Sir Joseph Banks—great pleasure."

In the summer of 1786 he visited the continent, his immediate object being to obtain a medical degree at Leyden. Having done this, he quitted Holland, and spent the rest of that year, and most of the next, in France, Switzerland, and Italy, making the natural history of those countries his principal study, but not neglecting other objects of attention likely to interest a traveller. His habits of careful observation, his taste in the fine arts, his enthusiasm in the description of Alpine scenery, his liberal feelings and opinions, in regard to national or sectarian differences, are as conspicuous in his private letters, written home to his friends, as in the sketch of his tour, published some time after his return.

Soon after his return to England, he removed from Chelsea to Great Marlborough street, professedly with a view to begin his medical career in London. Natural history, however, and botany in particular, continued to occupy his attention almost exclusively; and one of the next

public undertakings, in which we find him engaged, was the institution of the Linnæan society, of which he was chosen the first president, an honourable appointment, which he held by successive annual re-elections until his death. Alluding, in his inaugural discourse, to the Linnæan collections, he says: "I consider myself as a trustee of the public, and hold these treasures only for the purpose of making them useful to the world and natural history in general, and particularly to this society, of which I glory in having contributed to lay the foundation, and to the service of which I shall joyfully consecrate my labours, so long as it continues to answer the purposes for which it was designed." From this period Sir James gave lectures on botany, first at his own house, and afterwards before various public institutions in London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol, and other places, and with great and increasing success and reputation. "When his health was good, the occupation was one he enjoyed. He arranged previously the heads of his lecture; but for words he always trusted to the ideas which arose in his mind while he was delivering it, and in general he exceeded the allotted time, and had more to say than could be compressed into the space of an hour. A printed abstract of the subject he intended to discourse upon was not omitted, for the convenience of himself and his auditors; and of these sketches he composed a great variety, as the succession of his courses required. Of one of these Dr Goodenough, in the year 1795, tells him, 'I am quite charmed with your syllabus. I would advise you, *while you are a lecturer*—do not defer it till you have given it up, it will not be half so well done—to draw out all that matter at full length, and publish it as suits you; it would be another *Philosophia Botanica* in a fashionable dress.'

In 1796 he married the only daughter of Robert Reeve, Esq. of Lowestoft, in Suffolk; and in the following year he removed to Norwich, his native place, where he continued to reside, paying occasional visits to London, for the remainder of his life.

Of Sir James's numerous and valuable scientific publications, it does not belong to our present purpose to speak. All of them are remarkable, as it has been said, "for accuracy in observing, accuracy in recording, and unusual accuracy in printing." Yet his biographer informs us, that he seldom copied what he wrote, but sent the first draught to the printer, sometimes with scarcely an erasure of the pen, and perfect in the minutest particulars of orthography and punctuation; and that he often wrote the best when pressed for time, as was commonly the case with his dedications and prefaces. But what most distinguishes his scientific writings is the pure, unconstrained, and affecting moral and religious spirit which they breathe, of which it would be easy to multiply illustrations. One must suffice, the concluding paragraphs of the preface to his 'Introduction to Botany.'

"To those," he observes, "whose minds and understandings are already formed the study of nature may be recommended independently, of all other considerations, as a rich source of innocent pleasure. Some people are ever inquiring, what is the use of any particular plant; by which they mean, what food or physic, or what materials for the painter or dyer does it afford? They look on a beautiful flowery meadow with admiration, only in proportion as it affords nauseous drugs or salves. Others consider a botanist with respect only as he may be able

to teach them some profitable improvement in tanning, or dyeing, by which they may quickly grow rich, and be then perhaps no longer of any use to mankind or to themselves. These views are not blameable, but they are not the sole end of human existence. Is it not desirable to call the soul from the feverish agitation of worldly pursuits, to the contemplation of Divine Wisdom in the beautiful economy of nature? Is it not a privilege to walk with God in the garden of creation, and hold converse with his providence? If such elevated feelings do not lead to the study of nature, it cannot be far pursued without rewarding the student by exciting them. Rousseau, a great judge of the human heart and observer of human manners, has remarked, that 'when science is transplanted from the mountains and woods into cities and worldly society, it loses its genuine charms, and becomes a source of envy, jealousy, and rivalry.' This is still more true, if it be cultivated as a mere source of emolument. But the man who loves botany for its own sake, knows no such feelings, nor is he dependent for happiness on situations or scenes that favour their growth. He would find himself neither solitary nor desolate, had he no other companion than a mountain daisy, that 'modest crimson-tipped flower,' so sweetly sung by one of nature's own poets. The humblest weeds or moss will ever afford him something to examine or to illustrate, and a great deal to admire. Introduce him to the magnificence of a tropical forest, the enamelled meadows of the Alps, or the wonders of New Holland, and his thoughts will not dwell much upon riches or literary honours; things that

'Play round the head, but come not near the heart.'

In botany all is elegance and delight. No painful, disgusting, unhealthy experiments or inquiries are to be made. Its pleasures spring up under our feet; and, as we pursue them, reward us with health and serene satisfaction. None but the most foolish or depraved could derive any thing from it but what is beautiful, or pollute its lovely scenery with unamiable or unhallowed images. Those who do so, either from corrupt taste or malicious design, can be compared only to the fiend entering into the garden of Eden."

In July, 1814, Sir James had the honour of being knighted by the late king, George IV. At the instance of Professor Martyn, and with the countenance and encouragement of many of the heads of the house, and of several of the first dignitaries of the church, he applied in 1818, for the botanical chair at Cambridge. But a cabal amongst the bigots and underlings repulsed the honour and advantage which such an appointment would have conferred on the university, on the ground that he was a dissenter and a Unitarian. Professor Schultz, an eminent Bavarian naturalist, in his narrative of a Botanical visit to England in 1824, exclaims: "Who would have believed that a university, within the walls of which the immortal Erasmus Roterodamus once taught, and which had produced such a man as Milton, should ever, and even in the twentieth year of the nineteenth century, sink to such a depth of barbarity! It could make over its Bible and Prayer book monopoly to Baskerville, a scoffing atheist; but the moment a dissenter and a Unitarian was understood to be approaching the consecrated precincts, though for purposes purely scientific, this pious and self-denying community bristles with horror."

Sir James Smith's health, always delicate, and subject to frequent attacks of an inflammatory nature, was visibly declining for the last five or six years of his life. It was amidst interruptions from this cause, and with the anxious desire often expressed that he might live to finish it, that he wrote his last and best work, the 'English Flora.' On the very day when he entered his library for the last time, the packet, containing the fourth and last volume, reached him. It concludes thus: "If our bodily powers could keep pace with our mental acquirements, the student of half a century would not shrink from the delightful task of being still a teacher; nor does he resign the hope of affording some future assistance to his fellow-labourers; though for the present, 'a change of study,' to use the expression of a great French writer, may be requisite, 'by way of relaxation and repose.'"

On Saturday, March 15th, 1828, he walked out as usual, and apparently without fatigue; but in the evening he was attacked by such an alarming fit of sickness, as almost immediately forbade the hope of his recovery. He continued sinking until six o'clock on the Monday morning following, when he quietly resigned his breath, and his spirit returned to God who gave it. His remains were interred in the vault belonging to Lady Smith's family at Lowestoft.

Thomas Bewick.

BORN A. D. 1753.—DIED A. D. 1828.

This ingenious artist was born at Cherryburn in Northumberland. At the age of fourteen he was bound apprentice to Mr Ralph Beilby of Newcastle, a respectable copper-plate engraver, who afterwards took him into partnership. Mr Bewick was first brought into public notice by his wood-cut of the Old Hound, which gained the premium offered for the best specimen of wood-engraving by the Society of Arts, in 1775.¹ That circumstance was the foundation-stone of his fortune, and from this time his fame gradually increased. In 1790, conjointly with Mr Beilby, who was then his partner, he published his 'History of Quadrupeds.' In 1795, he, with his brother John, (who was also eminent as an engraver,) embellished an edition of Goldsmith's 'Traveller,' and 'Deserted Village,' and Parnell's 'Hermit;' it was a royal quarto volume, and attracted much attention from the beauty both of the typography and of the embellishments. In the following year he made some beautiful designs for Somerville's 'Chase.' In 1797, he published the first volume of 'British Birds;' in 1804, the second volume; and in 1818, appeared the last of his published works, 'The Fables.' He was engaged on a 'History of Fishes' when he died; and left in the hands of his relatives a MS. memoir of his family, which is said to be written with great *naïveté*, and full of anecdote.

"Mr Bewick's personal appearance was rustic; he was tall, and powerfully formed. His manners, too, were somewhat rustic; but he was shrewd, and never wished to ape the gentleman. His countenance

¹ An impression of this cut is given in the Memoir prefixed to 'Select Fables,' printed for Charnley, Newcastle: 1820.

was open and expressive, with a capacious forehead, strongly indicating intellect; his eyes beamed with the fire of genius. He was a man of strong passions, strong in his affections, and equally strong in his dislikes: the latter sometimes exposed him to the charge of illiberality; but the former and kinder feeling greatly predominated. True, he was (what most men are) jealous of his fame, and had not much affection for rival artists; but they seldom crossed his path, or caused him much uneasiness. His resentment, when once excited, was not easily allayed, and he seldom spared those who ill-treated him; but there was much warmth in his friendship. Strictly honourable in his dealings, to his friends there never was a more sincere or kinder-hearted man than Thomas Bewick."¹

There is an elegant critique on Bewick's works in 'Blackwood's Magazine' for 1825, from which we extract the following just and spirited remarks:—"Of Bewick's powers, the most extraordinary is the perfect accuracy with which he seizes and transfers to paper the natural objects which it is his delight to draw. His landscapes are absolute *fac-similes*; his animals are whole-length portraits. Other books on natural history have fine engravings; but still, neither beast nor bird in them have any character; dogs and deer, lark and sparrow, have all airs and countenances marvellously insipid, and of a most flat similitude. You may buy dear books, but if you want to know what a bird or quadruped is, to Bewick you must go at last. It needs only to glance at the works of Bewick, to convince ourselves with what wonderful felicity the very countenance and air of his animals are marked and distinguished. There is the grave owl, the silly wavering lapwing, the pert jay, the impudent over-fed sparrow, the airy lark, the sleepy-headed gourmand duck, the restless titmouse, the insignificant wren, the clean harmless gull, the keen rapacious kite—every one has his character.

"His vignettes are just as remarkable. Take his 'British Birds,' and in the tail-pieces to these volumes you shall find the most touching representations of nature in all her forms, animate and inanimate. There are the poachers tracking a hare in the snow; and the urchins who have accomplished the creation of a 'snow-man'; the disappointed beggar leaving the gate open for the pigs and poultry to march over the good dame's linen, which she is laying out to dry; the thief who sees devils in every bush—a sketch that Hogarth himself might envy; the strayed infant standing at the horse's heels, and pulling his tail, while the mother is in an agony flying over the style; the sportsman who has slipped into the torrent; the blind man and boy, unconscious of 'Keep on this side;' and that best of burlesques on military pomp, the four urchins astride of gravestones for horses, the first blowing a glass trumpet, and the others bedizened in tatters, with rush-caps and wooden swords.

"Nor must we pass over his sea-side sketches, all inimitable. The cutter chasing the smuggler—is it not evident that they are going at the rate of at least ten knots an hour? The tired gulls sitting on the waves, every curled head of which seems big with mischief. What pruning of plumage, what stalkings, and flappings, and scratchings of

the sand, are depicted in that collection of sea-birds on the shore! What desolation is there in that sketch of coast after a storm, with the solitary rock, the ebb-tide, the crab just venturing out, and the mast of the sunken vessel standing up through the treacherous waters! What truth and minute nature is in that tide coming in, each wave rolling higher than its predecessor, like a line of conquerors, and pouring in amidst the rocks with increased aggression! And, last and best, there are his fishing scenes. What angler's heart but beats whenever the pool-fisher, deep in the water, his rod bending almost double with the rush of some tremendous trout or heavy salmon? Who does not recognise his boyish days in the fellow with the 'set rods,' sheltering himself from the soaking rain behind an old tree? What fisher has not seen yon 'old codger,' sitting by the river side, peering over his tackle, and putting on a brandling?

"Bewick's landscapes, too, are on the same principle with his animals: they are for the most part portraits, the result of the keenest and most accurate observation. You perceive every stone and bunch of grass has had actual existence: his moors are north-country moors, the progeny of Cheviot, Rimside, Simonside, or Carter. The tail-piece of the old man pointing out to his boy an ancient monumental stone, reminds one of the Millfield plain, or Flodden Field. Having only delineated that in which he himself has taken delight, we may deduce his character from his pictures: his heartfelt love of his native country, its scenery, its manners, its airs, its men and women; his propensity

— by himself to wander
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
And no think lang:

his intense observation of nature and human life; his satirical and somewhat coarse humour; his fondness for maxims and old saws; his vein of worldly prudence now and then 'cropping out,' as the miners call it, into day-light; his passion for the sea-side, and his delight in 'the angler's solitary trade:' all this, and more, the admirer of Bewick may deduce from his sketches."

Dugald Stewart.

BORN A. D. 1753.—DIED A. D. 1828.

THIS very eminent man was the son of Dr Matthew Stewart, professor of mathematics in the university of Edinburgh. He was born on the 22d of November, 1753. After having passed through the classes of the high-school, and attended courses of lectures on intellectual and moral philosophy, by Dr Stevenson and Dr Adam Ferguson, in the university of his native city, he removed to the university of Glasgow, chiefly with the view of attending Dr Reid's lectures on mental science. In 1774 he was appointed assistant and successor to his father in the chair which he held in the university of Edinburgh; and in 1778, during Dr Adam Ferguson's absence in America, he supplied the chair of moral philosophy also. In both these chairs he acquitted himself with great ability and success. In

1784 he exchanged his mathematical professorship, with Dr Ferguson, for that of moral philosophy.

In 1792 he published the first volume of his 'Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind,' of which the second volume appeared in 1813. The first volume, says his biographer, in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, "did not excite that notice to which its own merit, and the high reputation of its author, unquestionably entitled it. The philosophy of the mind was then a subject of comparatively little interest; and, though divested of its usual repulsive aspect, it was not considered, as it is now, a necessary branch of polite education. The long interval of twenty-one years, which elapsed between the publication of the first and the second volumes, and the publication of his volume of 'Philosophical Essays' at an intermediate period, may afford us some reason for believing that Mr Stewart had abandoned the prosecution of his plan."

In 1793 he communicated to the Royal society of Edinburgh, 'An Account of the Life and Writings of Dr Adam Smith;' and, in 1796, 'An Account of the Life and Writings of Dr Robertson.' These are very beautiful and masterly compositions, and contributed not a little to establish and extend his reputation. In 1806, when Lord Lauderdale was deputed to proceed to Paris, to adjust the preliminaries of a general peace, he requested Mr Stewart to accompany him, and they accordingly spent some time in the French metropolis. Soon after his return, the Fox and Grenville administration revived for his benefit the office of gazette-writer for Scotland, in lieu of a pension. The emoluments of this situation were considerable, and it imposed upon him no labour that could not be performed by deputy. It also enabled him to devote himself more entirely to philosophical pursuits, for which purpose he accepted of the services of a joint-professor in Dr Brown: on whose death, some years afterwards, he resigned the chair of moral philosophy altogether, and removed to a country-house, about twenty miles from Edinburgh, where he spent the remaining years of his life. In January, 1822, he was struck with palsy, but his bodily faculties alone felt the shock; with the assistance of his daughter, who acted as his amanuensis, he was enabled to revise and prepare his works for publication with the same ardour of mind and vigour of intellect that he had before displayed. The third and fourth volumes of his 'Philosophy of the Human Mind,' were completed by him, successively, in 1827 and 1828; in the April of the latter year he had another paralytic attack, and died on the 11th of June following.

The name of Dugald Stewart is one of the few, which, of late years, serve to relieve in part the character of this country from the charge of a comparative neglect of the great sciences of intellectual and moral philosophy. His writings upon these all-important subjects, if not the most powerful, are perhaps the most engaging in form, and consequently the most attractive to the general reader, in the language. In the works of the late Dr Parr, we find a complimentary note addressed to Stewart, in which he is described as superior, for the union of fine taste and deep thought, to all other writers since the time of Bacon. This eulogy partakes of the exaggeration which habitually marked the manner of the great Hellenist. Various writers, posterior to Bacon, might be mentioned, who combined with at least an equal command of

language a higher power of original thinking,—as, for instance, Shaftsbury, Berkeley, Hume, Burke, and Adam Smith. But none of these, or of the others, who might fairly be considered as belonging to this class, with the exception perhaps of Hume, have pretended to give us a complete body of intellectual and moral science; and the remark of Parr, if considered as limited to such as have done this, might be received as substantially true. Locke, with a much superior power of thought, and with a plain, manly, and substantially good style, wants taste and elegance, and is undoubtedly, on the whole, much less attractive. Hume was perhaps superior in taste as well as natural acuteness and sagacity to Stewart; but such were the strange aberrations of his intellect, when applied to the study of metaphysics and morals, that his works on these subjects have little or no value, excepting as curious indications of the progress of learning, and of its state at a particular period. Reid, the founder of the Edinburgh school, was deficient in the graces of manner, which belonged to his pupil, who is, therefore, on the whole, at present, and will probably long remain, among English authors, the most popular professor of moral science.

The praise of exhibiting, with taste and elegance, the results of a somewhat limited power of thinking, may perhaps appear, at first view, to be not very high; but when we look through the history of learning, and remark with what economy intellectual gifts of the highest order have been always imparted to our race, we shall not be disposed to consider it as too scanty. To strike out new and entirely original ideas on abstract subjects, implies an intense exercise of thought which may almost be supposed to preclude the cultivation of the arts and graces that belong to manner. Nor is it, in fact, in the communication of these original thoughts, as they first present themselves, in their native simplicity, to the mind of the discoverer, that the graces of manner can be displayed to the greatest advantage. It is chiefly in the illustration, application, and development of the great discoveries which enlarge the sphere of science, that we recognise the peculiar province of the powerful and elegant philosophical writer. Without possessing the vigour and persevering activity of mind required for actual invention, he is able, by his somewhat limited power, to comprehend the results of a higher one, and spread them out in pleasing forms before the eye of the common observer. And it often happens that in so doing he appropriates to himself a glory, which belongs much more properly to the inventor. In fact, the praise we allow to Stewart is the same which is usually given to the greatest philosophical writers of ancient and modern times. Aristotle, Xenophon, Plato, and Cicero built up their elegant productions in a great measure out of the materials supplied by the original mind of Socrates, who himself wrote nothing. To comprehend, enter into, appropriate and refine upon the inventions of creative genius, implies an intellectual power second only to that of creative genius itself; and when this is combined with a faculty of happy and luminous expression, it forms the combination of talents which is best fitted to produce effect upon the public mind, and procure for its possessor every sort of compensation and distinction, excepting perhaps the barren laurel of remote and posthumous glory,

— ‘that fancied life in other’s breath,
The estate that wits inherit after death.’

The distinguishing characteristics of the talent and manner of Stewart being thus, as we have described them, of a nature to give his works a great popularity, and to enable him to exercise an extensive influence upon public opinion, it is not less fortunate for the world, than credible to himself, that they are inspired throughout by the purest and most amiable moral feelings. We are acquainted with no philosophical writings in any language which leave upon the mind a happier impression. This amiable writer has in fact breathed into all his works the kind, gentle, social, and benevolent spirit by which he was himself animated. He not only teaches us to believe in virtue, but brings the celestial vision before us in full loveliness and beauty, so as to engage our affections in her favour. He adopts and defends all the liberal and philanthropic notions that have ever been advanced by the lovers of mankind, while he avoids at the same time the excesses by which injudicious partisans have so often brought, and are still bringing, the best of causes into contempt and ridicule. He is pious without fanaticism,—cheerful and benevolent without an approach to licentiousness. He is devotedly attached to liberty without deeming it necessary to renounce his respect for social order and good government. He believes in the practicability of improvement without indulging in the idle dream of an earthly millennium.

It had happened by a sort of fatality that almost all the works on moral philosophy, at least in modern times, which were written in an agreeable and attractive style, had inculcated principles not only false in themselves, but completely subversive of the good order of society. Helvetius, and the other French sophists of the eighteenth century, had presented their detestable doctrines in the dress of the sweetest and most seductive language, and had introduced it by this means into the brilliant saloons of fashion and even the boudoirs of the ladies. Hume, in like manner, had disguised his still more fatal, because more subtle poison, under one of the most chaste, correct, and elegant forms, that the English language has ever assumed. Even Darwin, and the other writers of the British materialist school of vibrations and vibrations, (the most pitiful and contemptible, perhaps, that has yet appeared in the philosophical world,) tricked themselves out in a gaudy and fantastic sort of masquerade habit, which was singularly enough mistaken at the time for something highly graceful and attractive. Paley, a dignitary of the church, had lent the charm of a lucid and pleasing exposition, as well as the authority of his calling and the cloak of religion, to a system of absolute selfishness. In the meantime, the better opinions, if advanced at all, had been maintained, in a dry and heartless manner, in treatises for the most part devoid alike of depth and elegance. Under these circumstances we regard it as a singularly fortunate thing that a writer should have appeared, who, adopting a system of intellectual and moral philosophy in the main judicious, free from danger even in its errors, and inspired by a uniformly pure, amiable, and elevated moral feeling, should have been able at the same time to interest the world and give his notions a general popularity by the beauty of his language. The works of such a writer were absolutely necessary to prepare the way for that complete reformation of the theory of moral science which is so much needed. They want, it is true, the strong originality of thought, the rigorous correctness of

reasoning, the nervous precision of language, which would be required for affecting this great object, but they possess the qualities that were proper for bringing about a favourable change in the state of public sentiment on these momentous subjects. They are like the voice of one crying in the wilderness. They prepare the way for the coming of a still greater teacher, and collect an audience previously well disposed to listen to and profit by his instructions. At the same time, by creating a general interest in favour of the science and thus leading many persons to study it with correct prepossessions, they tend to produce the reformer whose success they prepare and facilitate. Such are the great services which the writings of Stewart have rendered and are rendering to the cause of truth and virtue. They are sufficient to entitle him for ever to the respect and gratitude of all good men.

Mr Stewart's original intention, in coming before the world as a writer, appears to have been to publish successively complete treatises on metaphysics, or, as he preferred to say, the philosophy of the mind, on ethics and on politics, founded probably on the courses of lectures, which, in his capacity of professor, he delivered to his pupils upon these subjects. This intention is announced in the preface to the first volume of the 'Elements of the Philosophy of the Mind;' but seems to have been completely executed only in reference to that particular branch. The notes, which formed the text-book of the ethical course, were published as early as the year 1793, under the title of 'Outlines of Moral Philosophy,' but without much development; and his two last volumes, which is another edition of the same matter in a more enlarged form, appears nevertheless to be the result of a less thorough and careful revision than that which had been given to the metaphysical course for the purpose of forming the 'Philosophy of the Mind.' The 'Dissertations on the History of Moral Philosophy,' prefixed to the volumes of the Encyclopædia, complete the list of our author's publications. He is, therefore, one of the least voluminous, although he may perhaps be fairly regarded as, on the whole, the most eminent and valuable writer of his time. His example seems to corroborate the wholesome truth, already demonstrated by a hundred others, that a writer gains much more, even on the score of mere reputation, by maturing his works, than by hurrying constantly to the press, in the vain expectation of securing the public attention by keeping his name for ever in the newspapers.

Archdeacon Coxe.

BORN A. D. 1747.—DIED A. D. 1829.

WILLIAM COXE was born in London, in 1747. His father was physician to the royal household. His mother was of foreign extraction. Young Coxe was educated at Eton, where he had the assistance of Sumner, afterwards master of Harrow, as his private tutor. In 1765, he was elected to King's college, Cambridge. He came to the university a tolerable Greek and Latin scholar, but his habits, at this period, were not such as promised a brilliant career. He shot, fished, and loitered away the first year of his residence. From this unhappy state of men-

tal indolence he was at last rescued by the example and influence of two or three Peterhouse students of distinguished abilities and great application. In 1770, he gained the bachelor's prize for Latin prose, and he again obtained a similar success in 1771, in which latter year he was admitted to deacon's orders by the bishop of London.

His first appointment was to the curacy of Denham near Uxbridge, but he had not long filled that station when he was appointed tutor to the duke of Marlborough's son, the marquess of Blandford, on the recommendation of the learned Jacob Bryant. Mr Coxe's first attempt in authorship was a series of essays in imitation of the Spectator. The plan, however, was in time abandoned, and he next undertook a life of Petrarch, a work which he also left unaccomplished.

At the end of two years he relinquished his attendance on Lord Blandford, on the score of weak health; but, in 1775, he accepted the office of tutor to Lord Herbert, son of the earl of Pembroke, with whom he made a tour on the continent. In 1778 he published his 'Travels in Switzerland,' in the form of letters addressed to his friend Melmoth, the translator of Pliny's and Cicero's epistles. Lord Herbert extended his tour to the northern kingdoms of Europe, and Coxe availed himself of this opportunity to investigate the social and political condition of the countries through which he passed. Soon after his return to England, he published an 'Account of the Russian discoveries in the seas between Asia and America.' In 1784 he published his 'Travels in Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark.' His literary reputation was now established, and he enjoyed the acquaintance of Johnson, Porson, Robertson, and the leading authors and scholars of the day. Soon after the publication of this latter work, Mr Coxe again undertook the office of a travelling tutor, and visited the continent with Mr Whitbread. He returned to England in 1786, but revisited the continent two or three times during the nine following years. In 1788 he was presented to the rectory of Bemerton by Lord Pemberton.

In 1798 appeared his 'Memoirs of the Life and Administration of Sir Robert Walpole,' one of the most judicious and valuable pieces of biography in the English language. Four years afterwards he published his 'Memoirs of Lord Walpole.' In 1803 Mr Coxe married. "His habits of composition were now so confirmed, that they were almost essential to his health. No sooner had he completed one great work than he laid the foundation for another. He could not, as he expressed it, rest, *les bras croisés*." In 1807 appeared his 'History of the House of Austria;' in 1813, 'Memoirs of the Kings of Spain of the House of Bourbon, from 1700 to 1788;' and at the age of sixty-nine, he began his 'Memoirs of John, Duke of Marlborough.' While engaged on this last work his sight began to fail him, and the labour of inspecting about thirty thousand manuscript letters, gave a confirmed ascendancy to the disease. It is said, however, by those who assisted him in his literary labours, that "his memory, originally retentive, seemed to improve after his loss of sight; and the attention being less withdrawn to external objects, could be more uninterruptedly fixed upon whatever was the immediate object of research." In 1831 he published the 'Correspondence of Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury.' The remaining years of his life were employed upon the 'Memoirs of the Pelham administration.' A constitution originally vigorous, and maintained in health and activity

by regular and temperate habits, enabled Mr Coxe to go through literary labours which would have broken down many a healthy frame, and to number his eighty-first year before symptoms of approaching dissolution began to manifest themselves. He died in 1829.

William Shield.

BORN A. D. 1749.—DIED A. D. 1829.

WILLIAM SHIELD, one of the most celebrated English composers, was born at Swalwell, Durham, in 1749. His father was an eminent singing-master. He was taught by his father to modulate his voice, and practise the violin, when only six years old; and, within a year and a half, he had made so extraordinary a progress as to be able to perform Corelli's fifth work. This was the more remarkable, as much of his time had been occupied by the harpsichord. He could then sing at sight, and read every cliff. In his ninth year, William lost his parent and tutor, who left a widow with four children. He was desirous of making music his profession, but his desire was checked by the ridicule with which the calling of a fiddler was constantly treated in a sea-port town. He had the choice given him of becoming a sailor, a boat-builder, or a barber. He decided in favour of boat-building, and was bound apprentice to Edward Davison, then residing in the neighbourhood of South Shields. He was kept close to his employment; yet his master occasionally indulged him in the exercise of his favourite pursuit, from which, in the third year of his apprenticeship, he sometimes obtained slight pecuniary advantages. He led the Newcastle subscription concerts, where he repeatedly played the solo parts of Geminiani's and Giardini's concertos; and having already produced an admired specimen of sacred music, when the new church was to be consecrated at Sunderland, he was requested to compose an anthem.

He ultimately resolved to relinquish boat-building, and to adopt the profession of music. From the celebrated theorist, Avison, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, he received lessons in thorough bass; and, having grounded himself in the principles, as well as practice of his art, he went upon a musical expedition to Scarborough, whither he was invited by his intimate friend, Cunningham, the pastoral poet, several of whose songs he had set to music at South Shields. At Scarborough, his talents were much noticed; he acquired the situation of leader of the theatrical band, and of the principal concerts; and he obtained the intimacy and friendship of many respectable individuals. Soon after the death of Mr Avison, the son of that gentleman engaged him as leader at the Durham theatre and at the Newcastle concerts. Returning next season to Scarborough, he was solicited by Fischer and Borghi to accept a vacant seat in the orchestra at the Italian opera house. The offer was accepted, and Giardini placed him in the rank of the second violins. In the following season, Cramer removed him to the principal viola, at which post he remained eighteen years; in the course of which he produced upwards of twenty operas for Colman's theatre, and for Covent-garden. Mr Shield, on account of the ill health of Mr Bulkley, was, one season, leader of the band at the little theatre in the Hay-

market. At that time the Rev. Mr Bate (afterwards the Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley) wrote the after-piece of the 'Flitch of Bacon,' for the music of which he applied to Mr Shield. Dr Arnold being the regular composer for the theatre, Shield's delicacy induced him to hesitate; but, as Mr Bate threatened to withdraw the piece unless it was produced with Shield's music, he at length complied. His success was great and decisive. Mr Shield's time was much occupied in assisting at the great concerts, such as Bach's, Abel's, and La Motte's, for which first-rate performers only were qualified; when Mr Harris, manager of Covent-garden theatre, offered to engage him as regulator of the band, and composer to the house. This appointment he accepted, and filled with much success, until a difference between him and Mr Harris, on a pecuniary point, induced him to resign. He was also appointed one of the musicians in ordinary to the king; and he was engaged in the ladies' Friday concerts, the grand Sunday concerts, and the Wednesday's concerts of ancient music. From the last of these he withdrew, as the necessary attendance at the Monday's rehearsals interfered with his theatrical duty. Lord Sandwich, however, who was the influential friend of Mr Harris and Joah Bates, commanded his return to a task which he always performed with pleasure, and at last relinquished with regret. About this time Mr Shield accidentally travelled from London to Taplow with the celebrated Haydn; and he considered himself to have gained more important information by four days' society with that great founder of a style which has given fame to numerous imitators, than he ever acquired by the best directed studies in any four years in any portion of his life.

In the month of August, 1792, after the relinquishment of his engagement at Covent-garden theatre, he visited Italy, in company with the ingenious but eccentric Mr Ritson, to whom the public are indebted for the restoration of many valuable productions of the British lyric muse. At Paris, Mr Shield and Mr Ritson were joined by several agreeable foreigners, who also were anxious to improve their taste by witnessing the great operatical performances of the continent. From Paris they proceeded to Lyons, to Chambery, Turin, Milan, Lodi, Piacenza, Parma, Modena, Bologna, Florence, Sienna, and Rome. At Rome Mr Shield met with Sir William Hamilton, whose attention to him did honour to his regard for genius. Here also he contracted an intimate friendship with More, the landscape-painter. After receiving lessons every day for two months, and obtaining much instruction, he returned to England. On his arrival, he renewed his engagement at Covent-garden theatre. However, another misunderstanding took place between him and the manager, and he again resigned. Not long afterwards, he published his well-known 'Introduction to Harmony.' At the death of Sir W. Parsons, George IV., with whom Mr Shield was always a great favourite, appointed him master of his musicians in ordinary.

Mr Shield, as a composer, was pure, chaste, and original. His prominent characteristic was simplicity. Perhaps no composer ever wove so few notes into melodies so sweet and impressive; while the construction of the bass and harmony is at once graceful, easy, and unaffected. In *Rosina*, *Marian*, &c. his airs breathe all the freshness and purity, and beauty of rural life; though the more

ornamented and difficult parts are carried far beyond the common style of bravura. His songs are strictly national. After Purcell, Shield constitutes the finest example of real English composers. It was to his compositions that the late Bannister, Incledon, Irish Johnstone, and Mrs Billington, were chiefly indebted for their celebrity as English ballad-singers. Of his dramatic pieces, the following is, we believe, a complete list:—The Flitch of Bacon; Rosina; Lord Mayor's Day; The Poor Soldier; Robin Hood; Friar Bacon; Fontainebleau; Omai; The Cholerick Father; The Magic Cavern; The Noble Peasant; Sprigs of Laurel; Travellers in Switzerland; The Midnight Wanderer; Netley Abbey; The Highland Reel; The Farmer; Love in a Camp; The Crusade; The Woodman; Marian; The Picture of Paris; The Enchanted Castle; The Czar; Oscar and Malvina; Hartford Bridge; Arrived at Portsmouth; Lock and Key; Abroad and at Home; and the Italian Villagers. Mr Shield also published an Introduction to Harmony; A Cento; Six Canzonets; Two Sets of Trios for a violin, tenor, and violoncello, &c. Amongst his simple pieces, always in great estimation, we find Shakspeare's Loadstars; The Thorn; The Bud of the Rose; O bring me Wine; The Wolf; The Heaving of the Lead; The Post Captain; Old Towler; The Streamlet; The Ploughboy; Let Fame sound her Trumpet; The Pretty Little Heart; How shall we Mortals; Village Maids; Ah, well-a-day my Poor Heart; the Battle Song; I've traversed Judah's Barren Land; 'Tis no harm to know it, ye know; Heigho; Tom Moody; Poor Barbara; the Literary Fund Glee; Down the Bourne and Through the Mead; the Prince and Old England for ever; Our Laws, Constitution, and King; and Oxfordshire Nancy bewitched. The last of these is said to have been composed at the request of Garrick, long after he had retired from the stage. Mr Shield was devotedly attached to his wife, and, whilst she was living, to his mother. It has been said of him, that he never broke his word or lost a friend. He died at his residence in Berners-street, on the 25th of January, 1829. His remains were interred in Westminster abbey.¹

William Hyde Wollaston.

BORN A. D. 1766—DIED A. D. 1829.

THE family of Wollaston has for several generations been eminent in the circles of science. Dr Wollaston's great-grandfather, the Rev. William Wollaston, was the author of a popular work, entitled 'The Religion of Nature Delineated.' His son, Francis Wollaston, Esq. F.R.S. had three sons, all likewise fellows of the Royal society. Dr Hyde Wollaston was the second son (and one of seventeen children), and was born August 6, 1766. He received his academical education at Caius college, Cambridge, where he proceeded M. B. 1787, and M. D. 1793. He first settled at Bury; but, after only a short residence, found reason to remove to London. Soon after his arrival in the metropolis, he was a candidate for the office of physician to St George's hos-

¹ The Harmonicon.—New Monthly Magazine.

pital; but having been successfully opposed by Dr Pemberton, he expressed his determination never again to write a prescription, and henceforth devoted his time almost entirely to experimental chemistry. He was elected a fellow of the Royal society in 1793; and was elected Second Secretary, November 30, 1806. His communications to the 'Philosophical Transactions' commenced in 1797, and amount to the following numerous list:—

In 1797, 'On the Gout and Urinary Concretions;' in 1800, 'On Double Images caused by Atmospheric Refractions;' in 1801, 'Experiments on the Chemical Production and Agency of Electricity;' in 1802, 'A Method of examining Refractive and Dispersive Powers by Prismatic Reflection; and a paper 'On the Oblique Refraction of Iceland crystal;' in 1803, the Bakerian Lecture, consisting of 'Observations on the quantity of Horizontal Refraction; with a method of measuring the Dip at Sea;' in 1804, a paper 'On a new Metal found in crude plate;' in 1805, another 'On the discovery of Palladium, with observations on other substances found with Platina;' in 1806, the Bakerian Lecture, 'On the force of Percussion;' in 1807, an 'Essay on Fairy-rings;' in 1808, three 'On Platina and Native Palladium from Brazil;' 'On the identity of Columbium and Tantalum;' and a 'Description of a Reflective Goniometer;' in 1810, the Croonian Lecture, 'On Muscular Action, Sea-sickness, and the salutary effects of exercise on gestation;' and an essay 'On Cystic Oxide, a new species of Urinary Calculus;' in 1811, 'On the non-existence of sugar in the blood of persons labouring under Diabetes Mellitus;' in 1812, two papers 'On the primitive crystals of Carbonate of Lime, Bitter Spar, and Iron Spar;' and 'On a Periscopic Camera Obscura and Microscope;' in 1813, the Bakerian Lecture, 'On the elementary particles of certain Crystals; the explanation of 'A Method of drawing extremely fine Wires; and 'A Description of a Single-lens Microscope;' in 1820, articles 'On the methods of cutting rock crystal for Micrometers;' and 'On sounds inaudible by certain ears.'—Dr Wollaston communicated, in 1815, to Thomson's 'Annals of Philosophy,' 'A Description of an Elementary Galvanic Battery;' and to the Philosophical Magazine, in 1816, 'Observations and Experiments on the Mass of Native Iron found in Brazil.' Within the session only, in the midst of which his decease occurred, five essays by Dr Wollaston were read before the Royal society. The first was the Bakerian Lecture, 'On a method of rendering Platina malleable; for which, on their last anniversary, November 30, 1828, the Royal society awarded to the inventor one of the royal medals; and an honourable eulogy was delivered by the President on the occasion. The subjects of the other four essays were, On a microscopic double; On a differential Barometer; On a method of comparing the Light of the Sun with that of the Fixed Stars; and, On the Water of the Mediterranean.

Thomson, in his 'History of the Royal society,' when speaking of modern British Chemistry, says that "three distinct schools have been established by three gentlemen,"—Dr Wollaston, Mr (the late Sir Humphrey) Davy, and Mr Dalton. "Dr Wollaston," he adds, "possesses an uncommon neatness of hand, and has invented a very ingenious method of determining the properties and constituents of very minute quantities of matter. This is attended with several great advantages; it requires

but very little apparatus, and therefore the experiments may be performed in almost any situation; it saves a great deal of time and a great deal of expense; while the numerous discoveries of Dr Wollaston demonstrate the precision of which his method is susceptible." It may be added, that the laboratory of Dr Wollaston, small as it was, proved more profitable to his purse than has usually been the case with experimental philosophers. His discovery of the malleability of platinum, it has been asserted, alone produced about £30,000. Among the delicate instruments, which he was accustomed to make in a remarkably neat manner, was a sliding rule of chemical equivalents, which is exceedingly useful to the practical chemist. He also constructed a galvanic battery of such small dimensions, that it was contained in a thimble. By inserting platina wire in silver, and when at a great heat drawing out both together, and afterwards separating them by dissolving away the silver with nitrous acid, he produced some wire of platina, of so diminutive a diameter as to be very much finer than any hair, and almost imperceptible to the naked eye. Of the Geological society Dr Wollaston became a member in 1812: he was frequently elected on the council, and was for some time one of the Vice-presidents. He made no contributions to the publications of that learned body; but he was well acquainted with the scope of their inquiries, and always attended to the geological phenomena of the countries which he visited in his excursions.

At the annual meeting of the Society, February 20, 1829, Dr Fitton, the president, remarked, that "though Dr Wollaston did not publish any thing on the more immediate subjects of our pursuit, his success in the cultivation of other branches of knowledge has conduced in no small degree to the recent advancement of geology. The discovery of two new metals was but a part of his contributions to chemical science: and his application of chemistry to the examination of very minute quantities, by means of the simplest apparatus, divested chemical inquiry of much of its practical difficulty, and greatly promoted mineralogy. His Camera Lucida is an acquisition of peculiar value to the geologist, as it enables those who are unskilled in drawing to preserve the remembrance of what they see, and gives a fidelity to sketches hardly attainable by other means. The adaptation of measurement by reflection to the purposes of crystallography, by the invention of his goniometer, introduced into that department of science a certainty and precision, which the most skilful observers were before unable to attain; and his paper on the distinctions of the carbonates of lime, magnesia, and iron, affords one of the most remarkable instances that can be mentioned, of the advantage arising from the union of crystallography with chemical research. He was in fact a mineralogist of the first order,—if the power of investigating accurately the characters and compositions of minerals be considered as the standard of skill. Possessing such variety of knowledge, with the most inventive quickness and sagacity in its application to new purposes, Dr Wollaston was at all times accessible to those whom he believed to be sincerely occupied in useful inquiry: he seemed indeed himself to delight in such communications; and his singular dexterity and neatness in experiment rendered comparatively easy to him the multiplied investigations arising from them, which to others might have been oppressive or impracticable. His penetration and correct judgment, upon subjects apparently the most remote from his own immediate pursuits, made him,

during many of the latter years of his life, the universal arbiter on questions of scientific difficulty; and the instruction thus derived from communication with a man of his attainments, has had an effect on the progress of knowledge in this country, and on the conduct of various public undertakings, the value of which it would be difficult to estimate, and the loss of which is at present, and long will be, quite impossible to supply. These, gentlemen, are some of the grounds on which the memory of Dr Wollaston claims our gratitude and veneration, as cultivators of natural science; but to those who have known him in private life he has left, what is still more precious, the example of his personal character. It would be difficult to name a man who so well combined the qualities of an English gentleman and a philosopher; or whose life better deserves the eulogium given by the first of our orators to one of our most distinguished public characters; for it was marked by a constant wish and endeavour to be 'useful to mankind.'"

Dr Henry, in the last edition of his 'Elements of Experimental Chemistry,' draws the following parallel betwixt Davy and Wollaston: "It is impossible to direct our views to the future improvement of this wide field of science, without deeply lamenting the privation which we have lately sustained of two of its most successful cultivators—Sir Humphrey Davy and Dr Wollaston;—at a period of life, too, when it seemed reasonable to have expected from each of them a much longer continuance of his invaluable labours. To those high gifts of nature which are the characteristic of genius, and which constitute its very essence, both those eminent men united an unwearied industry, and zeal in research, and habits of accurate reasoning, without which even the energies of genius are inadequate to the achievement of great scientific designs. With these excellencies, common to both, they were nevertheless distinguishable by marked intellectual peculiarities. Bold, ardent, and enthusiastic, Davy soared to greater heights; he commanded a wider horizon; and his keen vision penetrated to its utmost boundaries. His imagination, in the highest degree fertile and inventive, took a rapid and extensive range in pursuit of conjectural analogies, which he submitted to close and patient comparison with known facts, and tried by an appeal to ingenious and conclusive experiments. He was imbued with the spirit, and he was a master in the practice, of the inductive logic; and he has left us some of the noblest examples of the efficacy of that great instrument of human reason in the discovery of truth. He applied it, not only to connect classes of facts of more limited extent and importance, but to develop great and comprehensive laws, which embrace phenomena that are almost universal to the natural world. In explaining those laws, he cast upon them the illumination of his own clear and vivid conceptions;—he felt an intense admiration of the beauty, order, and harmony, which are conspicuous in the perfect chemistry of nature; and he expressed those feelings with a force of eloquence which could issue only from a mind of the highest powers, and of the finest sensibilities. With much less enthusiasm from temperament, Dr Wollaston was endowed with bodily senses of extraordinary acuteness and accuracy, and with great general vigour of understanding. Trained in the discipline of the exact sciences, he had acquired a powerful command over his attention, and had habituated himself to the most rigid correctness, both of thought and of language. He was sufficiently provided with the

resources of the mathematics, to be enabled to pursue with success profound inquiries in mechanical and optical philosophy, the results of which enabled him to unfold the causes of phenomena not before understood, and to enrich the arts, connected with those sciences, by the invention of ingenious and valuable instruments. In chemistry he was distinguished by the extreme nicety and delicacy of his observations; by the quickness and precision with which he marked resemblances and discriminated differences; the sagacity with which he devised experiments, and anticipated their results; and the skill with which he executed the analysis of fragments of new substances, often so minute as to be scarcely perceptible by ordinary eyes. He was remarkable, too, for the caution with which he advanced from facts to general conclusions; a caution which, if it sometimes prevented him from reaching at once to the most sublime truths, yet rendered every step of his ascent a secure station, from which it was easy to rise to higher and more enlarged inductions. Thus these illustrious men, though differing essentially in their natural powers and acquired habits, and moving independently of each other, in different paths, contributed to accomplish the same great ends—the evolving new elements; the combining matter into new forms; the increase of human happiness by the improvement of the arts of civilized life; and the establishment of general laws, that will serve to guide other philosophers onwards through vast and unexplored regions of scientific discovery."

A short time before his death, Dr Wollaston presented to the Royal society funded stock to the amount of £1000, the interest of which is to be annually employed towards the encouragement of experiments. His remains were interred at Chisselhurst, in Kent. The funeral was, according to his particular request, exceedingly private, as he had desired that it should be attended only by the descendants of his grandfather. Dr Wollaston was never married.¹

Thomas Young.

BORN A. D. 1774.—DIED A. D. 1829.

THIS distinguished philosopher and most accomplished scholar, was educated partly at Gottingen and partly at Edinburgh. He graduated at the latter university, and soon after came to London, where he was appointed one of the lecturers at the Royal institution, and subsequently physician to St George's hospital. In 1794 he was elected a fellow of the Royal society, and in 1804 he was appointed Foreign secretary to that distinguished body, having already acquired equal reputation in science and letters.

Dr Young's fame will chiefly rest upon his discovery of the phonetic system of Egyptian hieroglyphics. The following list, however, of his publications previously to 1815, when his remarks on the Inscription of Rosetta were first given to the public, will best illustrate the extraordinary fertility and activity of his mind. It is taken from an autograph manuscript of the author:—

¹ New Monthly and Gentleman's Magazines.—Annual Obituary, vol. xiv.

1. A short 'Note on Gum Ladanum, with a verbal Criticism on Longinus, signed with his initials, and inserted in the Monthly Review for 1791, seems to have been his first appearance before the public. The criticism was admitted by Dr Burney to be correct.—2. In the Gentleman's Magazine for April, 1792, Observations on the Manufacture of Iron; an Attempt to remove some Objections to Dr Crawford's theory of Heat, which had been advanced by Dr Beddoes.—3. Entomological Remarks; Gentleman's Magazine, December, 1792: on the Habits of Spiders; on a Passage of Aristotle, with an Illustration of the Fabrician System; and a plate of the mouth of an insect.—4. Observations on Vision: Philosophical Transactions, 1793, p. 169; explaining the accommodation of the eye, from a muscular power in the crystalline lens—a theory not altogether new, but immediately afterwards claimed by John Hunter, as a discovery of his own.—5. Contributions to Hodgkin's Calligraphia Græca, 4to. London, 1794; including Lear's Curses in Iambics.—6. Description of an Opercularia. Linnæan Transactions, vol. iii. p. 30. London, 1797; read in 1794. The Opercularia Aspera of Gærtner, called by Persoon, Cryptospermum Youngii, from the name here suggested.—7. Some Notes and an Epigram, in Dalzel's Collectanea Græca, 8vo. Edinburgh, 1795.—8. De Corporis Humani Viribus conservatricibus, Dissertatio, 8vo. Gottingen, 1796: an Inaugural Dissertation, collected from a multiplicity of authors.—9. Translation of Lichtenstein on the Genus Mantis. Linnæan Transactions, vol. vi. p. 1.; read in 1797.—10. The Leptologist. British Magazine, 1800: a series of Essays on Grammar, Criticism, Geometry, Paintings, Manners, Riches, Exercises, Medicine, and Music; some of them reprinted afterwards.—11, 12. There is also an account of the French Calendar and Measures, and an Essay on the Morals of the Germans.—13. Experiments and Enquiries respecting Sound and Light. Philosophical Transactions, 1800, p. 106: the vibrations of the air observed by means of smoke; those of strings counted, and their orbits observed with a microscope; their harmonics suppressed at pleasure.—14. A Bakerian Lecture on the Mechanism of the Eye. Philosophical Transactions, 1801, p. 23: describing a new Optometer, and showing that the eye retains its power of accommodation under water; measuring also the dispersive power of the eye. (Dr Young remarks, that he "afterwards found that his own eye lost almost the whole of its power of accommodation soon after fifty, remaining fixed at its greatest focal distance.")—15. A Letter respecting Sound and Light. Nicholson's Journal, August, 1801; in Answer to Professor Robison, of Edinburgh.—16. A Syllabus of a Course of Lectures on Natural and Experimental Philosophy, 8vo. London, 1802: presenting a Mathematical Demonstration of the most important Theorems in Mechanics and in Optics; and containing the first publication of the general law of the Interference of Light, which has been considered as the happiest result of all the author's efforts. It was not till the year 1827, that the importance of this law could be said to be fully admitted in England: it was in that year that the council of the Royal society adjudged Count Rumford's Medal to M. Fresnal, for having applied it, with some modifications, to the most intricate phenomena of polarised light.—17. A Bakerian Lecture on the Theory of Light and Colours; Phil. Trans. 1802, p. 12; developing the law

of interference, and entering into all the details of the theory to which it leads; dwelling, at the same time, upon the difficult points, with somewhat more of candour than might have been consistent with his object, had he been anxious to obtain proselytes.—18. *An Account of some Cases of the Production of Colours*, p. 387; containing a simpler statement of some applications of the same law, intended to exhibit the facts in a more concentrated form.—19. *A Reply to Mr Gough's Remarks*. Nicholson, November, 1802, p. 1. This letter, together with some subsequent correspondence, relates principally to the coalescence or composition of sounds, affording an analogy to the interference of light.—20. *Journals of the Royal Institution*, 8vo. London, 1802–3. A first volume, and part of a second were edited, and chiefly written, by Dr Young.—21. *Experiments and Calculations relative to Physical Optics*. Phil. Trans. 1804, p. 1. Another Bakerian Lecture, continuing the demonstration and the application of the law of interference.—22. *A Reply to the Animadversions of the Edinburgh Reviewers*, 8vo, 1804: a defence of the papers printed in the Transactions, against two articles supposed to have been written by Mr Brougham.—23. To an Imperial Review, which was an unsuccessful speculation of some booksellers in 1804, he contributed several medical and some other miscellaneous articles. The works that he reviewed were, Dumas *Physiologie*, Darwin's *Temple of Nature*, Blackburn on *Scarlet Fever*, Percival's *Medical Ethics*, Fothergill's *Tic Douloureux*, Crichton's *Table*, Nisbet's *Watering Places*, Rowley on *Madness*, Hutton's *Ozanum*, Buchan on *Sea-Bathing*, Robison's *Astronomy*, Winterbottom's *Sierra Leone*, Macgregor's *Medical Sketches*, Wilson's *Philosophy of Physic*, Richerand's *Physiology*, and Joyce's *Scientific Dialogues*.—24. *An Essay on the Cohesion of Fluids*. Phil. Trans. 1805, p. 71; containing many of the results which were published as new about a year afterwards by La Place. The mathematical reasoning, for want of mathematical symbols, was not understood, even by tolerable mathematicians; from a dislike of the affectation of algebraical formality, which he had observed in some foreign authors, he was led into something like an affectation of simplicity, which was equally inconvenient to a scientific reader.—29. *A Course of Lectures on Natural Philosophy and the Mechanical Arts*; two volumes, 4to. London, 1807. This elaborate work was the result of the unremitting application of five years; two, whilst the author was engaged in giving the lectures at the Royal institution, and three more in compiling the mass of references contained in the second volume, and in incorporating their results, when requisite, with the text of the first. By means of numerous plates, and by indexes of various kinds, he had endeavoured to render the book as convenient for occasional reference, as it was correct for the purposes of methodical study. (The failure of the booksellers who published this work, at the moment of its appearance, so greatly injured its sale at the time, that it did not repay the expenses of the publication; and Dr Young considered that his labours were first generally appreciated by the natural philosophers of the continent.)—26. *Remarks on Looming, or Horizontal refraction*. Nicholson, July, 1807, p. 153, supplying some deficiencies in Dr Wollaston's Theory, particularly with regard to the occurrence of actual reflection.—27. *A Table on Chances, with Remarks on Waves*. Nicholson, October, 1807, p. 116.—28. A

Theory of Covered Ways and Arches. Nicholson, December, 1807, p. 24.—29. Remarks on a Pamphlet of Professor Vince. Nicholson, April, 1808, p. 304; pointing out the mathematical fallacy of the professor's supposed refutation of the hypothesis of Newton, respecting the cause of gravitation.—30. Calculation of the Rate of Expansion of a supposed Lunar Atmosphere. Nicholson, June, 1808, p. 117.—31. Determination of the Figure of a gravitating Body. Nicholson, June, 1808, p. 208.—32. Calculation of the Attraction of a Spheroid. Nicholson, August, 1808, p. 273.—33. A Review of Sinclair on Longevity. British Critic.—34. Abstracts and Criticisms in the 'Retrospect,' about 1808 and 1809.—35. Hydraulic Investigations. Phil. Trans. 1808, p. 164; principally subservient to an intended Croonian Lecture.—36. *A Syllabus of a Course of Lectures on the Elements of the Medical Sciences, 8vo. London, 1809. These lectures were delivered for two seasons at the Middlesex hospital. (Dr Young remarks, that "they were little frequented, on account of the usual miscalculation of the lecturer, who gave his audience more information in a given time, than it was in their power to follow.")—37. Computation of the Depression of Mercury in the Barometer. Nicholson, March, 1809, p. 215. A Continuation of the Paper on the Cohesion of Fluids, October, p. 81.—38. Remarks on the Friction of Wheels, in Buchanan's Essay on Wheel-work, 8vo. Glasgow, 1809.—39. A Croonian Lecture on the Heart and Arteries. Phil. Trans. 1809, p. 1: attempting to demonstrate, on mechanical principles, that the larger arteries can have little or no concern in propelling the blood by their active muscular powers.—40. A Numerical Table of Elective Attractions. Phil. Trans. 1809, p. 148: with remarks on the sequences of double decompositions, showing that if numerical expressions of electric attractions are possible, their effects in double decompositions may be compendiously expressed by tables of sequences only.—41. A Memoria Technica for Elective Attractions, in a few Latin Hexameters. Nicholson, April, 1809.—42. Account of the Pharmacopœia Londinensis, in Cumberland's London Review, 1810.—43. To the early volumes of the 'Quarterly Review' he contributed a variety of articles, which frequently, according to the custom of modern times, contained more original research than of immediate criticism. To vol. i. *La Place, Action Capillaire*. Vol. ii. Haslam, Pinel, Cox, and Arnold, on *Insanity*; *La Place, Refraction Extraordinaire*. Vol. iii. *Hereulanensia*; Jones on the *Gout*; *Mémoires d'Arcueil*. Vol. vi. Cuthbert on the *Tides*; vol. viii. *Davy's Chemical Philosophy*. Vol. ix. Blackall on *Dropsies*. Vol. x. *Adelung's Mithridates*; *Göthe on Colours*. Vol. xi. *Malus, Biot, Seebeck, and Brewster, on Light*; *Bancroft on Dyeing*; *Davy's Agricultural Chemistry*; *Adams on Ectropium*. Vol. xiii. *Wells on Dew*. Vol. xiv. *Jamieson and Townsend on Languages*; *Pym and Fellowes on Yellow Fever*, an article printed, but not published in the work. Vol. xix. p. 411. *Restoration and Translation of the inscription on the Sphinx*.—44. *Berzelius on Definite Proportions*, from the German, appeared in several successive numbers of the *Philosophical Magazine*, from January, 1813, to April, 1814.—45. *A Theory of the Tides*. Nicholson, July, August, 1813.—46. *An Introduction to Medical Literature, including a System of Practical Nosology*, 8vo. London, 1813: a work of considerable labour, though far less arduous

than the 'Natural Philosophy.' The Appendix contains an abstract of Berzelius's Animal Chemistry, from the Swedish. To a second edition, published in 1823, were added the References to later Journals, and an Essay on Palpitations, which first appeared in the fifth volume of the Medical Transactions of the College of London.—47. Remarks on the Employment of Oblique Riders, and on other Alterations in the Construction of Ships. Phil. Trans. 1814, p. 303; the substance of a Report before presented to the Board of Admiralty, relating to Sir Robert Sepping's Improvements, with some additional illustrations.—48. An Investigation of the Thrust of soft Substances. Hutton's Mathematical Dictionary; edition 2., 1815. Article, Pressure.—49. A Practical and Historical Treatise on Consumptive Diseases, 8vo. London, 1815.

Many learned men had directed their investigations to the hieroglyphic system of the Egyptians: such as Father Kircher the Jesuit, whose different works on Egyptian antiquities had been successively published in Rome, from 1636 to 1652,—Warburton, the highly gifted author of the 'Divine Legation of Moses,'—the learned Count de Gebelin,—the Chevalier Palin,—and others of equal and less name. But these had all confessedly failed, and the learned almost gave up the subject in despair, so much so, that the only opinion which appeared to be well established among them was, "that it was impossible ever to acquire that knowledge which had hitherto been sought with great labour, and in vain." Warburton, however, had got a glimpse of it, as we shall presently see. In the midst of these discouragements, a circumstance occurred, familiar probably to our readers, but to which we allude merely to observe, that it seemed at once to open a new era of investigation, and is among the many evidences of the fact, that events of apparently the most inconsiderable description, are connected with results whose magnitude cannot be estimated. At the close of the last century, while the French troops were engaged in the prosecution of the war in Egypt, it is well known that a number of learned men were associated with the expedition, for the prosecution of purposes far more honourable than those of human conquest,—we mean the exploration of a hitherto sealed country, with the express design of advancing the arts and sciences. One division of the army occupied the village of Raschid, otherwise called Rosetta; and, while they were employed in digging the foundation for a fort, they found a block of black basalt, in a mutilated condition, bearing a portion of three inscriptions, one of which was in the Egyptian hieroglyphics. The fate of the military expedition, lost to the French the possession of this stone, as it fell into the hands of the British by the capitulation of Alexandria; it was afterwards conveyed to London, and placed in the British museum in 1802.

"The Rosetta stone, No. 32 in the British museum, is a piece of black basalt. In its present state it is much mutilated, chiefly at the top and at the right side. Its greatest length, in its present condition, is about three feet, measured on the flat face which contains the writing: its breadth, which in some parts is entire, is about two feet five inches. The under part of the stone, which is not written upon, is left rough in thickness the stone varies from ten to twelve inches. The discovery of this triple inscription excited a very lively interest among all who

had devoted themselves to Egyptian archaeology, since it gave hopes that we should at last be able by means of it to decipher the numerous inscriptions of ancient Egypt. The Rosetta stone contains parts of three distinct inscriptions; the highest on the stone is in what we generally call hieroglyphics; the second is in that character commonly called the 'enchorial,' or 'the characters of the country;' and the third, which is in Greek, declares at the end that the decree which this stone contains was cut in three different characters, the 'sacred characters,' 'those of the country,' or the 'enchorial,' and 'the Greek.' A large part of the hieroglyphic inscription is broken off; the beginning of the first fifteen lines of the enchorial or second inscription is also wanting; and the end of the Greek inscription is mutilated."¹

This is a brief history of the Rosetta stone, as it is called, but still it baffled the investigations of the learned. They had gone upon the supposition, that the hieroglyphic method of writing must, of necessity, be ideographic, i. e. figurative or symbolical, and that each of these signs was the expression of an idea. Here appears to have been the great root of all their mistakes on the subject—mistakes naturally fallen into by the moderns, inasmuch as the few incidental passages left on the subject in the writings of the ancients, all recognised this as a fact. Except Clement of Alexandria, one of the fathers of the church, not a solitary writer had left on record any other opinion; and the passage of Clement had itself never been understood. It is as follows:—"Those who are educated among the Egyptians," says this author, "learn first of all that arrangement of the Egyptian letters called the epistolographic, then the hieratic which is used by the hierogrammatæ, and lastly the hieroglyphic, which is, 1st, according to its first elements (*ἀπὸ τῶν πρώτων στοιχείων*) kyriologic, or, 2dly, symbolic. But the symbolic system is either, first, kyriologic, by means of resemblances, or secondly, it represents the objects tropically (figuratively,) or thirdly, it allegorizes by certain enigmas. Thus, in the first, or kyriologic method, if they wish to represent the sun, they make a circle, and if the moon, a crescent. For the tropical method, they proceed by analogies, and thus first, they represent objects circuitously, or secondly, change them slightly, or thirdly, transform them into various ways. Thus, wishing to record the praises of sovereigns under theological expressions, they preserve them by means of anaglyphs. As to the third mode, or that by means of enigmas, here is an example. They represent the other stars, on account of the obliquity of their courses, by a serpent, but the sun by a beetle."

"A cursory inspection of the pillar of Rosetta," says one of the ablest writers on the disputed claim to the discovery, "was sufficient to establish, as incontrovertible, Bishop Warburton's profound observation, already noticed, that the hieroglyphics constituted a real written language. Of the three inscriptions sculptured on its sides, a considerable part of the first is unfortunately wanting; the beginning of the second, and the end of the third are also mutilated; but the last, which is in Greek, terminates with the important information, that the decree which it contains (in honour of Ptolemy Epiphanes,) had been ordered to be engraved in three different characters—the sacred or hieroglyphic, the

¹ 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge.' *Egypt. Antiq.* vol. ii. pp. 342-346.

enchorial or letters of the country (synonymous with the demotic,) and the Greek: so that here was an authentic specimen of hieroglyphic characters—expressly accompanied by a translation.

“Now, the first step to be taken evidently was, to obtain an exact translation of this translation. Accordingly, the Society of Antiquaries having caused a correct copy of the triple inscription to be engraved and circulated, Porson and Heyné, the two best scholars of the age, employed themselves in completing and illustrating the Greek text which constituted the third part of the inscription;—a task, we may observe, in the performance of which the superior industry and vigilance of the German gave him a decided advantage over the more active genius of the English professor. This, as we have said, was the first step: but the next was far more arduous. No data had been yet obtained by means of which a comparison might be instituted between the Greek, which the labours of Porson and Heyné had restored, and the hieroglyphical and enchorial texts, of which not a single character was known. In these circumstances there was but one course to be adopted; and that was, to adjust the inscriptions, so that they might as nearly as possible correspond, and, from the situation of the proper names in the Greek inscription, endeavour to ascertain their places in one or both of the other inscriptions. If characters merely phonetic entered into the composition of the hieroglyphic and enchorial texts, it was evident that, by this means, the value of some of them would be ascertained. It was, therefore, a matter of indifference whether the comparison was first made between the Greek and hieroglyphic, or between the Greek and enchorial inscriptions; but a notion happening to prevail that the enchorial was altogether alphabetical, the first attempt was made upon it. Accordingly, M. Silvestre de Sacy having examined the parts of this text, corresponding, by their relative situation, to two passages of the Greek inscription in which the proper names Alexander and Alexandria occur, soon recognised two well marked groups of characters nearly resembling each other, and which he, therefore, considered as representing these names. He also made out, very satisfactorily, the locus of the name of Ptolemy; but beyond this he found it impossible to advance a single step, and ultimately abandoned the pursuit as hopeless. He had done something, however; and, above all, he had shown that the investigation, which he gave up in despair, was not so impracticable as he had imagined. M. Akerblad, a diplomatic gentleman then at Paris, and afterwards Swedish resident at Rome, resumed the inquiry at the point where it had been abandoned, and completely demonstrated the truth of what De Sacy had done little more than conjecture, viz. that the enchorial text contained Greek proper names written in Egyptian characters. From these he subsequently attempted to construct an alphabet, and to extend his readings to the other parts of the text: but in this he completely failed; partly because, like his predecessor, he had imbibed the notion, that the whole inscription was alphabetical; and partly, too, from his expecting to find in the Egyptian writing all the vowels which the same words contain in the Coptic texts still extant;—while he ought to have considered that the greater part of them would probably be suppressed, according to the practice which obtains in the Hebrew, Chaldee, Arabic, and other written Oriental languages. Excepting the detached observation respecting

the numerals at the end, M. Akerblad made little or no effort to understand the first, or hieroglyphic, inscription on the pillar; and he was even disposed to acquiesce in the correctness of M. Palin's interpretation, which proceeds on the supposition that parts of the first lines of the hieroglyphics are still remaining on the stone.

"Matters were in this state when Dr Young commenced his labours. Little or nothing had been done to interpret the hieroglyphics; but the germ of all the succeeding discoveries may be said to have been found, when the idea of fixing the places of proper names had once been suggested, and of considering the corresponding groups of figures as representing their sounds. Having been induced, as he states, 'by motives both of private friendship and of professional obligation,' to offer to the editors of a periodical publication an article containing an abstract of the 'Mithridates of Adelung,' a work then lately received from the continent, the doctor's curiosity had been very forcibly excited by a note of the editor, Professor Vater, in which the latter asserted, that the unknown language of the Rosetta stone, and of the bandages often found with the mummies, was capable of being analysed into an alphabet consisting of little more than thirty letters: but having merely retained a general impression of this original and striking remark, he thought no more of these inscriptions till, early in 1814, they were recalled to his attention by the examination of some fragments of papyrus which had been recently brought to England by Sir W. R. Broughton, and on which, after a hasty inspection of M. Akerblad's pamphlet, he communicated a few anonymous remarks to the Society of Antiquarians. In the summer of the same year, he applied himself vigorously, first to the enchorial, and afterwards to the hieroglyphic inscription; and, by an attentive and methodical comparison of the different parts with each other, he was able, in the course of a few months, to send to the *Archæologia* a 'conjectural translation' of each of the Egyptian inscriptions, distinguishing the contents of the different lines with as much precision as his materials would then admit of. He was obliged, however, to leave many important passages still subject to doubt; but he hoped to acquire additional information before he attempted to determine their signification with accuracy; and having made the first great step, he concluded that many others might be added with facility and rapidity. Meanwhile, in order to facilitate the inquiry, he endeavoured to make himself familiar with the remains of the old Egyptian language, as these are preserved in the Coptic and Thebaic versions of the scriptures,—hoping, with the aid of this knowledge, to discover an alphabet which would enable him to read the enchorial inscription at least, into a kindred dialect; and, though he felt himself compelled gradually to abandon this expectation, he soon after published anew (in the *Museum Criticum* of Cambridge) his conjectural translation with considerable additions and corrections. Finally, in the article *Egypt*, in the fourth volume of the 'Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*,' published in December, 1819, he digested and arranged in a methodical form the result of his researches, and, in particular, gave a vocabulary, comprising upwards of 200 names or words, which he had succeeded in deciphering in the hieroglyphic and enchorial texts and in the Egyptian manuscripts. We do not hesitate to pronounce this article the greatest

effort of scholarship and ingenuity of which modern literature can boast."¹

Dr Young's claim to the discovery of the nature and meaning of the phonetic hieroglyphics was contested by M. Champollion, a learned Frenchman. The question is, we think, very satisfactorily determined in favour of our countryman by the learned writer last quoted, who goes on to say: "Dr Young is entitled to the exclusive merit of having solved an enigma which had, for centuries, baffled all the resources of the learned. The method adopted by him for deciphering the enchorial and hieroglyphic texts of the Rosetta inscription is a masterpiece of ingenious contrivance; and he has the honour of having been the first to demonstrate, that in the latter as well as in the former, certain characters, whatever may have been their original import, were employed to represent sounds. He was no doubt of opinion that the characters employed by the Egyptians were essentially ideographic, and were only used phonetically in representing foreign combinations of sound; but this unlucky notion, which prevented the prosecution of his own discovery, did not hinder him from laying the foundations of a hieroglyphic, and exhibiting an enchorial alphabet comparatively so extensive that few additions of any moment have as yet been made to it. In short, (to use the words of Mr Salt, with which we most cordially agree,) 'Dr Young seems to us to stand alone with regard to the progress he has made in the enchorial, as well as for having led the way to the true knowledge of hieroglyphics.'

"We have no means of ascertaining the precise time at which M. Champollion commenced his researches on the subject of hieroglyphics; nor is the point of any importance, except for the purpose of settling the question of priority between him and Dr Young;—a question, be it observed, which has been stirred by himself alone, and about which no other human being can entertain a particle of doubt. After giving a short summary, in the shape of distinct propositions, of the doctrines maintained in the article Egypt, M. Champollion adds, '*Je dois dire qu' à même époque, et sans avoir aucune connaissance des opinions de M. le Docteur Young, je croyais être parvenu, d'une manière assez sûre, à des résultats à-peu-près semblables.*' But there are several considerations which render it utterly impossible to credit this statement. In the first place, we have the direct testimony of Dr Young in disproof of it,—a testimony which M. Champollion has not ventured to contradict. 'At the beginning of my Egyptian researches, (that is, as we have seen, in 1814 and 1815,) I had accidentally,' says the doctor, 'received a letter from M. Champollion, which accompanied a copy of his work on the state of Egypt under the Pharaohs, sent as a present to the Royal society; and as he requested some particular information respecting several parts of the enchorial inscription of Rosetta, which were imperfectly represented in the engraved copies, I readily answered his inquiries from a reference to the original monument in the British museum; and, a short time afterwards, I sent him a copy of my conjectural translation of the inscriptions, as it was inserted in the *Archæologia*.' The doctor adds, that 'with regard to the

¹ Edinburgh Review, vol. xlv. Article, *Hieroglyphics*.

enchorial inscription, M. Champollion appeared to him to have done at that time but little; and that the few references he made to it 'seemed to depend entirely on M. Akerblad's investigations,' which he had tacitly adopted. How then, can M. Champollion pretend to say, that he commenced his hieroglyphical researches at the same period with Dr Young; and without having any knowledge of Dr Young's opinions? But, in the second place, it appears from the respective dates of M. Champollion's publications, that nearly six years elapsed from the period of the above communication until that when the first of these was given to the world; whereas Dr Young's 'conjectural translation' had been published in 1815, long before so much as a hint had escaped that M. Champollion was engaged in similar investigations. The priority of publication, therefore, is quite indisputable. But as M. Champollion has not ventured to contradict the statement of Dr Young in regard to the communication above referred to, and as he admits having seen the article Egypt in the Supplement, nearly two years before the publication of his 'Lettre à M. Dacier,' which contains his first *aperçus* touching hieroglyphics; it is evident that he was in the knowledge of Dr Young's opinions at almost every stage of his progress, and that the question of originality may be as easily settled as that of priority of publication. Lastly, even if there were no weight in the considerations which have now been stated, the habitual disingenuity and want of candour manifested by M. Champollion in every case where Englishmen are concerned, would be sufficient to discredit his allegation in a matter where his personal vanity and national pride are both deeply interested. We have no inclination to say any thing unnecessarily severe; but while we are ready to admit that M. Champollion 'has accomplished too much to stand in need of assuming to himself the merits of another,' the fact, we think, is undoubted that he has done so; and, by the instances which we shall have occasion to produce, it will be proved from his own mouth, that Dr Young is not the only individual who has reason to complain of him, and that his sense of literary justice is extremely dull when the claims of Englishmen are in question.

"M. Champollion appears to have commenced his hieroglyphical studies by a very close examination of the remarkable text of Clemens above quoted, and to have imbibed from it a strong conviction, that phonetic signs entered as an integral element into the system of writing in use among the ancient Egyptians. Indeed, the right interpretation of the passage in question inevitably led to this conclusion; which, in its turn, evidently led to another, viz. that if an alphabet of phonetic characters could be constructed, it would probably furnish a key to hieroglyphical writing in general, and produce new and unexpected results of the utmost importance to history. This, accordingly, was the principle upon which M. Champollion proceeded; and he is entitled to the undivided merit of having foreseen the consequences to which it might ultimately lead.

"The first and great point, therefore was, if possible, to obtain such an alphabet; and to this M. Champollion directed his attention. But the task which he had to perform was comparatively an easy one: for Dr Young, as we have already seen, had not only demonstrated the practicability of constructing such an alphabet, but, by an analysis of the names Ptolemy, Berenice, and others, had assigned phonetic values to nine

distinct characters, a considerable portion of which have since been found to be correct. *Facile est inventis addere.* The first great step had been made; and it only required perseverance and good fortune to insure success. We say good fortune; because Dr Young had already done almost all that was possible with his materials. If the hieroglyphic inscription of Rosetta had come to Europe entire, a tolerably complete alphabet of phonetic hieroglyphics would, in all probability, have been formed, before M. Champollion was heard of as a labourer in this interesting field of inquiry. But, unfortunately, the stone contains only the last fourteen lines of the hieroglyphic text, and these much mutilated; while the hieroglyphic name of Ptolemy, enclosed in an oval or elliptical ring, is the only one of all those mentioned in the Greek text which has escaped total destruction. This name is represented by eight hieroglyphic characters, one of them (the feather) being repeated; and as the Greek name ΠΤΟΛΕΜΑΙΟΣ consists of ten letters, it was of course impossible, without further materials, to fix, with absolute certainty, the relation between the seven or eight hieroglyphic signs and the ten Greek letters. But the discovery of a new monument (and in this consisted M. Champollion's good fortune) at length removed all uncertainty in this respect, and led directly and easily to the formation of the alphabet required."

Dr Young's subsequent publications were as follows:—1. Extracts of Letters and Papers relating to the Egyptian Inscription of Rosetta, in the *Museum Criticum* of Cambridge, Part VI. 8vo. 1815; a Correspondence with MM. Silvestre de Sacy and Akerblad.—2. An Investigation of the Pressure sustained by the fixed supports of flexible Substances. *Phil. Mag.* September, 1813, applied to the Hoops of Casks, and to Dock Gates.—3. An Algebraical Expression of the Value of Lives. *Phil. Mag.* January, 1816, with a Diagram.—4. Account of some Thebaic Manuscripts, written on Leather. *Legh's Narrative*, 4to. London, 1816.—5. Additional Letters relating to the Inscription of Rosetta; the first addressed to the Archduke John, who had lately been in England; the second to M. Akerblad, *Museum Criticum* VII. The letters were printed and distributed in 1816; the *Journal* was not published till 1821. They announce the discovery of the relation between the different kinds of Egyptian Letters or Characters; the basis on which the system of M. Champollion was afterwards erected.—6. Letter of Canova, and two Memoirs of Visconti, translated from the French and Italian. 8vo. London, 1816. A volume of 200 pages, which was completed in twelve days; together with remarks on an error of Delambre, which was afterwards confuted more at large by Mr Cadell.—7. In 1816 Dr Young complied with an application made to him by Mr Macvey Napier, to write some articles for a Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, conducted under the superintendence of that gentleman, and completed in 1825. He wrote sixty-three articles in all.—8. Remarks on some Theorems relating to the Pendulum. *Phil. Trans.* 1818, p. 95, in a Letter to Captain Kater.—9. Translation of some Greek Inscriptions. *Light's Travels*, 4to. London, 1818.—10. Specimen of a Greek Manuscript in the possession of the earl of Mountnorris, 1819. *Archæologia*, vol. xix. This may possibly have been a pawnbroker's account: another piece nearly resembling it was sent by Mr Salt to the British Museum.—11. Remarks on the

Probabilities of Error in Physical Experiments, and on the Density of the Earth, considered especially with regard to the Reduction of Experiments on the Pendulum. *Phil. Trans.* 1819, p. 70, computing the density of the earth, upon the supposition of the compression of a homogeneous elastic substance only.—12. Dr Young edited the *Nautical Almanac*, from the year 1819, for the remainder of his life.—13. Remarks on La Place's latest Computation of the Density and Figure of the Earth. *Brande's Journal*, April, 1820; determining the Ellipticity, on the supposition of a compressed elastic substance.—14. Dr Young furnished quarterly, for many years, to *Brande's Philosophical Journal*, about twenty pages of Astronomical and Nautical Collections, beginning in 1820; the greater part either original or translated by himself.—15. Appendix to the second edition of *Belzoni's Travels*, 4to. London, 1821.—16. *Elementary Illustration of the Celestial Mechanics of La Place*, 8vo. London, 1821; with some additions relating to the motions of Waves, and of Sound, and to the cohesion of Fluids. (This volume, and the article 'Tides,' in the *Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica*, Dr Young considered as together containing the most fortunate of the results of his mathematical labours.)—17. *An Account of some recent Discoveries in Hieroglyphical Literature and Egyptian Antiquities*, including the Author's original Alphabet, as extended by M. Champollion, 8vo. London, 1823; with a Translation of some Greek Manuscripts on Papyrus, the most remarkable of which was Mr Grey's 'Antigraph' of an Egyptian original then lying on his table; the discovery of which singular coincidence was the immediate cause of the publication of the volume.—18. *Hieroglyphics collected by the Egyptian Society*, folio. London, 1823: a collection of Plates of Egyptian Antiquities, subservient to the study of Hieroglyphical Literature, lithographed at the expense of about fifty subscribers, but not at that time publicly sold. The second number, plates 16 to 40, contains nearly all that was known of the interpretation of the Hieroglyphics, the evidence for each word being exhibited in a comparative Index.—(This work was entirely carried on by Dr Young; but the subscriptions not being adequate to the expenses, it was afterwards made over to the Royal Society of Literature, he undertaking to continue the supervision as before.)—19. A finite and exact Expression for the Refraction of an Atmosphere nearly resembling that of the Earth. *Phil. Trans.* 1824, p. 159; a computation derived from an optical hypothesis not exactly agreeing with the probable height of the physical atmosphere, but affording correct results.—20. Remarks on Spohn and Seyffarth. *Brande's Phil. Journal*, October, 1826, in a Letter addressed to the Baron William von Humboldt.—21. A Formula for Expressing the Decrement of Human Life; in a Letter addressed to Sir Edward Hyde East, Bart. *Phil. Trans.* 1826; intended to render the Interpolation from the best observations more regular: it is followed by a correction of Dr Price's mistake, respecting the periodical payments of annuities.—22. Practical Application of the Doctrine of Chances, as it regards the Subdivision of Risks. *Brande's Phil. Journ.* October, 1826; showing the Limitations under which Speculations on Probabilities may be conducted with Prudence.—23. Remarks on Mr Peyron's Account of the Egyptian Papyrus. *Brande's Phil. Journal*, January, 1827—the great Greek Papyrus of Turin; in which Mr Grey's three contracts are cited

and explained,—not two of them only, as had been supposed by Mr Peyron.

Dr Young's industrious and useful life was terminated by death on the 10th of May, 1829.

Daniel Terry.

BORN A. D. 1780.—DIED A. D. 1829.

THIS admired actor was a native of Bath, in which city he received his education. He was apprenticed to an architect, but immediately on the close of his indentures joined Macready's company at Sheffield, from which, however, he soon transferred his services to that of Stephen Kemble. In 1806 he obtained an engagement at Liverpool, where he became a great favourite with the public. His next engagement was with the Edinburgh company. Whilst in the northern metropolis he made the acquaintance and friendship of Sir Walter Scott, and many other eminent literary characters, who admired his talents, and wrote very gratifying criticisms on his theatrical appearances. In 1812 he accepted an engagement at the Haymarket theatre in London, where he was very favourably received, and played an entire season with great success. In 1813 he was engaged for Covent Garden; and remained on that establishment till 1822, when, on some disagreement with the managers, he transferred his services to Drury Lane. His death, which took place in 1829, was to appearance accelerated by the unfortunate issue of certain speculations in which he engaged connected with the purchase of the Adelphi theatre.

The 'Annual Register' for 1809 contains the following critique on Terry's style of acting, from the pen of Scott: "At the head of the performers who appeared on our stage for the first time must undoubtedly be placed Mr Terry, an actor of very comprehensive and very eminent talents. He has successfully exhibited his powers in tragedy, comedy, pantomime, and farce; and, with the exception of lovers, fine gentlemen, and vocal heroes, there is scarcely a character in the range of the drama, some one of which he does not fill with excellence. His figure is not striking, though muscular and active; but he has a powerful voice, an expressive countenance, and an intellect eminently clear, vigorous, and discriminating. In tragedy, his merit is alike in those characters which exhibit the strong workings of a powerful mind, and the deepest tortures of an agonized heart. But his grief is best when it is required to be vehement: the tone of his feelings is ardent and impassioned; and we do not see the full effect of his powers, unless when his grief is exasperated to frenzy, or combined with the darker shades of guilt, remorse, or despair. In the display of tender emotion, we should think he would fail; but he carefully abstains from those characters in which it is required. He has performed King John, Lear, and Macbeth, all of them with approbation, the two first with distinguished applause. In the celebrated scene with Hubert, he excited a sensation of horror which thrilled the whole audience; and in Lear he marked with equal power the shades of incipient insanity creeping over the mind, and obscuring ere they altogether eclipsed the light of reason. In comedy he excels

chiefly in odd men; equally in those of natural every-day life, as in the tottering caricatures of Centlivre, Vanburgh, and Cibber. His Sir Peter Teazle, Sir Bashful Constant, and Sir Anthony Absolute, are extremely good; and in Lord Ogleby we are inclined to think he has no rival on the stage. He has also essayed the arduous character of Falstaff; and, notwithstanding the disadvantages of a thin face and figure, he has, by the power of his penetrating and accurate intellect, raised it to an equality with any one he performs. In characters of amorous dotage and fretful peevishness he is not less successful; of which his Sir Francis Gripe, Don Manuel, and Sir Adam Contest, are excellent instances.

"The chief fault of this excellent actor is want of ease. In tragedy, he is often impressive, affecting, and even sublime; in comedy, humorous, satirical, and droll: in both he is classically correct; but he is never simple or flowing. His conceptions are just and original; but we sometimes perceive the working of the springs, when we should only be impressed by the felicity of the effect. There are certain characters in which this exhibition of the machinery does well; but it ought in general to be avoided. This error in Mr Terry we hold to have had its origin in the peculiar distinctness of his perceptions, the accuracy with which he is accustomed to analyse his characters, and a laudable anxiety to present them to his audience with unerring clearness and effect. This has imparted to his delivery an air of weighty precision and oracular strength, which, though always vigorous and effective, is not always pleasing or appropriate. It has led also to a violence and frequency of emphasis, that aggravates the defects of a voice at all times rather powerful than melodious, and demands, for strong passion, an exaggeration and vehemence of tone and action, which not only injures the expression, but exhausts the performer. Yet Mr Terry never rants; he sometimes gives needless or hurtful force to a just feeling, but he never exhibits a false one. Were this fault corrected—and being still in the early vigour of life, there is nothing to prevent him from correcting it—we scarcely see an eminence to which Mr Terry may not hope one day to attain. We entertain this expectation with the more confidence, because the rank which he has already reached depends, as we have said, less upon mere personal qualifications than on the constant and uniform exertions of a mind acute, intelligent, well-informed, and, we believe, decidedly bent upon the attainment of professional excellence. His soul appears to us to be devoted to his profession, and that with an enlarged and comprehensive view of his object. The exertions of each evening seem a part of one general system. We never observe those starts of caprice or negligence, too often indulged by performers, who, having acquired the public favour, they themselves know not why, endanger the loss of it they know not wherefore. It is a corresponding part of Mr Terry's merit, that on the stage he is uniformly attentive to the general business of the drama, and to the support of his dramatic character. He never marks by his manner of playing that he is addressing an audience, or even that he is conscious of their presence. And as he is attentive to the maintenance of his own character, he aids, as far as possible, the scenic illusion, by acting as if those on the stage along with him were actually the persons they represent. This is a point much neglected by some performers, who, conscious of real merit themselves, conceive it gives them a right to despise their inferior brethren,

forgetting, that if Hamlet marks by his contemptuous conduct that his bosom confidant, Horatio, is only Mr —, he inevitably forces upon the audience the conviction, that the Prince of Denmark himself is but a shadow. To receive as genuine the base coin which a manager must occasionally put into circulation, may sometimes be a trial of patience; but the more a performer of merit aids the theatrical delusion, by appearing to act with real persons, and under the influence of real motives, the more he will frame the audience to that state of mind on which his higher and solitary efforts are calculated to produce the most favourable effect. It is upon our conviction that Mr Terry acts from a happy mixture of genius, good taste, and mature reflection, that we venture to augur boldly of his future fortunes, though not to presage the extent of his success. The extent of the triumph of personal qualifications, even the most brilliant, can be readily estimated; but there is no placing bounds to the march of mental energy, where there are no physical obstructions to its career."

An able and impartial writer in 'The Spectator,' thus follows up the remarks of Walter Scott: "The towering elevation to which this competent critic conceived it in the power and in the destiny of Terry to attain, it is well known he never reached. But this single-minded actor of a school that closes with him knew and practised none but the old and meritorious way to eminence; and seeking it by desert, found not what the ignorant mob which now fills our Dom-daniels of vice and ennui awards only to *cliquant* and vulgarity. Terry disdained the artifices on which alone now is a theatrical reputation to be built; and could not believe that the great art of Garrick and Kemble was comprised in a growl or a grimace—a quaint gesture, a laugh, or sneer—a new reading—a pause—a trick—as empty-pated as Puff's Lord Burleigh's oracular shake of the head, and as deserving of laughter from all beings pretending to intellect. Terry had another peculiarity, consistent with the simple and primitive turn of his genius, but which mainly contributed to keep the big London pit in partial ignorance of the merits of the performer: he never affected the honours of a 'star,' twinkling through clouds in solitary brilliancy, and coveting a stage everywhere else black and dark whereon to manifest his splendour. He was well known to managers as a something more extraordinary even than a great actor—who, in proportion to his presumed greatness, is generally a petted one; Terry was a manageable actor; the 'most useful actor,' in the words of the present proprietor and manager of one of the summer theatres, 'that ever trod the boards—who never refused a part, never objected to a part as beneath him—gave himself no airs—did his best for the most insignificant, and did every thing well.' In the eyes, therefore, of the well-judging pit, he could not possibly be a great performer, who has haply condescended ere now to be the Horatio or the Polonius of another's Hamlet. But Terry, besides his noble spirit of accommodation, looked on the characters of a play as children of the same father, by the just representation of the meanest of which just fame was to be acquired; and that, for example, he who could personate well the friend of Hamlet was the fittest to stand in the shoes of Hamlet. So thought Mrs Siddons at least; who, we have heard, on her leave-taking visit to Edinburgh, selected Terry to support her in her brother's parts, as the best substitute for John Kemble. Thus, with all intelli-

gent lovers of the stage, did Terry set himself practically, and at his own cost, against a system which has planted the stage with sticks, that it might be left vacant for some little great actor to play tricks on before high heaven, which makes the spirits of Garrick and Kemble to grieve. It arose from this temper of a truly great mind, that Terry was one of the most versatile actors that ever trod the stage; not meaning by versatile that he was in the habit of filling merely the widest range of parts, but that he sustained more characters with more success, than any performer of whom the present age can speak. As an instance of this, it may be observed, that he whom Sir Walter Scott has pronounced to have followed the first Lord Ogleby (King) with not unequal steps—a part in which he has himself been worthily succeeded by Farren—has been found, on the same night in which he gave to view the veritable battered old beau of Colman and Garrick, animating in the afterpiece the shaggy carcass of Orson.”

Robert Gooch.

BORN A. D. 1784.—DIED A. D. 1830.

ROBERT GOOCH, M.D., was born in June, 1784, at Yarmouth, in Norfolk. His father was the master of a vessel in the merchant service, and had formerly served in the royal navy. His early education was limited, as his parents were not in good circumstances, and during the first years of his school education he was not distinguished in any degree above other boys. About the age of fifteen he began the study of Latin, and exerted himself so much that he became a tolerable scholar without any assistance from others. He was now an apprentice with a Mr Borrett, a surgeon and apothecary in Yarmouth, and studied with much attention the elementary branches of his profession. At this time he became acquainted with a Mr Harley, a gentleman of Yarmouth, who had the misfortune to be nearly blind. He was extremely fond of literary and scientific studies, and Gooch was accustomed to read to and converse with him on various subjects. This exercise of his mental energies was of essential advantage to the young student, who was wont, in after life, to look back with great pleasure on the period of his association with Mr Harley. Many years afterwards he went to see him, and as a mark of respect and gratitude left him by will the sum of £100. During his residence with Mr Borrett, Gooch frequently visited the naval hospital at Yarmouth, where he became acquainted with a Mr Tupper, who was of essential service to him, being much further advanced in his medical studies. Among the friends whom he made at this time was the benevolent Mr William Taylor of Norwich, with whom he formed a close intimacy. Many difficulties were now in the way of the further progress of Gooch. His father had been captured by the French, and was detained in prison. Of course his circumstances, formerly limited, were now rendered more so. By considerable exertion on the part of his family, however, he was enabled to prosecute his studies at Edinburgh, whither he went in October, 1804. He appears to have distinguished himself there by uncommon diligence, and became an active member of the medical and speculative societies. It is a

remarkable circumstance that in these societies he soon got over the difficulties of public speaking, while in private he was long before he could shake off a reserve and awkwardness that were natural to him. His acquaintances in Edinburgh during the first session were very few; his intimate friends were Mr Lockyn, afterwards a physician in Plymouth; Mr Fearon, who had been an army surgeon and suffered in Egypt from the ophthalmia; and Mr Henry Southey. Only one of these now survives, and looks back on the days when they used to meet as among the most happy and interesting periods of his life. After the academical session was finished, Gooch returned to Yarmouth. He spent some time in the company of Mr Taylor at Norwich, and employed himself in the study of German. In the same summer he became acquainted with a lady, who afterwards became his wife. This was Miss Emily Bolinbroke, who appears to have been in every respect worthy of that tender affection which she soon inspired in the mind of Gooch. The attachment was mutual; but, from its very strength, its occurrence was perhaps unfortunate. In the words of his biographer: "To a man of Gooch's temperament, always disposed to take a gloomy view of his own affairs, an engagement the accomplishment of which depended upon his professional success, did not contribute to immediate happiness." In the course of this summer he went to Cambridge in the hope of obtaining a medical fellowship, but being disappointed, he returned to Edinburgh in autumn. He now lived with his friends, Fearon and Southey, and became acquainted with a gentleman who afterwards proved a valuable friend, Dr, now Sir William Knighton. In the summer of 1806 he returned to Norfolk, and spent his time very much in the society of Miss Bolinbroke. Returning to Edinburgh in order to complete his medical education, he became acquainted with Mr Travers and Dr Holland, and in June, 1807, he graduated in medicine. He now made a tour through the Highlands of Scotland, and, returning to England, went to pass the winter in London. He was there a pupil of Sir Astley Cooper, and prosecuted with diligence the study of anatomy.

In 1808 he began practice in Croydon, having entered into partnership with a Mr James, a gentleman who had for some time been established there. Besides the occupations of general practice, he employed himself frequently in contributing to the medical journals, especially the 'London Medical Review.' Like most young critics he was sometimes too severe, and is said to have afterwards expressed some regret for it.

About this time his professional prospects were such as to encourage Gooch to marry, and his long constancy was rewarded with the hand of the lady already mentioned. In this marriage he was singularly unfortunate. The health of his wife was uncertain when he married her, and in 1811 she died after a lingering consumption. She had one child, which survived her but six months. Gooch was now left alone, and to a man of his strong feelings the affliction must have been a heavy one. He received strong encouragement to give up his country practice and remove to London; which he did, and before the end of 1811, was a licentiate of the college of physicians. The department which he proposed to cultivate was that of physician accoucheur—perhaps an unfortunate choice, when we consider that his health was far from being

decided, but certainly much the reverse, if we refer merely to his professional fitness and his future success. In the following year he was elected physician to the Westminster Lying-in hospital; which added greatly to his chances of success, and we find that in consequence his practice increased "in a way and with a rapidity," to use his own words, "which surprised" him. Very shortly after he became lecturer on midwifery at St Bartholomew's hospital, along with Dr Thynne, and in the following year he entered on the sole enjoyment of the emoluments of that situation, in consequence of the death of his aged partner. He was a timid but a very successful lecturer, and in a few years was considered one of the best in London; having acquired a surprising facility in communicating his ideas, and along with the power of being able to dispense with the use of notes.

In January, 1814, Dr Gooch married for the second time. The lady is sister to Mr Trevors, and the choice was a remarkably happy one. The practice of Gooch continued to increase, but his health was not equal to his continual exertions. For a long time he had been subject to occasional attacks of asthma, and his stomach was beginning to give him considerable uneasiness. In the early part of 1815 he had a dangerous inflammation in his lungs, which was happily soon recovered from. In April of the same year his eldest son was born. He removed in 1816 to the west end of the town, where his practice was rapidly extending. When on a visit to the marquess of Wellesley at Ramsgate, the first symptoms of an alarming affection of his stomach appeared. He could retain no food, and suffered for some days from almost incessant vomiting, but returned as soon as possible to London, where in the course of a few weeks he was sufficiently recovered to be able to resume his professional duties. In 1820 he lost his eldest son, a calamity which affected him very deeply. His health was now so delicate that he was frequently obliged to resign, for a few weeks at a time, his professional duties. In 1822 he travelled on the continent, and visited Paris. The state of his mind and body prevented him from receiving much enjoyment from this, or indeed from any source. In a tour through part of England the same year he met with Dr Parr, and has described his interviews with him in a humorous paper published in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' entitled 'Two days with Dr Parr.' For some time afterwards his time was partly divided between his practice in London and excursions into various parts of the country. In December, 1825, he inserted a paper on the 'Contagious nature of the Plague,' in the 'Quarterly Review.' In the same year his health was extremely bad, and he visited the continent, travelling in France and Flanders; but returned without receiving any benefit. He suffered from hæmorrhage from the lungs, but recovered so far as to be able to spend a part of 1826 and 1827 in town, attending to his practice, and pursuing his literary labours. In 1826 he was chosen librarian to the king, through the influence of Sir William Knighton. In 1829 he completed his excellent work on the diseases of children, and lived to see his reward in his established reputation. It is said to be an extremely valuable book. After this his powers of body gradually sunk; so that before his death he was reduced to a state of great debility; but the powers of his mind, with the exception of a few transient attacks of delirium, remained unchanged to the last. He died on the 16th February, 1830.

George Dawe.

BORN A. D. 1781.—DIED A. D. 1829.

THIS eminent artist was born in London, on the 8th of February, 1781. In his fourteenth year he published two plates in mezzotinto, which displayed to advantage his talents in engraving, but he relinquished that line of art altogether on his coming of age. The last engraving published by him was Bacon's Monumental Groupe, to the memory of the Marquess Cornwallis.

Mr Dawe commenced portrait-painter about the year 1802, but it was in the historical department of the art that he gained his chief fame. The first work of this class which he is known to have painted—Achilles frantic for the loss of Patroclus—obtained the gold medal, and was pronounced by Fuseli to be the best ever offered to the Academy on a similar occasion. The next important picture which he exhibited at the Academy was Naomi and her two daughters-in-law. Of a scene from Cymbeline, his succeeding performance, the British Institution thought so highly, that they presented him with a premium of two hundred guineas. In 1811 he painted the Infant Hercules strangling the Serpent, and a picture from Coleridge's 'Genevieve.' His last great work, exhibited at Somerset house, was, the Mother rescuing her Child from the Eagle's Nest.

Mr Dawe was one of the most successful portrait-painters of his day. His celebrated picture of Miss O'Neill, in the character of Juliet looking over the balcony, is well-known to the public by the engraving. Among the illustrious patrons of Dawe were Prince Leopold and the Princess Charlotte, of whom he painted several portraits. The Duke and Duchess of Kent also employed him; he went in the suite of the former to Brussels, Cambray, and Aix-la-Chapelle, where he painted the portraits of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Hill, General Alava, and several of the most distinguished Russian officers. The manner in which he executed these induced the Emperor Alexander to engage him to paint the portraits of all the superior Russian officers who had been engaged in the war with Napoleon. He accordingly left England for St Petersburg in January, 1819, and in his way thither painted, at Brussels, portraits of the Prince and Princess of Orange; at Cobourg, of the reigning duke; and at Weimar, of the Grand Duke of Meinengen, and the celebrated Goëthe. His arduous undertaking at St Petersburg occupied him nine years, in the course of which period he painted, besides nearly four hundred portraits of Russian officers, three whole lengths of the field-marshal Wellington, Kutusoff, and Barclay de Tolly, and a portrait of the Emperor Alexander on horseback, twenty-one feet in height.

A cold, which he had caught during his last journey to St Petersburg, now began to show its effects on his health in a very serious manner, and he was recommended to try the sulphur-baths at Aix-la-Chapelle. Receiving, however, no benefit from them, he determined on returning to London; but he was too far gone for recovery and died on the 15th of October, 1829.

Sir Thomas Lawrence.

BORN A. D. 1769.—DIED A. D. 1831.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE was born at Bristol in the year 1769. At an early age he gave indications of more than ordinary genius. His father probably designed him for the stage. He taught him to repeat long passages, in a theatrical manner, from Shakspeare and Milton; and used to exhibit him, with a pardonable vanity, to his guests. This gave the boy a facility in reading and reciting, which he never lost. His own bent was, however, for the pencil, and he displayed it at a very early age. When he was but six years old, it happened that Lord Kenyon, with his lady, arrived late in the evening at the inn at Devizes, which was then kept by Lawrence the father. They were on their way to Bath, and had felt the inconveniences of the heavy style of travelling in those "good old times;" and, as they confessed, they were not in the best possible humour, when Mr Lawrence, senior, entered their sitting-room, and proposed to show them his wonderful child. "The boy," he said, "was only five years old, but he could take their likenesses, or repeat to them any speech in Milton's *Pandæmonium*." To that place the offended guests were on the eve of commending their host to go, and the lawyer's lips were just opened to pronounce the sentence, when the child rushed in; and, as Mrs Kenyon used to relate, her vexation and anger were suddenly changed into admiration. He was riding on a stick, and went round and round the room, in the height of infantile joyousness. Mrs Kenyon, as soon as she could get him to stand, asked him if he could take the likeness of that gentleman, pointing to her husband. "That I can," said the little Lawrence, "and very like too." A high chair was placed at the table, pencils and paper were brought, and the infant artist soon produced an astonishingly striking likeness. Mr Kenyon now coaxed the child, who had got tired by the half-hour's labour, and asked him if he could take the likeness of the lady? "Yes, that I can," was the reply once more, "if she will turn her side to me, for her face is not straight." The speech of the child indicated much less of his future character, than the production of his pencil. Few persons became more easy and polished in manner, and less likely to mortify the self-complacency of a fair lady.

He found a more illustrious judge of his rhetorical powers in Garrick, who was in the habit of stopping at his father's inn on his way to Bath. "Tommy, Sir, has learned one or two speeches since you were here," was the usual address with which the good natured tragedian was received. He would then retire to a summer-house in the garden, and amuse himself for some time with the recitations of the lively boy, in whom he seemed to take pride and interest. In this way his education became very desultory. He went but little to any regular school, and does not appear to have been taught even the rudiments of the classical languages. There are on record very few instances of a genius for painting, which displayed itself, and was so far matured, at such an early age. Many of his drawings, done at the age of eight, are yet extant, and they exhibit, strongly, indications of that freedom, grace, and

poetic character, which distinguished his mature productions. At ten years old, we find him turning from mere portraits to original compositions of the highest class. By painting historical subjects, requiring invention and design, he gave evidence of a talent far beyond that of merely taking a likeness, or even copying a landscape. He painted two pictures, choosing as his subjects, 'Christ reproving Peter,' and 'Reuben's application to his father that Benjamin might accompany his brethren into Egypt.' The former of these is mentioned by Barrington as "amazingly successful;" they both contributed greatly to extend his reputation; and, his father removing about this time from Devizes to Bath, he became an object of notoriety among the numerous persons of rank and distinction, who then frequented that place. It was the fashion to sit to him for his oval crayon likenesses. At first the price was a guinea, and it was soon raised to a guinea and a half. When he was twelve years old, his painting room was the resort of the rich and gay: of the real and pretended judges and patrons of art. His time became so much occupied, that he could devote himself to no other pursuit; and he received sums of money for his pictures, much greater than were ever before paid to a young artist. When a Derbyshire baronet, struck with the beauty and genius of the lad, offered to send him to Rome, at the expense of £1000, his father told him "that his son's talents required no cultivation." We particularly dwell upon these facts, as they render more surprising his having avoided the sins against taste and science, which might naturally be expected in a person entirely self-taught, and who had lived aloof from the society of artists, and without even the advantage of a reference to many of the standard works of the old masters. But his taste was excellent and intuitive. What little time he could snatch from his regular employment, he did devote to the study of such works of the ancient masters as he could obtain a sight of, and such subjects as afforded more scope to his genius.

In 1787 we find young Lawrence established in London, and admitted as a student of the Royal academy. His talents were of a nature peculiarly adapted to work their own way into celebrity; and his very graceful person and appearance, and his easy but unobtrusive manners, placed him on an agreeable and honourable footing with persons of intelligence, as well as of rank, fashion, and wealth. Sir Joshua Reynolds, then the father of English art, received the young aspirant to his own fame with peculiar kindness. Soon after his arrival in London, Lawrence determined to seek his favourable notice. "He had no one to introduce him to Sir Joshua, though he was his near neighbour. But Sir Joshua was of easy access to persons of decided talents; and, upon an application from Mr Lawrence, with a reference to the early works of his son, the president of the academy willingly appointed an interview. The father and our young artist repaired to the house of the affluent head and origin of the English school, and they were received with kindness. Young Lawrence took with him his oil portrait of himself, as a specimen of what he could do. There have been disputes about the exact period at which this portrait was drawn; but I have inserted the letter, which determines the point. He found the attention of the president bestowed upon another juvenile aspirant, who had evidently come upon a similar errand, and who stood in trembling ex-

pectation of the decision of the oracle, which was to determine his future course; Sir Joshua having examined the specimen of his art, dismissed this other visitant with the negative encouragement of, 'Well, well! go on—go on.' The anhelation of young Lawrence during this scene, may be easily imagined. Sir Joshua now inspected the portrait of our youth. He was evidently much struck with it, and discerned those marks of genius which foretold the future fame of the juvenile artist. He bestowed upon the painting a very long scrutiny, in a manner which young Lawrence thought, an alarming contrast to the more hasty glance with which he had dismissed the other. At last, turning to the boy with an air of seriousness, he addressed him—'Stop, young man, I must have some talk with you. Well, I suppose now, you think this is very fine, and this colouring very natural; hey! hey!' He then placed the painting before the astonished and trembling youth, and began to analyse it, and to point out its numerous imperfections. Presently, he took it out with him from the gallery to his own painting-room, and young Lawrence knew not how to interpret this; but Sir Joshua soon returning, addressed him kindly, and concluded by saying, 'It is clear you have been looking at the old masters; but my advice to you is, to study nature; apply your talents to nature.'—He then dismissed him with marked kindness, assuring him that he would be welcome, whenever he chose to call. Of an invitation so flattering and useful, our young artist availed himself with a frequency that would have put it to too severe a test, had it been meant in the ordinary sense of compliment; but Mr Lawrence was always received with a kindness which indicated that Sir Joshua was highly pleased with his society, and desirous to promote his interests.

None of the obstacles which so often impede the path of genius, arose in the way of Lawrence. As he became known, his reputation increased, and he found himself an object of patronage among the noble and the wealthy. At the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which occurred in 1792, he received an unexpected honour, of which eminent and older artists would have been justly proud. He was unanimously elected Sir Joshua's successor, as painter to the Dilettanti society. His majesty also appointed him to succeed Sir Joshua, as his portrait-painter in ordinary, and in the month of July following, he painted, by the royal command, two elaborate whole-length portraits of the king and queen. The royal patronage increased, though it did not create, that of others. The occupations of Lawrence became incessant, and his works were subjects of general celebrity. He exhibited every year, at the Royal academy, a number of his productions, and the periodical publications of the day abound with remarks upon them. He did not always meet with favourable critics. Among others, a writer of considerable notoriety, under the signature of Anthony Pasquin, treated his works with great severity.

In 1797 Lawrence exhibited a work which aspired to the highest rank in the school of art. It was a historical painting of Satan calling his legions. This was received with much approbation, and, as a painting, it was undoubtedly full of beautiful details. The figure of Satan had all the ferocious energy and violent dignity suited to the character, and was finely contrasted with the dejection and despondence of some of the other fallen angels. But the colouring, though clear and forci-

ble, was not natural or pleasing; and the drawing of the principal figure was not altogether correct. On the whole, however, as a picture, it is acknowledged to be among the very grandest, and in many respects, most successful attempts at the sublime, of which English art can boast. His own feelings at the time may be seen in the following letter to an intimate friend:—"The first thing I shall tell you is, that I have gained in fame—not more than my wishes!—you do not desire them to be bounded—but more than my expectations. To hear the voice of praise, nor feel it ignorance or flattery, is sweet and soothing. The work I have undertaken has answered my secret motive in beginning it. My success in portraits will no longer be thought accident and fortune; and if I have trod the second path with honour, it is because my limbs are strong to reach the higher walks. My claims are acknowledged by the circle of taste, (our little world!) and are undisputed by competitors and rivals. But believe not that I am inflated with a triumph, which, however great when compared with contemporary merit, did never yet satisfy the soul that thirsted for fame. (You, at least, will not laugh at these rhapsodies.) What cold mind ever reached to greatness? And who would not cherish that ardency in man, which, however clogged by weakness and imbecility, is evidence of Deity itself, and stamps his soaring nature? When I think of, 'What shall I do to be for ever known?' I feel myself a sluggard in the race. Dear friend, let me guard against your laugh by giving it you. Think of the country mayor, who, taking on him the office, told his friends that 'for all that, he was but mortal man!' I shall write to-morrow. I invited Paoli to the dinner. I know it will please you that I am grateful in little things—at first at least, for the novelty; destroy this. Pray read it alone, I am ashamed of its egotism; yet these are my thoughts."

Among the most intimate of the friends of Lawrence, at this period, were the Kemble family, and he has recorded the evidence of his regard by several pictures of them. He painted John Kemble successively in the characters of Coriolanus, Rolla, and Hamlet; and those productions are entitled to a rank far above that assigned to mere portraits.

With each succeeding year, he became more popular; and by the death of Hoppner, an artist of much merit, who had enjoyed the particular patronage of the prince of Wales, he was left without a rival. In the year 1812 he gained increased reputation by another painting of Mr Kemble. Less a portrait than a picture of the stern and lofty Cato, he endeavoured to give it the character of an historical production; and as such it will long remain a brilliant effort of his genius. He has not endeavoured to portray the '*atrocem animum Catonis*,' but has described the great philosopher, in a mood of contemplative serenity. The body relaxed, but without loss of dignity, the large, the brilliant, yet thoughtful eye, the whole aspect of repose, gave no evidence of the elegant, the diffident, the refined taste, which usually recommended, and was supposed to characterize, the pictures of Lawrence; but displayed a bold, new, original conception, with full power of execution.

In the year 1814 the success of the coalition against France opened its capital to English visitors. Lawrence was among the first that repaired there, anxious to obtain a view of the gallery of the Louvre, before the works of art were removed to the countries whence they had been brought by Napoleon. His stay at Paris was short. He was re-

called by the prince regent, who was anxious that the portraits of the princes, statesmen, and celebrated generals, who visited London after the peace, should be painted by him. He accordingly took several likenesses of these distinguished personages, and received from the prince the order of knighthood. What proved however a more congenial task, was to paint the portrait of Canova, who, also, about that time, came to London. Similarity of taste and of feeling excited a reciprocal attachment between the two artists, which continued uninterruptedly till the death of Canova, six years afterwards. There was much resemblance in their individual characters. They were both of humane dispositions, sensitive to the sympathies of life, and full of all its charities, and yet they scarcely attempted any work that may be called pathetic. It would be difficult to name two men of equal fame, whose works were addressed so much to the imagination, and so little to what is termed pathos.

In the year 1816 Sir Thomas Lawrence exerted himself to induce the government to purchase the Elgin marbles, as the foundation of a national gallery of sculpture. He united with other eminent artists in assigning to those productions a high rank among the relics of ancient art; and was examined by a committee of the house of commons, although the opinions of no other painters were required. Fortunately he concurred in the sentiment with the government, and those surprising specimens of genius have been saved from the destruction which would undoubtedly have been their fate, had they not been removed from Greece. The dispersion of them could only be prevented by their becoming the property of a nation.

We have seen that, in the year 1814, the prince regent of England had conferred on Sir Thomas Lawrence the commission of taking the likenesses of the royal personages then in that country, and of those who composed their retinues. The congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, four years afterwards, offered an opportunity to complete the plan thus commenced, which was at once improved. In November, 1818, Sir Thomas Lawrence arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle. The magistrates of the city granted him the use of part of the large gallery of the Hotel de Ville, which was immediately fitted up as his painting-room; and there the emperors of Russia and Austria, and the king of Prussia, gave him numerous sittings. In these pictures he succeeded in giving general satisfaction; the family, attendants, and subjects of each sovereign declaring, that the portraits he drew were the most faithful resemblances that had ever been painted. He was treated too, personally, with great attention and respect. From Aix-la-Chapelle he proceeded to Vienna; where he resided with his friend Lord Stewart, now marquess of Londonderry, the British ambassador at the Austrian court. In that aristocratic place, Sir Thomas Lawrence says that he guided his conduct with reference to the mission he held from his own sovereign, and it seems the exclusive laws of society were waved in his favour, and that he was admitted into the first circles:—a fact, sufficiently humbling, one would suppose, to human nature, which shows that the absurd regulations of society can place a host of silly personages, remarkable for no one quality but their unpronounceable names, in a position to look down on a favoured child of genius, and an eminent labourer in the elevated regions of art. Sir Thomas, however, fortunately for himself,

viewed the condescension as it was intended, and felt in its full force the honour which was extended to him. He had seen and painted princes and lords enough, to view them with becoming deference. While on the continent, he received the commands of the prince regent to extend his tour, and as a completion of the general plan, to proceed to Rome in order to paint for him the pope and Cardinal Gonsalvi.

To visit Rome was one of the dreams in which he had long indulged; and the circumstances under which he was now enabled to gratify his wishes, were as favourable as could be imagined; yet, at first, he seems to have had less pleasure in thus extending his journey, than he might be supposed to feel. He desired rather to return home, and to go to Italy at another time. His wishes, however, on this head, could not be gratified. The commission of his royal master was to be executed. After setting out on his journey, his soul evidently became excited, and thoughts of Rome kindled in his mind all the enthusiasm so natural to his profession. It is curious to reflect upon the fact, that a person, so high as an artist, should be visiting Italy for the first time at the age of fifty. If any prejudice, however, existed, against one so distinguished, who had not drunk at the Pierian spring, it was overcome by his substantial merits, for we hear of no competition, of no damning with faint praise. The honours paid to him at Rome were flattering to the individual, and gratifying to his countrymen.

His first impressions of Rome, (he arrived on the 10th of May, 1819,) and of its architecture, were very unfavourable; but he had soon occasion to alter his sentiments. Men of strong imaginations can always create ideas of objects more grand and beautiful than the objects themselves, and they anticipate more ardent feelings, than, at first, they are likely to experience. It is reflection, and a just association of ideas, that afterwards raise the objects to their real value, and the feelings become warmed upon every new examination. Sir Thomas says, that he first caught the distant view of the dome of St Peter's on a very fine morning, between six and seven o'clock, and that his pleasure at approaching the city increased every fifty yards, until he entered at the Porto del Popolo, when his delusion vanished, and he found Rome small. He shortly afterwards confesses that he was subsequently overpowered with its immensity and grandeur. At Rome, itself, the longer he remained, the more deeply was he impressed with the charms it has to impart to a person of his character and genius. Its past greatness, the magnificent edifices of its more recent power, its treasures of art, and the climate, the sweet pure hues of atmosphere that seemed to wrap every thing in their own harmony, had the deepest influence on his feelings:—"Have you ever seen Rome," he writes to one of his friends, "from the top of the Villa Pamphili, in the evening sun of a fine day? You see grouped together, in small compass, three objects of great interest and beauty—Monte Mario, St Peter's, and, in farthest distance, Soracte rears itself between them. Then, on the other side, you have all that the Alban hills command, with Tivoli, and its mountainous scenery, uniting the fine and various lines of horizon, till they are stopped by the masses of the Vatican. I have this evening driven there alone, (having determined to be to myself this whole day,) and felt the exceeding beauty of the scene, with that undefined loneliness of delight which amounts almost to pain, formed, as it is, of many causes—

thoughts of the past—of youth—and friends, and absence, which I think, when alone, the close of evening in the country always brings before me. I passed my morning for some hours in the Sestini Chapel and the Vatican; and having the finest light, I sent up, and procured an order to admit me to go round the top of the chapel in the narrow gallery, which possibly you may remember, over the cornice. I thus saw the noble work with closer inspection, and therefore more advantage. With all your love of Raphael, my dear ladies, you must and shall believe in the superiority of that greater being, of whom, in grateful, virtuous sincerity, your painter himself said, 'I bless God that I live in the time of Michael Angelo.' Admired and popular as he was, it was fine, yet only just in him to say so; and from frequent comparison of their noble works, I am the more convinced of the entire veracity of Sir Joshua Reynold's decision in favour of Michael Angelo. I am not used, I hope, to be presumptuous in my opinions about art, but, in my own mind, I think I know that Sir Joshua Reynolds could not have had another opinion on the subject."

From Rome, Sir Thomas Lawrence proceeded to Naples, where he made a short stay. He speaks of the excursion as very pleasant. The scenery was magnificent and enchanting, and the city as gay as Paris. He visited all the objects of interest, and amongst the rest Vesuvius, on a night, fortunate for the view of it, as the volcano was in unusual activity and splendour. He says, that "a few hours before he ascended the mountain, he went to Pompeii, and lingered till the close of twilight in that city of the dead; having on the right a sweet moon rising in its pure brightness; and on the left, its old, still living, and threatening foe, whose lava then appeared rolling out in colour of the purest gold; not the dull red, in which, in full day, and in its sluggish mood, it generally appears." From Naples, Sir Thomas returned to Rome, and thence proceeded to the north of Italy. He was exceedingly impressed with the works of Domenichino, as well as of the other masters, and travelled from place to place, filled with all the enthusiasm of a great painter.

When Sir Thomas reached London, on the 30th of March, 1820, he found that Mr West, the venerable president of the Royal academy, was just dead. He was at once selected, both by the general voice, and by the opinion of artists, as the person most worthy to succeed him. He was elected the very day of his arrival, and the king conferred upon him a gold chain and medal, as a mark of his approbation. He now resumed in England the laborious and diligent exercise of his profession, which he continued with unabated zeal and increasing celebrity till his death. He exerted himself much during this interval, in promoting the foundation of a national gallery of paintings, and he also collected some pictures of great excellence for a private gallery of his own. The addresses which he delivered annually before the Royal academy, gave evidence of a refined taste, a most liberal feeling, and a deep devotion to extend and patronise the arts in his own country. No man was ever more free from every sentiment of envy, or more ready to pay every tribute to the genius and labours of other artists. Though occasionally suffering from the great confinement and fatigue to which the number of his paintings compelled him to submit, he gave no apparent evidence of any dangerous disease, until a few days before his death.

When attacked, however, he seems, from the first, to have apprehended that his illness would be fatal. One of his friends endeavoured to remove these apprehensions, and mentioned to him many of his acquaintances who had suffered long, but had recovered their health, and pursued arduous professions. He said, "You and I view this subject in very different lights; you are trying to prove to me how long people may suffer and drag on a miserable existence, while I consider that a sharper and a shorter struggle is more to be desired; yet," he added, "I am the last who ought to murmur, blessed as I have been with almost uninterrupted health." He then made an effort to rouse himself to exertion, and painted nearly an hour, on his majesty's portrait. He did not, however, survive many days. On the seventh of January, 1830, he expired, being then sixty-one years of age. His funeral was conducted with much splendour, and, in addition to the members of his own profession, who followed him to the grave, there were seen in the train, many noblemen and gentlemen of rank and political distinction. He was buried in St Paul's cathedral, near the spot where Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Mr West, are entombed.

The personal appearance of Sir Thomas Lawrence was very handsome; the expression of his countenance was full of intelligence, and his features were uncommonly fine. In his manners he was eminently polished. He attracted, in all the circles of fashion and splendour among which he moved, peculiar notice, from the ease and grace by which he was marked. He had cultivated a taste for letters, far beyond what his early education promised, and the extracts we have selected from his letters, will show the fluency and liveliness, as well as general purity of his style. He frequently amused himself with the composition of verses, which if not an evidence of high poetic genius, evince much imagination, a happy humour, and uniform benevolence and sensibility. With a very large income, he suffered much pecuniary embarrassment; not, as has been asserted, from an indulgence in gambling or dissipation,—from these he seems to have been entirely free,—but from an extensive, incessant, and munificent, though secret relief of the wants of others. Of this, the most remote branches of his family felt the benefits. At the very outset of his life, while yet a mere youth, he actually involved himself, by positive obligations for the aid and support of his parents, to a degree which long entailed serious difficulties upon him, and to the last he displayed the same liberal and disinterested spirit. He says, writing to a friend, "I have neither been extravagant nor profligate in the use of it; neither gaming, horses, curricles, expensive entertainments, nor secret sources of ruin from vulgar licentiousness, have swept it from me. I am, in every thing, but the effects of utter carelessness about money, the same being I was at Bath. The same delight in pure and simple pleasures—the same disdain of low enjoyments—the same relish for whatever is grand, however above me—the same admiration of what is beautiful in character—the same enthusiasm for what is exquisite in the productions, or generous in the passions, of the mind. I have met with duplicity, which I never practised, (for this is far removed from inconstancy of purpose,) and it has not changed my confidence in human nature, or my firm belief that the good of it infinitely overbalances the bad. In moments of irritation, I may have held other

language, but it has been the errata of my heart, and this is the perfect book which I could offer, were my being now to end."

The reputation of Sir Thomas Lawrence is a sufficient proof of his merit as a painter. "We may be permitted, however, to doubt," says an able American critic, "whether the English do not place him too high, when they rank him as the first artist of the age. In his own line he was certainly the first, but that line is not entitled to an equal rank with those branches of the art which require a far wider scope of imagination and invention. Indeed, he seems himself truly to have estimated the extent of his own powers. Undoubtedly he aspired to historical composition; he attempted it himself, and his admiration of the great historical painters was enthusiastic. Yet with all this, he confined himself to portraits. It is true, he threw into these the variety, the spirit, the genius, of historical compositions; but still they were and will be considered as portraits. This was certainly an evidence of great judgment. It has given to his portraits a character far beyond those of other contemporary masters. It has imbued them with an historical spirit, if we may be allowed the expression; and instead of being an historical painter below the greatest, he has made himself a portrait painter equal, and perhaps, taken altogether, superior to the best. Though some of the Italian critics found fault with his drawing, there seems to be little ground for their censure. It arose, perhaps, from his style of finish, which is less hard than that now usually seen in the works of the continental artists. At least he has displayed a perfect knowledge of the human figure, in its various classes, and his back grounds usually indicate a fine and luxuriant taste. It is, however, in the intellectual character which he has given to his pictures, that his great excellence consists. He produced a surprising variety of happy and original combinations: he seized always the most interesting expression of countenance: and certainly, in painting beauty, he yielded to no artist. There was sometimes, perhaps, a love of dramatic effect too easily perceptible, but in general his attitudes were graceful and easy. In his colouring, he followed nature rather than the style of other painters, and though this has deprived his pictures often of the depth and richness to be found in the works of the best Italian colourists, it gives them a striking air of fidelity and truth. He bestowed on his pictures excessive labour, and finished them with uncommon care. This increased rather than diminished with his reputation. In the latter part of his life, when his great practice might have been expected to make him more rapid in the completion of his works, the increased pains he took, arising no doubt from his improved perceptions, and his anxiety to maintain or add to his excellence, acquired for him the character of slowness, with which he could not be, in the slightest degree, truly charged. On one occasion, he is known to have painted thirty-eight hours together, without reposing, or taking any sustenance but coffee. In painting children he was remarkably happy. He caught, perhaps beyond any other painter, the innocence, the artless simplicity, the easy, unaffected attitudes of childhood, and he has left several compositions of this kind, that will pass down to posterity, not as portraits, but as the sweetest productions of the art. The same may be said of several pictures of female beauty. He has combined all the vivacity of youth and intellect, with the freshness of gaiety and fashion."

William Roscoe.

BORN A. D. 1753.—DIED A. D. 1831.

WILLIAM ROSCOE was born in Liverpool on the 8th of March, 1753. His father kept a public-house, and cultivated a market-garden, and was fond of field sports and other amusements,—a taste for which did not descend to his son, who was formed in a gentler and nobler mould. His remoter ancestors do not seem to have been of any higher rank in the world than his father; a circumstance which was so far from troubling him, that he made it a matter of good-natured pleasantry, telling Garter king-at-arms, when he met him in London, that as nothing was known of his humble forefathers, and as he himself had six sons, he thought he was an unobjectionable person to stand at the head of a family.

Of the childhood and early youth of Mr Roscoe, he has himself given a short account in an epistle to a friend, which is preserved by his biographer. One of the first things which he remembers, is “a decided aversion to compulsion and restraint.” This, to be sure, is not uncommon in children; but in him it was the dawning of that love of virtuous liberty, which afterwards enlightened his whole character. From first to last it may be said of him, that his soul,

“——— Though touched with human sympathies,
Revolted at oppression.”

At the age of six he was put under the tuition of a Mr Martin, who kept a school for boys in Liverpool. “To his care,” he says, “and the instructions of a kind and affectionate mother, I believe I may safely attribute any good principles which may have appeared in my conduct during my future life. It is to her I owe the inculcation of those sentiments of humanity, which became a principle in my mind. Nor did she neglect to supply me with such books as she thought would contribute to my literary improvement.” Here is another instance added to the many which history records, of the power which maternal influence has exerted in forming great and good men. Elizabeth Roscoe, the inn-keeper’s wife at the ‘Bowling Green,’ had little reason to envy the equipages which rolled past her door, or to sigh for a more extended sphere of duty or display, while she was guiding the mind and guarding the heart of a beloved boy, which was by and bye to take his place among the most distinguished writers and eminent philanthropists of his age. After remaining about two years with Mr Martin, young Roscoe was removed to another school, where he continued till he was twelve years of age. The germs of a poetical temperament and a humane disposition were now fast unfolding. “According to my best recollection,” he says, “I was at this period of my life of a wild, rambling, and unsocial disposition; passing many of my hours in strolling along the shore of the river Mersey, or in fishing, or in taking long walks alone. On one occasion I determined to become a sportsman; and, having procured a gun, and found an unfortunate thrush perched on the branch of a tree, I brought him to the ground with fatal aim;

but I was so horrified and disgusted with the agonies I saw him endure in death, that I have never since repeated the experiment."

He now began to be of service to his father in the garden; and often carried potatoes to Liverpool market for sale, on his head, in a large basket, and was intrusted with the disposal of them. Being called upon in his fifteenth year to make choice of a profession, his attachment to reading induced him to prefer that of a bookseller, but, on being apprenticed, he soon grew tired of it. In the following year, 1769, he was articled for six years to an attorney and solicitor, and thus entered on the study of the law, but still devoted what time he could spare to the perusal of poets and other authors who fell in his way, among whom Shenstone and Goldsmith were his favourites. About this time he had the misfortune to lose his excellent mother.

In the year 1773 Mr Roscoe became one of the founders of a society for the encouragement of the arts of painting and design, in Liverpool, and commemorated the event by an ode which was his first published piece. The following comparison between the great masters of poetry and painting is well imagined, and shows the early taste of the author for both those arts:

"Majestic, nervous, bold, and strong,
Let Angelo with Milton vie;
Opposed to Waller's amorous song,
His art let wanton Titian try;
Let great Romano's free design
Contend with Dryden's pompous line;
And chaste Corregio's graceful air
With Pope's unblemished page compare;
Lorraine may rival Thomson's name;
And Hogarth equal Butler's fame;
And still, where'er the aspiring muse
Her wide unbounded flight pursues,
Her sister soars on kindred wings sublime,
And gives her favourite names to grace the rolls of time."

Before he had attained his twentieth year he published a longer poem, entitled, 'Mount Pleasant,' which was the name of an eminence overlooking the town of Liverpool. This poem obtained the praise of Dr Enfield, the poet Mason, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and is remarkable as containing the author's first public protest against the slave trade. He also composed a tract in prose about the same period, to which he gave the title of 'Christian Morality, as contained in the Precepts of the New Testament, in the language of Jesus Christ.'

Having completed his clerkship, Mr Roscoe was admitted, in 1774, an attorney of the court of king's bench, and commenced the practice of his profession at Liverpool. On the 22d of February, 1781, he was married to Miss Jane Griffies, a lady to whom he had been attached for several years, and whose literary taste, good sense, amiable dispositions, and correct principles harmonized with his own character and pursuits, and made her a help meet for him. In the spring of the year 1782 Mr Roscoe visited London on professional business, where he took the opportunity of adding, as far as prudence permitted, to his small collection of books and prints, and where he became acquainted with several distinguished men. In the years 1787 and 1788, he published the first and second parts of his 'Wrongs of Africa,' a poem in

which he manfully continued his opposition to that traffic which above all others has been branded with the epithet "accursed." His high and true heroism in being so active in this cause may be in some measure estimated from the following remarks from his son: "The African slave-trade constituted, at this period, a great part of the commerce of Liverpool. A numerous body of merchants and ship-owners, and a still more formidable array of masters of vessels and sailors, looked to the continuance of that traffic for their emolument or their support. The wealth and prosperity of the town were supposed to depend chiefly upon this branch of commerce, and there were few persons whose interests were not, directly or indirectly, connected with the prosecution of it. Even those whose employments had no reference to commercial objects, found their opinions and feelings with regard to the traffic necessarily affected by the tone of the society in which they mingled. Under these circumstances it was hardly to be expected that Liverpool should be the place from which a voice should be heard appealing to the world on behalf of the captive African. Fortunately, however, the mind of Mr Roscoe remained unshackled by the prejudices or the interests of those around him, nor did any motives of a personal nature operate to prevent the expression of his opinions. He had been gifted with those strong feelings of abhorrence to injustice, and resistance to oppression, which are the great moral engines bestowed by God upon man for the maintenance of his virtue and his freedom. The aversion to compulsion, recorded by Mr Roscoe as one of his earliest characteristics, led him in his youth to form very decided opinions upon this question, which, in after life, occupied much of his attention, and in which he had ultimately the gratification of knowing that he had laboured not unsuccessfully."

At the same period he published a pamphlet on the same important subject, entitled, 'A General View of the African Slave Trade, demonstrating its Injustice and Impolicy; with Hints towards a Bill for its Abolition.' This excited great attention, and was much commended by the friends of the cause of freedom; and yet more praise was elicited by an answer which he published a few months afterwards, to a work called 'Scriptural Researches on the Licitness of the Slave-trade,' written by a Rev. Raymond Harris, a clergyman of the church of England, who had been educated for the catholic priesthood. It immediately attracted the attention of the London Abolition committee, who took all the remaining copies, and ordered another edition to be printed. "It is the work of a master," says his friend, Mr Barton, "and by much the best answer Harris has received."

Mr Roscoe now began to engage himself pretty actively in politics; from no interested motives, however, but because he found it impossible to remain a quiet spectator of the excitement produced in England by the accounts of the commencement and progress of the French revolution. It is hardly worth while to state which side he espoused, it is so evident from what has already been exhibited of his principles, that he must have joined the friends of rational freedom, and enemies of arrogant despotism. He went into the controversy heart and hand, and, as usual, brought his pen to the contest in poetry and prose. At a meeting held in Liverpool to celebrate the taking of the Bastille, on the 14th of July, 1790, he produced a song which became quite popular,

beginning, "Unfold, Father Time! thy long records unfold;" and on a similar occasion, the next year, he brought forward his more successful and better remembered song, 'O'er the vine-covered hill and gay regions of France.' At this period he engaged in correspondence with some of the most distinguished men of the liberal party, among whom was the marquess of Lansdowne. As the French revolution went on, he, with all other good men, was shocked and even dismayed by the excesses and atrocities which were every day committed; but he did not on that account conceive it necessary that he should forsake his principles, as many did, and go over to the favourers of arbitrary government. Mr Burke's 'Two Letters to a Member of Parliament' were answered by Mr Roscoe, in a pamphlet containing 'Strictures' on those letters; and as he was aware that ridicule is often as formidable a weapon as argument, he assailed his great antagonist in a ballad, entitled, 'The Life, Death, and Wonderful Achievements of Edmund Burke.'

Amidst the storms of politics, however, Mr Roscoe did not lose his taste for the calm pursuits of literature, or for the pleasures of the country and agricultural occupations. About the year 1792 he formed the design of reclaiming and cultivating an extensive tract of moss-land in the neighbourhood of Manchester; and, in order to obtain a lease of it, he visited London in the winter of that year, in company with his friend, Mr Thomas Wakefield, who had joined him in the enterprise. Two years before this he had removed from Liverpool, and taken a house pleasantly situated at Foxteth park, about two miles from the town. He was attracted to this place of residence by a beautiful dingle which stretched on to the shores of the Mersey, and which he has celebrated by an 'Inscription,' beginning, "Stranger! that with careless feet." In 1793 he left this situation, and removed to Birchfield, also in the vicinity of Liverpool, where he erected a house for himself. Previously to the last named removal, Mr Roscoe had applied himself seriously and diligently to the execution of his long cherished design of writing the life of Lorenzo de Medici. The obstacles in his way, arising from the great quantity of necessary materials, published and unpublished, and the difficulty of procuring them, were many and great. Many books he had obtained by busy search into all the book-stalls and shops of London; and the Crevenna and Pinelli libraries, being on sale at this time, supplied him with many more; but the rich stores contained in the literary repositories of Italy were still inaccessible, and his engagements at home prevented his taking a journey to the continent for the purpose of personal examination. Perhaps he might have been discouraged at this, had it not been that an intimate friend of his, Mr William Clarke, was residing for the winter at Florence, for the sake of his health, who became of the greatest service to him, by sending him the titles of such books as he supposed he might require, and by causing extracts to be taken from many valuable manuscripts which existed in the great Florentine libraries, relating to the history of the Medici family. Among the unpublished pieces thus transmitted to him were many original poems of Lorenzo de Medici, a small collection of which he sent to the press in 1791, as a sort of avant-courier to his life, limiting the number of copies to twelve, to be distributed among his literary friends. This volume was appropriately dedicated, in the Italian language, to his friend Mr Clarke. The first sheets of the life of Lorenzo

were committed to the press in the autumn of the year 1793, and in February, 1796, it was published by Mr Edwards of Pall-mall, who soon wrote the author word that the whole of the parcel sent from Liverpool had gone off in three days, and that he was "most cruelly teased for more." Compliments and encomiums poured in upon the historian from all quarters; notes of thanks and gratulation were received from old Lord Orford, the earl of Bristol, the marquess of Lansdowne, Dr Parr, Sir Samuel Romilly, Dr Aikin, and others; in short, the success of the work was brilliant and complete. Mr Roscoe published the first edition of his work on his own account. Soon after its appearance Messrs Cadell and Davies offered him twelve hundred pounds for the copy-right, which offer was accepted. Those gentlemen speedily put a second edition to the press, which was followed by another in 1799.

On the continent the success of the life was answerable to its reception at home. A translation of it was made in Italy by the Cavaliero Gaetano Mecherini, and was published in 1799. In Germany it was translated into the language of that country by Kurt Sprengel, a celebrated medical professor at Halle. The work appeared in 1797. Two years afterwards a French translation by M. François Thurot was published in Paris. In America an edition of the life was printed at Philadelphia in the year 1803, and was quickly disposed of.

It is not to be wondered at that a man of Mr Roscoe's taste should grow tired of his profession, though it was the one which he had chosen for a support. The two following extracts from letters to his friends, Mr Ralph Eddowes of Philadelphia, and Mr Rathbone of Liverpool, give the reasons for his leaving it, and also furnish pleasant specimens of his epistolary style. The first is addressed to Mr Eddowes:

"Since I last addressed you I have made a very important change, though not a local one, and have entirely relinquished my profession; having, however, first made an arrangement with my late partner, Mr Lace, productive of some advantage to me. This I have been induced to do rather from a concurrence of many reasons, than from any one predominant circumstance; but I must, in truth, confess that a consciousness that I was not suited for the profession, nor the profession for me, has long hung about me, and that I have taken the first opportunity which has been allowed me of divesting myself of it altogether. Add to this, that my undertaking in the draining of Chat and Trafford mosses bears a favourable aspect; and that I shall be under the necessity of being so frequently absent from Liverpool, as would render it impossible for me to carry on the business of the law with satisfaction either to my clients or myself." A note to Mr Rathbone, written about the same time as the preceding letter, manifests very clearly the tone of Mr Roscoe's mind at the period of this change: "I am much obliged by the tail-piece to your letter of to-day, though, to say the truth, it amounts to nothing more than calling me, in very friendly terms, an idle and extravagant fellow, who is playing off the artful trick of getting hold of the conveniences and pleasures of life without performing any of its duties. This I relish the worse, as I am not sure that there is not some degree of truth in it; but I am much surer, that to toil and labour for the sake of labouring and toiling is a much more foolish part; and that it is the curse of God upon avarice, that he who has given

himself up too long to its dominion shall never be able to extricate himself from its chains. Surely man is the most foolish of all animals, and civilized man the most foolish of all men. Anticipation is his curse; and to prevent the contingency of evil, health, wisdom, peace of mind, conscience, are all sacrificed to the absurd purpose of heaping up for the use of life, more than life can employ, under the flimsy pretext of providing for his children, till practice becomes habit, and we labour on till we are obliged to take our departure, as tired of this world as we are unprepared for the rational happiness of the next. I have much more to say to you on this subject, but this is not the place for it. I shall therefore leave you to your

‘Double, double,
Toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and caldron bubble,’

whilst I go to the arrangement of the fifth class of my plants, and take my chance of a few years in a work-house, some fifty years hence, which I shall think well-compensated by having had the lot to live so long.”

The relinquishment of his profession by Mr Roscoe took place in 1796. He had some idea of resuming it, on making a visit to London the next year, and even went so far as to be entered at Gray’s inn, but he soon gave up the design altogether.

Not long after Mr Roscoe had relinquished his profession, in which he had been laboriously engaged for upwards of twenty years, he was enabled to purchase Allerton hall, a beautiful old manor about six miles from Liverpool. And here he thought he should be able to spend the rest of his life in the pursuit of his literary, botanical, and agricultural tastes. But he soon felt himself obliged by the claims of friendship, to become an active partner in the extensive banking-establishment of the Clarkes, whose affairs he had been instrumental in adjusting when they were in a state of considerable embarrassment. He was thrown again into the midst of affairs, and for a short time the engagements of his new situation “almost put a complete stop to his literary labours.” By and by, however, as this pressure was gradually alleviated, he returned in corresponding degrees to his cherished pursuits. He resumed his labours on the ‘Life of Leo X.’; the design of writing which he had for some time entertained, and he prosecuted afresh his botanical studies. There being at this period considerable attention paid to botany in Liverpool, he joined with several of his friends in the establishment of a botanic-garden, which was opened in the summer of 1802; and which soon became celebrated for its scientific value, as well as for its beauty. His connection with this institution led him into a correspondence with Sir Edward Smith, who, in 1803, paid a visit to Allerton, when a friendship was commenced between these two accomplished and excellent men, which was strengthened every year, and continued uninterrupted till the death of the latter.

The ‘Life of Leo X.’ which had been in the press upwards of two years, appeared before the public in the summer of 1805, in four quarto volumes; and the whole edition, consisting of a thousand copies, was soon disposed of. Generally it was received with the same favour which had greeted the publication of ‘Lorenzo’; but some complained

that it was prolix. Against the charge of prolixity Mr Roscoe defended himself by stating, that he had collected many original facts and documents of importance, and that it was impossible to do justice to these, and to the great variety of subjects necessarily involved in his task, without seeming tedious to many readers. As was the case with 'Lorenzo,' 'Leo X.,' was translated into the German, Italian, and French languages; and was republished in Philadelphia.

We next see Mr Roscoe again and more prominently on the stage of politics. He was requested by his friends in Liverpool, just before the general election of 1806, to stand as candidate for parliament, and he consented. His opponents were the old members, Generals Gascoigne and Tarleton, and at the end of a severe contest of seven days, he beat the military gentlemen by a good majority. His career at St Stephen's was an useful, though a short and not a brilliant one. He particularly discharged his conscience and gratified his feelings, by speaking against the slave-trade, and voting for its abolition; a measure which was accomplished by that parliament of which he was a member. Parliament was dissolved in the spring of 1807; various political circumstances contributed to his defeat at the next election, and he returned without regret to private life. But though no longer in a public station, Mr Roscoe could not so far withdraw himself from politics as not to feel deeply interested in the stirring events of the times, and not to express his opinions with openness and force. Through the whole of Pitt's warlike administration he was the steady opponent of that minister; undazzled by successes abroad, and unintimidated by the popular voice at home, which is in all countries secured by military glory, he remained the unflinching advocate of peace; peace for his own country, and peace, on general principles, for the world. His pamphlets were among the best which the times called forth. On the subject of parliamentary reform, Mr Roscoe had an opportunity of laying his sentiments before the public, in a letter addressed to Mr Brougham, in the year 1811. This letter was called forth by one from Mr Brougham, in which that gentleman had explained his own views, and requested those of his correspondent. Although there was not an exact harmony between the opinions of the writers, Mr Brougham at that time believing that reform should be introduced, or rather insinuated, by slow degrees and small beginnings; yet he thought so highly of the general argument of Mr Roscoe's letter, that he urgently requested him to publish it, and with this request its author complied. The main point enforced in the letter, with regard to the elective franchise, was, that "the right of voting should be extended to all who, as householders, are heads of families, and contribute to the exigencies of the state, as well as to some other descriptions of the community." The advocates for small and cautious reforms are told plainly, that "the time for intermediate measures is past. Those who are in the possession of the emoluments of office, and rely upon borough-influence, have taken their stand; they will either retain all or lose all; and would consider the smallest concession towards reform as a Hollander would the cutting through an embankment, which would let in the ocean which must sweep him away." And to the same purpose is the following picturesque passage: "He who attempts to restore a mouldering brick, or to replace a rotten timber, is as obnoxious to them as he who would pull down the build-

ing. It is in the holes, and chinks, and corners, which time and decay have produced, that they live, and feed, and fatten; and the first symptom of improvement is to them the signal of alarm."

On the success of these opinions, his son and biographer, writing in 1833, says: "At the close of his life Mr Roscoe had the happiness of seeing a scheme of reform introduced, founded upon the principles which he himself had thus earnestly supported. He witnessed an attempt made to abolish the various and capricious qualifications of voters, and to substitute, in place of them, a franchise at once just, simple, and rational, in those 'who as householders are heads of families, and contribute to the exigencies of the state.' He saw a system proposed which realized, in almost every particular, the plan recommended by himself. He did not, indeed, live to see the completion of this great measure, or to witness the confirmation which it afforded of the many important truths contained in his letter to Mr Brougham: to mark the accuracy of his assertion, that 'the feeling of the people, when once warmed and excited, will not stop short of an ultimate and substantial reform,' and that 'alterations or reforms in government are more to be dreaded from the opposition they meet with, than from the effects they are likely to produce.' It was the happy fortune of his distinguished correspondent, not only to see these important changes effected, but also to be one of the principal instruments of their accomplishment."

The year following the publication of the above mentioned letter, Mr Roscoe was strongly solicited by his Liverpool friends to offer himself once more to represent his native city; and he was also requested to stand for Westminster. But he had made up his mind not to quit private life; and he probably wanted those showy and pushing qualities in action, which are almost necessary in political life, to gain for a man a conspicuous place, or a shining name. He exerted himself, however, as the head of the liberal party in Liverpool, to procure for his friends the best candidates, and Mr Brougham and Mr Crewey were prevailed upon to offer themselves. The anti-reformers were roused to exert themselves, and procured Mr Canning as their candidate. After a sharp contest they carried the day, and Mr Canning and General Gascoyne were returned.

From 1812 to 1815 Mr Roscoe occupied himself chiefly with literary pursuits. During this period he became acquainted with Mr Owen of Lanark; and his correspondence with him shows, that though he regarded some of his benevolent plans with approbation and pleasure, he seriously expostulated with him on those crazy and pernicious notions, which have completely vitiated all the good which that misguided individual has ever done, or probably can ever do.

We now come to the period when the strength of Mr Roscoe's mind, and the depth and value of its resources were doomed to be tried by a total reverse of worldly fortune; when the elegant competence, if not wealth, which he had acquired by professional labour, by his literary works, and by honourable business, was to be all taken away; when the choice collections which his taste had gathered, under the warrant of his means, were to be surrendered, divided, and scattered abroad. Toward the close of the year 1815 the banking-house in which Mr Roscoe was a partner had laboured under considerable difficulty, owing to several adverse circumstances. In addition to this, the opening of

the American trade, in consequence of the peace, created a great demand of cash, and large balances were withdrawn from the bank. After struggling for a few days to sustain themselves, the partners were obliged to suspend their payments on the 25th of January, 1816. At a meeting of creditors a committee of seven was appointed to inquire into the concerns of the house, and their report declaring the house to be solvent, was adopted at another meeting. Under this aspect of affairs, Mr Roscoe believed himself justified in retaining the management of the business, and drew up a plan by which he proposed to discharge all the debts of the bank, with interest, in six years. To this end he laboured with all his energies, early and late, and large payments were made; but owing to the fall of landed and other property, and various circumstances of a like unpropitious nature, he was at last obliged to relinquish what he had undertaken. The private property of the partners was surrendered at the first. Mr Roscoe promptly yielded his own to the necessity of the case, and it was only parting with his library and literary collections that cost him much regret. But he had resolved to part with every volume and every print, excepting those only which had been presented to him by their authors; and, in the midst of his engagements and anxieties, he prepared the catalogue of his library with his own hands. His benevolence and deep sense of duty were highly manifested in the midst of this dark change of condition. During the four years in which he was struggling to maintain the credit of his bank, and living with the most careful economy, he continued to correspond with his friends, and with eminent men at home and abroad, on the subjects which interested his heart. In the year 1819, particularly, he exerted himself in many ways to soften the horrors of prisons, and of the criminal laws of England, and published his three parts of 'Observations on the Penal Jurisprudence, and the Reformation of Offenders,'—tracts which are informed by the spirit of enlightened humanity, and which, as we have before observed, contributed to bring about that system of prison discipline, which has already produced the most salutary effects in our own country.

Mr Roscoe devoted the remnant of his years and energies to literary undertakings. In the course of the year 1821 he published his 'Illustrations, Historical and Critical, of the Life of Lorenzo de Medici, called the Magnificent,' which was intended to vindicate the character of his favourite, and his own fidelity and accuracy as his biographer; and, nearly at the same time, he produced a little volume, entitled, a 'Memoir of Richard Roberts Jones, of Aberderon, in the county of Carnarvon, North Wales, exhibiting a remarkable instance of a partial power and cultivation of intellect.' This person was one of those singular individuals of our race who sometimes appear among us, exciting our wonder by great intellectual capacity of a certain sort, and an almost idiotic deficiency in every thing beside. Mr Roscoe took this learned and forlorn being under his protection, but though he was never disappointed in his moral character, he never could teach him to apply his head or his hands to any thing useful, for that seemed to be totally beyond poor Richard's sphere. That his learning was really profound appears from the following amusing anecdote of a conversation which he had with Dr Parr, while the latter was on a visit to Allerton, in

1815. "It was on a previous day, during the same visit, that Richard had an interview with Dr Parry, who immediately plunged into the darkest recesses of ancient learning. The refinements of the Greek language, and the works of the critics who had illustrated it were entered into, and gradually the conversation changed to the Hebrew, its peculiar construction, and its analogous tongues. Here Richard had evidently the advantage; and, after an attempted inroad into the Chaldee, the doctor rather precipitately retreated, leaving a token of his liberality in the hands of the poor scholar. Richard being afterwards asked what he thought of the learned person with whom he had been conversing, replied, 'He is less ignorant than most men.'"

During the spring and summer of 1823 Mr Roscoe was engaged in preparing a new edition of the works of Pope. In the same year he was chosen president of a society which some gentlemen of Liverpool had formed for promoting the abolition of slavery, and drew up for them a declaration of the objects of the society, which was printed. In September, 1824, he lost his wife, with whom he had lived "upwards of forty years in uninterrupted confidence and harmony," and the shock was so great that for a space of time his studies were laid aside.

In 1825 the edition of Pope's works with a new life appeared; and the editor had the manliness and the high principle to omit some indelicate pieces which had been included in former editions. His views on this subject are thus stated: "In performing the difficult task which has devolved upon the present editor, of determining what pieces ought to be admitted into this edition, as constituting 'The Works of Pope,' he has endeavoured to keep in view what he conceives to be the chief duty of an editor, viz., to execute an office which the author can no longer perform for himself, in the same manner as he would have performed it if living; admitting nothing that he would himself have rejected, and rejecting nothing that he would have admitted; not, however, disregarding the additional considerations suggested by the change which has taken place, so greatly for the better, in the sentiments and manners of the present times, and by which it is probable that the author himself would have been equally influenced. On the whole, he has reason to believe that the differences which would have arisen between the author and himself on this head, would have been trivial, if any; and that the great variation in this respect will appear between the two last editions of Dr Wharton and Mr Bowles, and the present." About a year afterwards Mr Roscoe published new editions of 'Lorenzo' and 'Leo X.,' in which he availed himself of the valuable notes which had been appended to those works by foreign translators.

And now he felt that his life must be drawing near to its close, and resolved, like a wise man, to engage in nothing new, but to complete those undertakings which were yet unfinished. These were, a manuscript catalogue of Mr Coke's library at Holkam,—his correspondence with Americans on the subject of penitentiaries,—and a work on the Monandrian plants, which was issued in numbers, and which had already gained for him a high botanical reputation. His labours were interrupted, toward the close of the year 1827, by an attack of paralysis,

¹ "Pope himself acted upon this principle with regard to his friend Gay. 'Our poor friend's papers are in my hands; and for as much as is so, I will take care to suppress things unworthy of him.'"—Life of Pope, p. 368.

a tendency to which had existed for a long time before. From this he gradually recovered, however, and lived to enjoy a few years more of domestic happiness, and to see his wishes as an author all fulfilled. The fifteenth and last number of the splendid work on Monandrian plants was printed in 1830, and the volume, being the closing labours of its author's powers, and treating of perhaps the most charming department of natural history, was fitly inscribed, not to any earthly friend, but to his and nature's God.

"God of the changeful year!—amidst the glow
Of strength and beauty, and transcendent grace,
Which, on the mountain heights, or deep below,
In sheltered vales, and each sequestered place
Thy forms of vegetable life assume,—
Whether thy pines, with giant arms display'd,
Brave the cold north, or wrapt in eastern gloom,
The trackless forests sweep, a world of shade;
Or whether, scenting ocean's heaving breast,
Thy odoriferous isles innumerable rise;
Or under various lighter forms imprest,
Of fruits and flowers, thy works delight our eyes;
God of all life! whate'er those forms may be,
O, may they all unite in praising Thee!"

There is nothing in the above lines to remind us, that nearly eighty years had passed over the writer's head, and that he had suffered from a disorder, which, above all others, is wont to impair the intellectual capacity.

"Mr Roscoe," says his biographer, "might now almost be said to be *ultimus suorum*. He had survived not only the companions of his youth, but most of the friends of his maturer years." Holden and Rigby, Currie and Clarke, had long since been gone. Rathbone, Parr, Aikin, Fuseli, and more lately Sir J. E. Smith, had followed them. He himself did not sit waiting long after the departure of the last-named friend. "Towards the conclusion of the month of June, 1831, he suffered from a severe attack of the prevailing influenza, from which he appeared to have partially recovered, when, on the evening of Monday the 27th of June, while listening to a letter which one of his sons was reading to him, containing an account of the progress of the Reform bill, he was suddenly seized with a violent fit of shivering, accompanied by an almost total prostration of strength. He was with difficulty conveyed to his bed, from which he never again rose. At this trying hour, that confidence in the goodness of God, and that submission to his will, which had supported him in every vicissitude of his life, did not desert him, and he resigned himself, without one murmur, to the change which he well-knew was near at hand. While yet able with difficulty to make himself understood, he said to Dr Traill,—'Some people suffer much in dying; I do not suffer.' On the morning of Wednesday he indistinctly inquired from his highly valuable medical attendant, Mr Bickersteth, his opinion with regard to his situation; and on receiving his reply, he took leave of him with affectionate composure, by extending to him his hand. Soon afterwards he became unable from weakness to articulate, though he retained his senses till within an hour of his death, which took place at eleven o'clock on Thursday morning, the 30th of June. The immediate cause of his death was an effusion of water into the chest."

Sarah Siddons.

BORN A. D. 1755.—DIED A. D. 1831.

THIS unrivalled tragic actress was born at Brecon, on the 5th of July, 1755. She was the sister of that great master of the histrionic art, John Kemble. "I remember," says Mr Campbell, "having seen the parents of the great actress in their old age. They were both of them tall and comely personages. The mother had a somewhat austere stateliness of manner, but it seems to have been from her that the family inherited their genius and force of character. Her voice had much of the emphasis of her daughter's; and her portrait, which long graced Mrs Siddons's drawing-room, had an intellectual expression of the strongest power; she gave you the idea of a Roman matron. The father had all the suavity of the old school of gentlemen. Persons who cannot for a moment disjoin the idea of human dignity from that of station, will perhaps be surprised that I should speak of the dignified manners of a pair who lived by the humble vocation which I have mentioned. It is nevertheless true, that the presence and demeanour of this couple might have graced a court; and though their relationship to Mrs Siddons and John Kemble of course enhanced the interest which their venerable appearance commanded, yet I have been assured by those who knew them long before their children became illustrious, that in their humblest circumstances they always sustained an entire respectability. There are some individuals whom no circumstances can render vulgar, and Mr and Mrs Kemble were of this description. Besides, in spite of all our prejudices against the players' vocation, irreproachable personal character will always find its level in the general esteem." Mr Roger Kemble being, like his ancestors, a catholic, whilst his wife was a protestant, it was arranged that their sons should be bred in the catholic faith, and the daughters in that of their mother. They had twelve children, of whom four died young; but three sons and five daughters arrived at adult years,—and they almost all chose the profession of their parents, though Mr Campbell says, "I have no doubt that Mr and Mrs Roger Kemble were anxious to prevent their children from becoming actors, and that they sought out other means of providing for them; but they made this attempt too late, that is, after their offspring had been accustomed to theatrical joyousness. For parents who are players themselves, it is hardly possible to keep their children from following the same life. The conversations,—the readings,—the books of the family,—the learning of the parts,—the rehearsals at home,—the gaiety diffused by the getting up of comic characters before they are acted,—and the imposing dignity of tragic characters,—the company,—every thing, indeed, which the children of play-acting parents hear and see, has a tendency to make them more prone to the stage than to any other such plodding and drudging occupations as the most of them would be otherwise destined to pursue."¹

Like her brother, Sarah Kemble was led upon the boards at a very tender age; so young indeed was she, that the rustic audience, offended.

¹ 'Life of Mrs Siddons. By Thomas Campbell.' London: 1834.

at her infantile appearance, began to hoot and hiss her off, when her mother led her to the front of the stage, and made her repeat the fable of the Boys and the Frogs, which she did in such a manner as appeased the critics, and insured a favourable reception for her ever after. In her eighteenth year she married Mr Siddons, an actor in her father's company; and the young couple soon after took an engagement to act at Cheltenham. "At that time," says Mr Campbell, "the honourable Miss Boyle, the only daughter of Lord Dungarvon, a most accomplished woman, and authoress of several pleasing poems, one of which, 'An Ode to the Poppy,' was published by Charlotte Smith, happened to be at Cheltenham. She had come, accompanied by her mother, and her mother's second husband, the earl of Aylesbury. One morning that she and some other fashionables went to the box-keeper's office, they were told that the tragedy to be performed that evening was 'Venice Preserved.' They all laughed heartily, and promised themselves a treat of the ludicrous, in the misrepresentation of the piece. Some one who overheard their mirth kindly reported it to Mrs Siddons. She had the part of Belvidera allotted to her, and prepared for the performance of it with no very enviable feelings. It may be doubted, indeed, whether Otway had imagined in Belvidera a personage more to be pitied than her representative now thought herself. The rabble, in 'Venice Preserved,' showed compassion for the heroine, and, when they saw her feather-bed put up to auction, 'governed their roaring throats, and grumbled pity.' But our actress anticipated refined scorers, more pitiless than the rabble; and the prospect was certainly calculated to prepare her more for the madness than the dignity of her part. In spite of much agitation, however, she got through it. About the middle of the piece she heard some unusual and apparently suppressed noises, and therefore concluded that the fashionables were in the full enjoyment of their anticipated amusement, tittering and laughing, as she thought, with unmerciful derision. She went home after the play, grievously mortified. Next day, however, Mr Siddons met in the street with Lord Aylesbury, who inquired after Mrs Siddons's health, and expressed not only his own admiration of her last night's exquisite acting, but related its effects on the ladies of his party. They had wept, he said, so excessively, that they were unrepresentable in the morning, and were confined to their rooms with headaches. Mr Siddons hastened home to gladden his fair spouse with this intelligence. Miss Boyle soon afterwards visited Mrs Siddons at her lodgings, took the deepest interest in her fortunes, and continued her ardent friend till her death. She married Lord O'Neil, of Shane's castle, in Ireland. It is no wonder that Mrs Siddons dwells with tenderness in her Memoranda on the name of this earliest encourager of her genius. Miss Boyle was a beauty of the first order, and gifted with a similar mind, as her poetry, and her patronage of the hitherto unnoticed actress, evince; though patronage is too cold a word for the friendship which she bestowed on so interesting an object. Though the powers of the latter were by her own confession still crude, yet her noble young friend consoled and cheered her; and, with the prophetic eye of taste, foresaw her glory. Miss Boyle took upon her the direction of her wardrobe, enriched it from her own, and made many of her dresses with her own hands."

A rumour of the newly discovered genius having reached Garrick,

Mrs Siddons was soon honoured with an invitation to London, though still "upon very low terms." Her feelings on this occasion, and the situation in which she found herself after her arrival in London, are affectingly described in her 'Autograph Recollections': "Happy," she says, "to be placed where I presumptuously augured that I should do all that I have since achieved, if I could but once gain the opportunity, I instantly paid my respects to the great man. I was, at that time, good-looking; and certainly, all things considered, an actress well worth my poor five pounds a-week. His praises were most liberally conferred upon me; but his attentions, great and unremitting as they were, ended in worse than nothing.—How was all this admiration to be accounted for, consistently with his subsequent conduct? Why, thus, I believe:—He was retiring from the management of Drury-lane, and, I suppose, at that time, wished to wash his hands of all its concerns and details. I, moreover, had served what I believe was his chief object in the exaltation of poor me,—and that was, the mortification and irritation of Mrs Yates and Miss Younge, whose consequence and troublesome airs, were, it must be confessed, enough to try his patience. As he had now almost withdrawn from it, the interests of the theatre, grew, I suppose, rather indifferent to him. However that may have been, he always objected to my appearance in any very prominent character; telling me that the forenamed ladies would poison me, if I did. I, of course, thought him, not only an oracle, but my friend; and in consequence of his advice, Portia, in the Merchant of Venice, was fixed for my *début*; a character in which it was not likely that I should excite any great sensation. I was, therefore, merely tolerated.¹ The fulsome adulation that courted Garrick, in the theatre, cannot be imagined; and whosoever was the luckless wight who should be honoured by his distinguished and envied smile, of course became an object of spite and malevolence. Little did I imagine that I myself was now that wretched victim. He would sometimes hand me from my own seat, in the green room, to place me next to his own. He also selected me to personate Venus, at the revival of The Jubilee. This gained me the malicious appellation of Garrick's Venus; and the ladies, who so kindly bestowed it on me, rushed before me in the last scene, so that if he (Mr Garrick) had not brought us forward with him with his own hands, my little Cupid and myself, whose appointed situations were in the very front of the stage, might as well have been in the island of Paphos at that moment. Mr Garrick would also flatter me, by sending me into one of his own boxes, when he acted any of his great characters. In short, his attentions were enough to turn an older and wiser

¹ The following is the critique of some scribbler of that day on Mrs Siddons's Portia:—"On before us tottered rather than walked, a very pretty, delicate, fragile-looking creature, dressed in a most unbecoming manner, in a faded salmon-coloured sack and coat, and uncertain whereabouts to fix either her eyes or her feet. She spoke in a broken tremulous tone; and at the close of a sentence her words generally lapsed into a horrid whisper that was absolutely inaudible! After her first exit, the buzzing comment went round the pit generally, 'She certainly is very pretty; but, then, how awkward! and what a shocking dresser!' Towards the famous trial scene she became more collected, and delivered the great speech to Shylock with the most critical propriety, but still with a faintness of utterance which seemed the result rather of internal physical weakness than of a deficiency of spirit or feeling. Altogether the impression made upon the audience by this first effort was of the most negative nature."

head. He promised Mr Siddons to procure me a good engagement with the new managers, and desired him to give himself no trouble about the matter, but to put my cause entirely into his hands. He let me down, however, after all these protestations, in the most humiliating manner; and instead of doing me common justice with those gentlemen, rather depreciated my talents. This, Mr Sheridan afterwards told me; and said, that when Mrs Abington heard of my impending dismissal, she told them they were all acting like fools. When the London season was over, I made an engagement at Birmingham for the ensuing summer, little doubting of my return to Drury-lane, for the next winter; but whilst I was fulfilling my engagement at Birmingham, to my utter dismay and astonishment, I received an official letter from the prompter of Drury-lane, acquainting me that my services would no longer be required. It was a stunning cruel blow, overwhelming all my ambitious hopes, and involving peril, even to the subsistence of my helpless babes. It was very near destroying me. My blighted prospects, indeed, induced a state of mind that preyed upon my health; and for a year and a half I was supposed to be hastening to a decline. For the sake of my poor children, however, I roused myself to shake off this despondency, and my endeavours were blessed with success, in spite of the degradation I had suffered in being banished from Drury-lane, as a worthless candidate for fame and fortune."

After her failure—for so it may be called—in Portia, she played in Mrs Cowley's comedy of 'The Runaway,' and in a farce by Vaughan, called 'Love's Metamorphoses.' At length Garrick trusted her with the part of Mrs Strickland, in the 'Suspicious Husband,' himself performing Ranger; this character she repeated, and with such success, that her name, in large type, now appeared in the play-bills. Still, however, she did not draw; and though she added to her other performances that of Queen Anne in 'Richard the Third,' with tolerable success, Garrick did not engage her for the ensuing season. According to Mr Boaden, Mrs Siddons was aware of her failure; not, as she observed, because she had not a proper conception of the parts assigned to her; but from timidity, and a want of artificial tact in the expression of her feelings. Mr Campbell, on this subject, says, "altogether, though this first failure of the greatest of actresses evinces nothing like positive or acute discernment in the public taste, and though the criticism which I have quoted was most heartlessly uncandid, yet I am not prepared to blame her audiences implicitly for wilful blindness to her merit. On her own confession she was infirm in her health, and fearfully nervous. It is true she was the identical Mrs Siddons who, a year afterwards, electrified the provincial theatres, and who, in 1782, eclipsed all rivalry whatsoever; but it does not follow that she was the identical actress. Her case adds but one to the many instances in the history of great actors and orators, of timidity obscuring the brightest powers at their outset, like chilling vapours awhile retarding the beauty of a day in spring. But the day of her fame, when it rose, well repaid her for the lateness of its rising, and its splendour more than atoned for its morning shade; indeed, it renders her history more interesting by the contrast."

From London, Mrs Siddons proceeded to Birmingham, where she acted in the summer of 1776, with Henderson, who declared she was

"an actress who never had an equal, nor would ever have a superior." In 1777 she was the heroine of the Manchester stage. She subsequently played at York; where, to use the words of Tate Wilkinson, "all lifted up their eyes with astonishment, that such a voice, such a judgment, and such acting, should have been neglected by a London audience, and by the first actor in the world."

Her next engagement was at Bath. "There," she says in her Memoranda, "my talents and industry were encouraged by the greatest indulgence, and I may say, with some admiration. Tragedies, which had been almost banished, again resumed their proper interest; but still I had the mortification of being obliged to personate many subordinate characters in comedy; the first being, by contract, in the possession of another lady. To this I was obliged to submit, or to forfeit a part of my salary, which was only three pounds a-week. Tragedies were now becoming more and more fashionable. This was favourable to my cast of powers; and whilst I laboured hard, I began to earn a distinct and flattering reputation. Hard labour, indeed, it was; for, after the rehearsal at Bath, and on a Monday morning, I had to go and act at Bristol on the evening of the same day; and reaching Bath again, after a drive of twelve miles, I was obliged to represent some fatiguing-part there on the Tuesday evening. Meantime I was gaining private friends, as well as public favour; and my industry and perseverance were indefatigable. When I recollect all this labour of mind and body, I wonder that I had strength and courage to support it, interrupted as I was by the cares of a mother, and by the childish sports of my little ones, who were often most unwillingly hushed to silence, for interrupting their mother's studies."

In the summer of 1782, she received a second invitation to Drury-lane. The recollection of her former reception rendered her fearful of accepting it; and, but for the sake of her children, she would, probably, have remained at Bath, to which city she had become much attached. Her farewell address on this occasion is too characteristic both of the actress and the woman, to be omitted even in this brief notice of her life. It was written as well as spoken by herself:—

"Have I not raised some expectation here?
Wrote by herself?—What! authoress and player?
True, we have heard her,—thus I guess'd you'd say,
With decency recite another's lay;
But never heard, nor ever could we dream,
Herself had sipp'd the Heliconian stream.
Perhaps you farther said—excuse me, pray,
For thus supposing all that you might say—
What will she treat of in this same address?
Is it to show her learning?—Can you guess?
Here let me answer—No: far different views
Possessed my soul, and fired my virgin muse;
'Twas honest gratitude, at whose request
Shamed be the heart that will not do its best.
The time draws nigh, when I must bid adieu
To this delightful spot—nay, even to you.—
To you whose fostering kindness reared my name,
O'erlooked my faults, but magnified my fame.
How shall I bear the parting? well I know
Anticipation here is daily wo.
Oh! could kind Fortune, where I next am thrown,
Bestow but half the candour you have shown,

Envy, o'ercome, will hurl her pointless dart,
 And critic gall be shed without its smart;
 The numerous doubts and fears I entertain,
 Be idle all—as all possess'd in vain—
 But to my promise. If I thus am bless'd,
 In friendship link'd, beyond my worth careen'd—
 Why don't I here, you'll say, content remain?
 Nor seek uncertainties for certain gain?
 What can compensate for the risks you run?
 And what your reasons? Surely, you have none.
 To argue here would but your time abuse:
 I keep my word—my reasons I produce,—

[Here were discovered her three children.

These are the moles that bear me from your side,
 Where I was rooted—where I could have died.
 Stand forth, ye elves, and plead your mother's cause;
 Ye little maguets, whose soft influence draw
 Me from a point where every gentle breeze
 Wafted my bark to happiness and ease,—
 Sends me, adventurous, on a larger main,
 In hopes that you may profit by my gain.
 Have I been hasty,—am I, then, to blame?
 Answer all ye who own a parent's name.
 Thus have I tired you with an untaught muse,
 Who for your favour still most humbly sues;
 That you, for classic learning, will receive
 My soul's best wishes, which I freely give—
 For polished periods, sound, and touched with art,—
 The fervent offering of my grateful heart."



It was on the 10th of October, 1782, that Mrs. Siddons made her second appearance on the boards of Drury-lane, in the character of Isabella in Southerne's tragedy. She was in her twenty-eighth year, and in the vigour of her physical powers, and the maturity of her personal beauty; but she had now to struggle with the most oppressive fears of a second failure before a London audience: "For a whole fortnight," she says, "before this to me memorable day, I suffered from nervous agitation more than can be imagined. No wonder! for my own fate, and that of my little family, hung upon it. I had quitted Bath, where all my efforts had been successful, and I feared lest a second failure in London might influence the public mind greatly to my prejudice, in the event of my return from Drury-lane, disgraced as I formerly had been. In due time I was summoned to the rehearsal of 'Isabella.' Who can imagine my terror? I feared to utter a sound above an audible whisper; but by degrees enthusiasm cheered me into a forgetfulness of my fears, and I unconsciously threw out my voice, which failed not to be heard in the remotest part of the house, by a friend who kindly undertook to ascertain the happy circumstance. The countenances, no less than tears and flattering encouragements of my companions, emboldened me more and more; and the second rehearsal was even more affecting than the first. Mr King, who was then manager, was loud in his applauses. This second rehearsal took place on the 8th of October, 1782, and on the evening of that day I was seized with a nervous hoarseness, which made me extremely wretched; for I dreaded being obliged to defer my appearance on the 10th, longing, as I most earnestly did, at least to know the worst. I went to bed, therefore, in a state of dreadful suspense. Awaking the

next morning, however, though cut of restless, unrefreshing sleep, I found, upon speaking to my husband, that my voice was very much clearer. This, of course, was a great comfort to me; and, moreover, the sun, which had been completely obscured for many days, shone brightly through my curtains. I hailed it, though tearfully, yet thankfully, as a happy omen; and even now I am not ashamed of this—as it may perhaps be called—childish superstition. On the morning of the 10th, my voice was, most happily, perfectly restored; and again ‘the blessed sun shone brightly on me.’ On this eventful day my father arrived to comfort me, and to be a witness of my trial. He accompanied me to my dressing-room at the theatre. There he left me; and I, in one of what I call my desperate tranquillities, which usually impress me under terrific circumstances, there completed my dress, to the astonishment of my attendants, without uttering one word, though often sighing most profoundly. At length I was called to my fiery trial. I found my venerable father behind the scenes, little less agitated than myself. The awful consciousness that one is the sole object of attention to that immense space, lined as it were with human intellect from top to bottom, and all around, may perhaps be imagined, but can never be described, and by me can never be forgotten. Of the general effect of this night’s performance I need not speak: it has already been publicly recorded. I reached my own quiet fireside, on retiring from the scene of reiterated shouts and plaudits. I was half dead; and my joy and thankfulness were of too solemn and overpowering a nature to admit of words, or even tears. My father, my husband, and myself, sat down to a frugal neat supper, in a silence uninterrupted, except by exclamations of gladness from Mr. Siddons. My father enjoyed his refreshments; but occasionally stopped short, and, laying down his knife and fork, lifting up his venerable face, and throwing back his silver hair, gave way to tears of happiness. We soon parted for the night; and I, worn out with continually broken rest and laborious exertion, after an hour’s retrospection,—who can conceive the intense-ness of that reverie?—fell into a sweet and profound sleep, which lasted to the middle of the next day. I arose alert in mind and body. I should be afraid to say,” she continues, “how many times ‘Isabella’ was repeated successively, with still increasing favour. I was now highly gratified by a removal from my very indifferent and inconvenient dressing-room to one on the stage-floor, instead of climbing a long staircase; and this room—oh, unexpected happiness!—had been Garrick’s dressing-room. It is impossible to conceive my gratification, when I saw my own figure in the self-same glass which had so often reflected the face and form of that unequalled genius: not perhaps without some vague fanciful hope of a little degree of inspiration from it. About this time I was honoured by the whole body of the law with a present of a purse of one hundred guineas.”

Her next characters were, Euphrasia in the ‘Grecian Daughter,’ Jane Shore, Calista, Belvidera, and Zara. To these she afterwards added, Lady Macbeth, Constance, and Katharine of Arragon, her *chef-d’œuvre*. “I cannot now remember,” she says, “the regular succession of my various characters during this my first season, 1782-3. I think Belvidera came soon after Isabella, who almost precluded the appearance of all others for a very long time; but I well remember my fears and

ready tears on each subsequent effort, lest I should fall from my high exaltation. The crowds collected about my carriage, at my outgoings and incomings, and the gratifying and sometimes comical remarks I heard on those occasions, were extremely diverting. The royal family very frequently honoured me with their presence. The king was often moved to tears, and the queen at one time told me, in her gracious manner and broken English, that her only refuge was actually turning her back upon the stage, at the same time protesting that my acting was 'indeed too disagreeable.' In short, all went on most prosperously; and, to complete my triumph, I had the honour to receive the commands of their majesties to go and read to them, which I frequently did, both at Buckingham-house and at Windsor. Their majesties were the most gratifying of auditors, because the most unremittingly attentive. The king was a most judicious and tasteful critic both in acting and dramatic composition. He told me he had endeavoured, vainly, to detect me in a false emphasis, and very humorously repeated many of Mr Smith's, who was then a principal actor. He graciously recommended the propriety of my action, particularly my total repose in certain situations. This, he said, is a quality in which Garrick failed. 'He never could stand still,—he was a great fidget.' I do not exactly remember the time," she continues, "that I was favoured with an invitation from Dr Johnson, but I think it was during the first year of my celebrity. The doctor was then a wretched invalid, and had requested my friend, Mr Windham, to persuade me to favour him by drinking tea with him, in Bolt-court. * * * * The doctor spoke highly of Garrick's various powers of acting. When Mr Windham and myself were discussing some point respecting Garrick, he said, 'Madam, do not trouble yourself to convince Windham; he is the very bull-dog of argument, and will never lose his hold.' Dr Johnson's favourite female character in Shakspeare was Katharine, in 'Henry VIII.' He was most desirous of seeing me in that play, but said, 'I am too deaf and too blind to see or hear at a greater distance than the stage-box, and have little taste for making myself a public gaze in so distinguished a situation.' I assured him that nothing would gratify me so much as to have him for an auditor, and that I could procure for him an easy chair at the stage door, where he would both see and hear, and be perfectly concealed. He appeared greatly pleased with this arrangement, but, unhappily for me, he did not live to fulfil our mutual wishes. Some weeks before he died I made him some morning visits. He was extremely, though formally polite; always apologized for being unable to attend me to my carriage; conducted me to the head of the stairs, kissed my hand, and bowing, said, 'dear Madam, I am your most humble servant;' and these were always repeated without the smallest variation. I was, as I have confessed, an ambitious candidate for fame, and my professional avocations alone, independently of domestic arrangements, were of course incompatible with habitual observance of parties and concerts, &c. I therefore often declined the honour of such invitations. As much of time as could now be stolen from imperative affairs was employed in sitting for various pictures. I had frequently the honour of dining with Sir Joshua Reynolds, in Leicester-square. At his house were assembled all the good, the wise, the talented, the rank and fashion of the age. About this time he produced his picture of me

in the character of the Tragic Muse. In justice to his genius, I cannot but remark his instantaneous decision of the attitude and expression of the picture. It was, in fact, decided within the twinkling of an eye. When I attended him, for the first sitting, after more gratifying encomiums than I can now repeat, he took me by the hand, saying, 'Ascend your undisputed throne, and graciously bestow upon me some good idea of the Tragic Muse.' I walked up the steps, and instantly seated myself in the attitude in which the Tragic Muse now appears. This idea satisfied him so well, that without one moment's hesitation he determined not to alter it. When I attended him, for the last sitting, he seemed to be afraid of touching the picture; and, after pausingly contemplating his work, he said, 'no, I will merely add a little more colour to the face.' I then begged him to pardon my presumption in hoping that he would not heighten that tone of complexion so deeply accordant with the chilly and concentrated musings of pale melancholy. He most graciously complied with my petition; and, some time afterwards, when he invited me to go and see the picture finished, and in the frame, he did me the honour to thank me for persuading him to pause from heightening the colour, being now perfectly convinced that it would have impaired the effect; adding, that he had been inexpressibly gratified by observing many persons strongly affected in contemplating this favourite effort of his pencil. I was delighted when he assured me that he was certain that the colours would remain unfaded as long as the canvass would keep them together, which, unhappily, has not been the case with all his works: he gallantly added, with his own benevolent smile, 'and, to confirm my opinion, here is my name; for I have resolved to go down to posterity on the hem of your garment.' Accordingly, it appears upon the border of the drapery. Here ended our interview; and, shortly afterwards, his precious life. Her gracious majesty very soon procured my dear little boy admittance to the charterhouse; and the king, who had been told that I used white paint, —which I always detest,—sent me, by my friend Sir Charles Hotham, a condescending message, to warn me against its pernicious effects. I cannot imagine how I could be suspected of this disgusting practice. Sir Joshua often honoured me by his presence at the theatre. He approved very much of my costumes, and my hair without powder, which at that time was used in great profusion, with a reddish-brown tint, and a great quantity of pomatum, which, well kneaded together, modelled the fair ladies' tresses into large curls like demi-cannon. My locks were generally braided into a small compass, so as to ascertain the size and shape of my head, which, to a painter's eye, was of course an agreeable departure from the mode. My short waist, too, was to him a pleasing contrast to the long stiff stays and hoop petticoats, which were then the fashion, even on the stage, and it obtained his unqualified approbation. He always sat in the orchestra; and in that place were to be seen, O glorious constellation! Burke, Gibbon, Sheridan, Windham: and, though last, not least, the illustrious Fox, of whom it was frequently said, that iron tears were drawn down Pluto's gloomy cheeks. And these great men would often visit my dressing-room, after the play, to make their bows, and honour me with their applauses. I must repeat, O glorious days! Neither did his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales withhold this testimony of his approbation."

About 1798, matrimonial differences ended in a separation from Mr Siddons. He had felt himself, Mr Boaden informs us, thrown into the shade by the brilliancy of his wife's career; and this conviction, added to the failure of almost all his pecuniary speculations, produced in him a mortified spirit and temper, which called forth some expressions of irritation from his wife, and terminated in the way we have stated. It is said, however, that she always entertained a high regard for her husband, and left him an annuity at her death. Nor was her theatrical glory without its alloy; although the calumnies which were propagated by a cabal formed against her, in 1784 and 1802, were all equally unfounded. "Against her character as a wife and mother," says Mr Campbell, "scandal itself could not whisper a surmise; and it was equally hopeless to impugn her genius as an actress. But they spread abroad that she was avaricious, uncharitable, and slow to lend her professional aid to unfortunate fellow-players. Two specific charges alone of this kind could be alleged, and they were both met and refuted by the clearest demonstration." But what signifies 'clearest demonstration' to the mean or malignant lovers of lies! "I had left London," says Mrs Siddons, "the object of universal approbation; but on my return only a few weeks afterwards, I was received on my first night's appearance with universal opprobrium, accused of hardness of heart, and total insensibility to every thing and everybody except my own interest! Amidst this afflicting clamour I made several attempts to be heard, when at length a gentleman stood forth in the middle of the front of the pit, impelled by benevolent and gentlemanly feeling, who, as I advanced to make my last attempt at being heard, accosted me in these words: 'For heaven's sake, madam, do not degrade yourself by an apology, for there is nothing necessary to be said.' I shall always look back with gratitude to this gallant man's solitary advocacy of my cause: like 'Abdiel, faithful found; among the faithless, faithful only he.' His admonition was followed by reiterated clamour, when my dear brother appeared, and carried me away from this scene of insult. The instant I quitted it, I fainted in his arms; and, on my recovery, I was thankful that my persecutors had not had the gratification of beholding this weakness. After I was tolerably restored to myself, I was induced, by the persuasions of my husband, my brother, and Mr Sheridan, to present myself again before that audience by whom I had been so savagely treated, and before whom, but in consideration of my children, I would have never appeared again. The play was the 'Gamester,' which commences with a scene between Beverley and Charlotte. Great and pleasant was my astonishment to find myself, on the second rising of the curtain, received with a silence so profound that I was absolutely awe-struck, and never yet have I been able to account for this surprising contrast; for I really think that the falling of a pin might have been then heard upon the stage." On Mrs Siddons's second entrance, this night, she addressed the audience in these words: "Ladies and gentlemen, the kind and flattering partiality which I have uniformly experienced in this place, would make the present interruption distressing to me indeed, were I, in the slightest degree, conscious of having deserved your censure. I feel no such consciousness. The stories which have been circulated against me are calumnies: when they shall be proved to be true, my aspersors will be justified. But, till then, my respect

for the public leads me to be confident, that I shall be protected from unmerited insult. The accusations which had been brought against me," she continues, "were pride, insolence, and savage insensibility to the distresses of my theatrical associates; and, as I have observed already, even the winds and waves combined to overwhelm me with obloquy; for many days elapsed before I could possibly receive from Dublin those letters which, when they did arrive, and were published, carried conviction to the public mind. The most cruel of these aspersions accused me of having inhumanly refused, at first, to act for the benefit of poor Mr Digges, and of having at last agreed to do so upon terms so exorbitant as had never before been heard of. A letter from himself, however, full of grateful acknowledgments, sufficed to clear me from the charge; by testifying that, so far from having deserved it, I had myself arranged the affair with the manager, and had acted Belvidera under the most annoying and difficult circumstances. Here ended my disgrace and persecution; and from that time forth the generous public, during the remainder of the season, received my *entrée* each succeeding night with shouts, huzzas, and waving of handkerchiefs, which, however gratifying as testimonials of their changed opinion, were not sufficient to obliterate from my memory the tortures I had endured from their injustice, and the consciousness of a humiliating vocation." "I believe that," Mr Campbell observes, "in spite of preponderating applause, her *entrée*, for several evenings afterwards, was met with attempts to insult her. She made her reverence, and went on steadily with her part: but her manner was for a time perceptibly damped; and she declared to one of her friends, that, for many a day after this insult; all her professional joy and ambition drooped in her mind, and she sickened at the thought of being an actress."

She was only induced to remain for the purpose of assisting her brother, John, who had taken Covent Garden. She continued on the boards—with the exception of two years' absence, in consequence of illness—till the year 1812; when the play-bills, of the 29th of June, announced, that she would take leave of the public in the character of Lady Macbeth. During her performance, the applause was tremendous, and almost unceasing; and the moment the night-scene was over, the audience rose, *en masse*, and demanded that the play should close. Mrs Siddons then came forward, and took her leave in a poetical address, written by Mr Horace Twiss (who had married her sister,) and concluding thus:—

"Perhaps your hearts, when years have glided by
And past emotions wake a fleeting sigh,
May think on her, whose lips have poured so long
The charmed sorrows of your Shakspeare's song.
Of her, who parting, to return no more,
Is now the mourner she but seemed before:
Herself subdued, resigns the melting spell;
And breathes, with swelling heart, her long, her last farewell."

She appeared four times afterwards on the stage; once, for the benefit of the Theatrical Fund; twice, for that of her brother Charles; and, finally, for the gratification of the Princess Charlotte, in the character of Lady Macbeth; but, unfortunately, sudden illness prevented the princess from witnessing her performance.

Mrs Siddons, undoubtedly, possessed the highest order of poetical conception for the purposes of stage-delivery; yet, like her brother, not a little of the impression she produced was owing to her great physical powers, and the commanding dignity of her person. In her most violent scenes, the majesty of her mien was pre-eminent; and even when prostrate on the stage, she still lay graceful and sublime. As Madame de Stael says of her, in *Corrine*: "*L'actrice la plus noble dans ses manières, Madame Siddons, ne perd rien de sa dignité quand elle se prosterne contre terre.*" Of her *Lady Macbeth*, which all critics now allow to be her *chef d'œuvre*, Lord Byron said: "It was something above nature. It seemed almost as if a being of a superior order had dropped from a higher sphere to awe the world with the majesty of her appearance. Power was seated on her brow; passion emanated from her breast, as from a shrine. In coming on in the sleeping scene, her eyes were open, but their sense was shut; she was like a person bewildered: her lips moved involuntarily; all her gestures seemed mechanical,—she glided on and off the stage like an apparition. To have seen her in that character, was an event in every one's life never to be forgotten." "It was impossible for those who beheld Mrs Siddons in *Lady Macbeth*," says an able critic, "to imagine the embodied in any other shape. That tall, commanding, and majestic figure,—that face so sternly beautiful, with its firm lips and large dark eyes,—that brow capacious of a wild world of thought, overshadowed by a still gloom of coal-black hair,—that low, clear, measured, deep voice, audible in whispers,—so portentously expressive of strength of will, and a will to evil,—the stately tread of those feet,—the motion of those arms and hands, seeming moulded for empyr,—all these distinguished the Thane's wife from other women, to our senses, our soul, and our imagination, as if nature had made Siddons for Shakspeare's sake, that she might impersonate to the height his sublimest and most dreadful creation. Charles Lamb may smile—and his smile is ever pleasant—but we are neither afraid nor ashamed to say that we never read the tragedy,—and we have read it a thousand and one nights,—without seeing and hearing *that* Lady Macbeth,—our study becoming the stage,—and 'out, damned spot' a shuddering sigh, terrifying us in the imagined presence of a breathless crowd of sympathizing spirits. That sleep-walker in the power of her guilt, would not suffer us to be alone in our closet. Noiseless her gliding steps, and all alone by herself in her haunted unrest, we saw her wringing her hands before a gazing multitude,—their eyes how unlike to hers! and we drew dread from the quaking all around us, not unmingled with a sense of the magnificent, breathed from the passion that held the great assemblage mute and motionless,—yet not quite,—that sea of heads all lulled,—but the lull darkened as by the shadow of a cloud surcharged with thunder."

George Crabbe.

BORN A. D. 1754.—DIED A. D. 1832.

GEORGE CRABBE was born in 1754, of humble but reputable parents, at the small sea-faring town of Aldborough, on the coast

of Suffolk, amidst the rugged and desolate scenes so vividly described in his poem of 'The Village.' In his early youth were seen the germs of the future. While his brothers were venturing on the ocean, the scene of their future livelihood, the more quiet and gentle George might be seen withdrawn from the rest, devouring such specimens of literature as strayed to the humble shed of the fisherman. Among these, the poetical corner of a philosophical magazine became an especial object of his emulation. This, in a boy of ten, was an early predilection for the Muse; but genius will find its peculiar aliment, and to the credit of our poet's father, he appreciated the talents of the son, and devoted him to the calling of a surgeon. It was during the apprenticeship to this profession, while in his twentieth year, that he first appeared in print. He published, at Ipswich, a short poem, entitled 'Inebriety,' which in its strictures on "the deacon sly," the "easy chaplain," and the "reverend wig," at the banquet of the lord, contrasts curiously with the after-days of Crabbe, when he himself became chaplain to the duke of Rutland, and feasted at his table. Its success was inconsiderable, and the poet turned more sedulously to his professional studies. In these, probably from a deficiency in preparation,—the opportunity for which his father's circumstances did not permit,—but ultimately from a want of the necessary manual tact, Crabbe was never very successful. He felt the reproach, but conscious of his merits in a superior walk, resolved to venture the future upon a struggle, the uncertainty of which, with all his discouragements, he had not fully appreciated. He determined to seek his fortune as a literary man in the metropolis.

With fresh youthful hopes, the fond wishes of a gentle and faithful heart—the Myra of his early love, destined to become in happier times his wife—and a small sum of money, barely three pounds, Crabbe set out for London, the grave of so many cherished expectations and imaginary successes. Unconsciously to himself, for the event had not reached him at Aldborough, he was entering upon a similar career to that in which Chatterton had so lately fallen a victim. This he soon learned, and a disheartening prospect lay before him. Nothing daunted, however, he prepared a small collection of poems, and offered them for publication. They were courteously refused by the publisher. He made another attempt, which met with the like ill success. In the meantime, he had tried an anonymous publication, 'The Candidate,' addressed to the authors of the 'Monthly Review,' which had been partially successful, and was likely to afford him "something," when the failure of the publisher extinguished this bright hope. His funds were exhausted, and the scanty relief obtained by parting with the few articles of value he possessed, every day grew less. He had exerted himself nobly, but had not succeeded. With the prospect of starvation before him, he addressed a letter to Lord North, and after a cold delay, his request for employment was denied. Application to Lord Shelburne and the chancellor Thurlow, met a similar fate. A journal that he wrote during this period has been preserved, and its simple record of his hopes and disappointments, ever sustained by firm religious confidence, attaches the reader insensibly to the author. Crabbe made one more attempt, and as he afterwards expressed himself, "he fixed, impelled by some propitious influence, in some happy moment

upon Edmund Burke, one of the first of Englishmen, and, in the capacity and energy of his mind, one of the greatest of human beings." The letter he addressed to that eminent statesman was not to be mistaken: the air it bore of sincerity, tempered by melancholy resignation, could not be counterfeit. An early interview was appointed by Burke, and from that instant the difficulties of the poet was past. But this is a theme on which his son must speak. The following is an honourable expression of his enthusiasm, in 'The Life':—"He went into Mr Burke's room, a poor young adventurer, spurned by the opulent, and rejected by the publishers, his last shilling gone and all but his last hope with it: he came out virtually secure of almost all the good fortune that, by successive steps, afterwards fell to his lot,—his genius acknowledged by one whose verdict could not be questioned,—his character and manners appreciated and approved by a noble and capacious heart, whose benevolence knew no limits but its power,—that of a giant in intellect, who was, in feeling, an unsophisticated child,—a bright example of the close affinity between superlative talents and the warmth of the generous affections. Mr Crabbe had afterwards many other friends, kind, liberal, and powerful, who assisted him in his professional career; but it was one hand alone that rescued him when he was sinking."

The friendship of Burke to our poet was every thing. He shortly became established in the family circle of Beaconsfield, and was frequently the companion of the statesman in his private walks. One of the first fruits of this intercourse was a severer criticism than the poet had been accustomed to of his different manuscripts. Of these there must have been a various stock. He mentions in the *Journal*, a poem of three hundred and fifty lines, with the fanciful title of 'An Epistle from the Devil;' then there were 'Poetical Epistles, with a preface by the learned Martinus Scriblerus;' 'The Hero, an Epistle to Prince William Henry,' and a prose treatise, being 'A plan for the Examination of our Moral and Religious Opinions, with two dramas.' These were at once rejected, and the poet's powers fastened on 'The Library,' and 'The Village,' works which, on their publication, at once elevated him in the literary world.

The disposition of Crabbe had always been religious. Nothing less, indeed, than this powerful principle, could have sustained him through the difficulties of his early life. His private journal breathes the most devotional spirit. It was with no improper feelings then, that he professed to Burke an attachment for the ministry, and through his influence was admitted to orders. From this period the events of Crabbe's life may be briefly comprised: through the continued kindness of his patron, he became chaplain to the duke of Rutland, when he published 'The Village.' 'The Newspaper' appeared in 1785, and twenty-two years afterwards, 'The Parish Register,' 'The Borough,' 'Tales in Verse,' and 'Tales of the Hall,' with a volume of posthumous poems, complete the list of his works. For the copy-right of the 'Tales of the Hall,' in 1819, he received from Murray the liberal sum of three thousand pounds. The intervals of these various publications were mostly spent in the quiet of domestic life, in the discharge of his clerical duties, and in the labour of the pen. During the latter part of his life Crabbe made occasional journeys to London, where he was always received in

the first walks of society. He also paid a visit to Sir Walter Scott, with whom he had long held correspondence at Edinburgh. The personal anecdotes of his life, if not extraordinary, are always pleasing. He was a fluent writer, and found occasion, at times, to submit his productions to what he calls a "grand incremation," which was not huddled over in a chimney, but regularly consummated in the open air, his children officiating with great glee at the bonfire. He would be seized with the poetic inspiration, especially during a snow storm; on one such occasion he composed the very powerful tale of 'Sir Eustace Grey.' At one time he was taken with a desire to see the ocean again, and "mounting his horse rode alone to the coast of Lincolnshire, sixty miles from his house, dipped in the waves that washed the beach of Aldborough, and returned to Strathern." He had the gentlest disposition, and, as in the case of Cowper, a striking fondness for the society of intelligent females, affords evidence of the purity and simplicity of his character. The correspondence with Mary Leadbeater, in which he so naturally assumes the demure phrase and conversation of Quakerism, does him honour for its artless sincerity. His devotion to the study of botany—evidences of which are scattered through his poems—was also the mark of a simple mind. A naturalist is, with rare exceptions, a good man. Crabbe was always a friend to fiction, and what may excite surprise, not confined to the more classic, he devoured eagerly, his package from London, of all the productions of the season. He found something in the poorest: a great writer is not always the severest critic. He was eminently the man of private life,—the kind father, the constant friend; and ever ready to the call of the poor, he was loved by all. It was a melancholy day at his village of Trowbridge, when in 1832 Crabbe, at the advanced age of seventy-eight, died, full of years and honour.

This slight sketch of the life of Crabbe has been given for its illustration of the spirit of his poetry. The gentler traits of his poetical characters were always drawn from himself. As we are naturally led, in reading the plays of Shakspeare, to distinguish the more human emotions of common life rather than the high bursts of passion, and weave them into the history of the dramatist, so the disposition of Crabbe may be truly gathered from his verse. There is a popular idea that our author deals only in the severer traits of nature; that he is ever groping in poor-houses and dungeons, among the vicious and unfortunate; that his pages abound with harshness and gloom; that he pictures only the *penseroso* of life in its most repulsive aspect—This is not the character of the great poet of actual life. He has been more just to nature. In his moral anatomy of society, he has laid bare many errors and misfortunes of the species. He has painted life as it came before him, and never violated truth for sickly sentiment. He has drawn a portion of society—the village poor—as they truly exist. But he has found too "the soul of goodness in things evil."—The tares and wheat of this world spring up together, and in whatever rank of men there must be much good. No one observes this truth more than our poet; and in his darkest pictures we have gleams of the kindest virtues. The severity of Crabbe's muse consists in a faithful portraiture of nature. If man is not always happy, it is not the poet's fault. There is too much of sober reality in life to make the picture other

than it is. This Crabbe knows, for he writes of scenes under his own observation. He lived amidst the people he describes, felt their little occasional joys, and saddened over their many misfortunes. But in the gloomiest character he never "oversteps the modesty of nature." He does not accumulate horrors for effect. He has no extravagant and unnatural heroes pouring forth their morbid sentiment in his pages. There is no sickly affectation, but a pure and healthy portrait of life,—of life it may be in its unhappiest, but in its least artificial development, where society has done little to alter its rough uneducated tones, where the actual feelings and passions of man may be traced at every footstep.

In our analysis of the poetry of Crabbe, we would first notice his originality. He struck out for himself a new walk in literature. Other poets had dwelt in fiction, and spoken the language of imagination. They had reviewed the relations of society, and mastered life in its general aspect. From their retirement they had watched the characters of men and moralized over their foibles. Their round of observation had at length grown familiar, and in fact seemed destined for ever to copy the same features, and repeat the same sentiments. If they at times extended their view from the court and town, to the scenes of the country, it was to clothe the inhabitants in the imaginary simplicity of shepherds and shepherdesses as innocent and simple, and quite as characterless as their flocks. The conventional qualities of Damons, Strephons, and Chloes, had been stereotyped in verse, till the reader was wearied with the repetition. Crabbe was the first to break this chain of studied refinements. He turned the waters of poetry from the worn-out ground of letters to the fresh and uncultivated soil. Long before the lake school appeared, he had taught the world poetry might descend to the philosophy of common life, might enter into the sympathies and hopes of man, might be familiar with his most ordinary emotions without losing the least of its lofty energy. He was the first poet of the poor. He first carried the light of poetry into the rude cabin of the villager, and recorded the humble history of poverty. No other author, ancient or modern, can supply the peculiar place of Crabbe. He stands distinct from every other class of writers.

A chief element of the interest of our author lies in the spirit of humanity breathed through his verse.—In the fine phrase of Shakspeare "all his senses have but human conditions." He loves man purely as man. He suffers no prejudice to divert his philanthropy. He has the true feeling of sympathy for life. We constantly meet with traits of unmingled charity in his writings. He recognises the humblest joys and sorrows of existence. With such passages as the following, we wonder that he could ever be thought only stern and forbidding. It is highly characteristic of his kindly feeling for all that conduces to virtuous happiness, however lowly. He is describing a village scene in 'The Parish Register:'

"Here on a Sunday eve, when service ends,
Meet and rejoice a family of friends;
All speak aloud, are happy and are free,
And glad they seem, and gaily they agree.
What, though fastidious ears may shun the speech,
Where all are talkers, and where none can teach
Where still the welcome and the words are old,
And the same stories are for ever told:

Yet there is joy, that bursting from the heart,
Prompts the glad tongue these nothings to impart;
That forms these tones of gladness we despise,
That lifts their steps, that sparkles in their eyes;
That talks or laughs or runs or shouts or plays,
And speaks in all their looks and all their ways."

Let no one complain of Crabbe's severity and gloom. With the first power as a moral poet, his nature is never satiric. We may believe him when in one of his occasional pieces he says:

"I love not the satiric Muse:
No man on earth would I abuse;
Nor with empoison'd verses grieve
The most offending son of Eve."

Crabbe's forte is description. He excels in drawing the *minutiæ* of a picture. He does not depend for success on a few great outlines, but on repeated touches. He particularizes every feature till we have the whole scene vividly before us. He brings the subject fully out upon the canvass. Every circumstance tells.—As in the paintings of Wilkie, nothing is neglected. The sketch of the parish poor-house in 'The Village,' is a well-known example. As a more incidental instance of this power of picturesque illustration, there is a brief narrative of a baptism which occurs in 'The Parish Register':

"Her boy was born,—no lads nor lasses came
To grace the rite or give the child a name;
No grave conceited nurse, of office proud,
Bore the young Christian roaring through the crowd:
In a small chamber was my office done,
Where blinks through paper'd panes the setting sun:
Where noisy sparrows, perch'd on penthouse near,
Chirp timeless joy and mock the frequent tear;
Bats on their webby wings in darkness move,
And feebly shriek their melancholy love."

The latter portion of this passage is in the spirit of Gray, and we are closely reminded of a line in the *Elegy*, where is described so vividly,

"The swallow twittering on the straw-built shed;"

but Crabbe has connected the inanimate picture with living nature by the contrast in his verse.

It is time that we should approach one of the higher qualities of our poet. He is a powerful master of pathos. Gifford, alluding to a portion of 'The Borough,' remarks, "Longinus somewhere mentions, that it was a question among the critics of his age, whether the sublime could be produced by tenderness. If this question had not been already determined, this history would have gone far to bring it to a decision." The praise is just. It is a simple tale of real life. A village maiden is betrothed to her lover. Prudence deters them from marriage, till he had gained a competence from the sea. He makes one voyage more for the last, but before he returned, disease had seized upon his constitution, and he reaches home—to die:

"Still long she nursed him: tender thoughts meantime
Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away;

With him she pray'd, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head;
She came with smiles, the hour of pain to cheer;
Apart she sighed; alone, she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seem'd, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seem'd to think,
Yet said not so—'Perhaps he will not sink.'
A sudden brightness in his look appear'd,
A sudden vigour in his voice was heard:—
She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair;
Lively he seem'd, and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many, and the favourite few;
Nor one that day did he to mind recall
But she has treasured, and she loves them all;
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
He named his friend, but then his hand she press'd,
And fondly whispered, 'Thou must go to rest';
'I go,' he said; but as he spoke, she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound,
Then gazed affrighten'd; but she caught a last
A dying look of love,—and all was past!
She placed a decent stone his grave above,
Neatly engraved—an offering of her love;
For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
Awake alike to duty and the dead;
She would have grieved, had friends presumed to spare
The least assistance—'twas her proper care.
Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit;
But if observer pass, will take her round,
And careless seem, for she would not be found;
Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
While visions please her, and while woes destroy."

With all true poets, Crabbe is not merely a moral, but a religious author. For poets at the present day to omit this grand feature of man and his relations, in that view of his character and principles which poetry must embody, is to struggle against the whole sense of truth, and, apart from the want of piety, must betray the awkwardness of an imperfect work. All great poems have been based upon the national faith; from Homer and the Athenian tragedies, to Milton, and latest of all, Wordsworth, religion has formed the groundwork of genuine poetry. There may be light and frivolous verse, but unhallowed poetry is a contradiction in terms. There is something cold and heartless in that portrait of life, which omits its most important feature,—its relation to eternity. The very happiness of such a picture is unsatisfying but its sorrow, unalleviated by hope, is cheerless indeed. There is a cruel mockery in exposing the woes and sufferings of life, without the antidote to the baneful misery; in conducting weary existence to its close, without a joy in this world or a hope for the next. No such barren moralist is Crabbe. Virtue may be unrewarded here, but it will be recompensed hereafter; and we are directed to the consolation. Religion is never obtruded on the attention, but its hallowed influence is constantly experienced.

It has been objected against Crabbe that he has modelled himself

after Pope; and he has been considered by some—ignorant of the true character of his writings—but a mere imitator. Horace Smith has favoured this injustice by a note to the 'Rejected Addresses,' where, merely for the sake of the point, Crabbe is characterized as "Pope in worsted stockings." It is not the first instance in which truth has been sacrificed to a witticism. No intelligent reader of their poetry can confound the different merits of Pope and Crabbe. They belong to independent schools. The excellence of one consists in the perfection of the artificial, the merit of the other lies in the purer love of the natural. Pope reflects the nice shades of a court life, and adapts himself to the polished society around him. He lives among lords and ladies. He penetrates beneath the surface of character, but it is within the circle of a court, and after a classical model. Out of Queen Anne's reign he would have been nothing. We can form no idea of him removed from the wits and gentlemen of his day. He is a master of elegance, and has power as a satirist; can dilate upon the virtues of Atticus, or heighten the crimes of Atossa. He can follow where one has gone before. He can revive the felicity of Horace, or the vehemence of Juvenal. Out of the track of the artificial, the conventional, he is nothing; within it he reigns supreme. Crabbe is of another order. He has no model to copy after. He throws himself upon a subject that derives no aid from romance or classic association. He paints the least popular part of society. He has to overcome a powerful prejudice against his characters. He struggles where art can avail him little; where his whole success must depend upon nature. His personages have nothing in them to please the taste, or enlist the fancy of the polished. They come before us at every disadvantage. They are out of the pale of good society. They have no relish of high life to add interest to their virtues, or throw a softening shadow over their crimes. They do not belong to the court standard. According to Touchstone's scale they would infallibly be condemned: "If thou never wast at court, thou art in a parlous state, shepherd!" But they have something in their composition prior to and independent of this artificial excitement. They are vigorous specimens of human nature in its elementary traits, and have their whole charm in being simply men. They interest us as they feel and suffer, as they truly exist in themselves, not as they act in an outward pageant. They have the feelings and passions of the species, and their example comes home to our own breasts. It is in this respect that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The artificial must be content with admiration; the natural claims our sympathy. This is the distinction. Pope tickles the sense with fine periods, or gains the fancy by a sparkling picture; while Crabbe leaves an impression on the heart. There may not be a single line to be quoted for its brilliancy, like a finished couplet of Pope; but the passage from our author shall convey a force and reality, the bard of Twickenham—were he twice the master of art he is—could never attain.

William Hazlitt.

BORN A. D. 1760.—DIED A. D. 1830.

MR HAZLITT was the son of a dissenting minister at Wem in Shropshire. His family was originally from the north of Ireland. He was educated at the Unitarian academy at Hackney. "Here," says the writer of 'Recollections of the late William Hazlitt' in the New Monthly Magazine, "he went through the usual books in classics, &c. but, though a good reasoner, when he chose, he was, I believe, no mathematician. From Hackney he returned to Shropshire, where he entered upon a desultory course of reading, limiting his attention chiefly to writers on morals and metaphysics—to Berkeley, Mandeville, Hobbes, Bacon, Edwards, Bishop Butler, and others. His original ambition was to excel as a writer on metaphysical subjects, and the bias of his mind was towards them to the last, in common with poetry and painting. He has written, at different times, on all; and I am sure never touched a subject that he did not, in some respects, both illuminate and adorn.

'Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.'

"When it grew necessary to adopt a profession, he elected to become a painter. The sight of some pictures of the old masters first generated this impulse in his mind, and he lost no time, after having once resolved upon his course, to set to work as an artist. I never heard that he had any regular master. He commenced copying ancient pictures, and making some few studies from natural objects, I believe, as soon as his brushes and canvasses were purchased. His mind was prepared beforehand by a deep and growing admiration for what was excellent in art. He had a natural and almost instinctive sense of the beautiful, both in form and colour; and thought—too hastily, perhaps—that to apprehend what was good in painting was the principal step towards accomplishment. But painting demands long and laborious study; a perpetual and tedious reference to proportions; a knowledge of mechanism and trick (so to speak,) which can only be acquired by long practice. Hazlitt, who saw the extreme point almost at first, found his hand fall infinitely short of what he had determined it should accomplish. Art is a flower which unfolds itself gradually to most eyes; and thus does not daunt by its extreme and subtle beauties the enthusiasm of the tyros who come to practise it; but Hazlitt saw too far at the outset, and speedily gave up his efforts in despair. During the time that he was studying, however, he made a few copies from the old masters, principally from Raffaele and Titian. Most of these he was obliged at different times to part with, but he did so reluctantly, and it pleased him to recur to them, to talk of them. They were memorials of old times, when he was full of hope; and they were, moreover, testimonials of the only triumphs which he had been able to achieve in the art that he had loved—and left!

"I do not know the exact time at which Mr Hazlitt came to London, but it was between 1798 and 1804. On his first arrival he resided with his brother, who had a house in Great Russell street; but, when

the peace of Amiens took place, he went to Paris, and, during the short interval of quiet that then occurred, studied regularly in the Louvre. On his return to England he continued to live with his brother, I believe, until his marriage with the sister of Dr Stoddart. Soon after this event, he established himself in a small house in Westminster. This house was remarkable for having been formerly occupied by—Milton; it was an old-fashioned place, but it had one pleasant good-sized room, that overlooked the garden of Mr Jeremy Bentham. During this period Hazlitt wrote his essay on 'The Principles of Human Action,' he also abridged (1807) and wrote an introduction to 'Tucker's Light of Nature,' a book to which Paley confesses his obligations; he published, (1812) 'The Eloquence of the British Senate,' an English Grammar; and contributed successively to the Times and the Morning Chronicle newspapers. He projected also an extensive metaphysical work; but evidently gave it up and turned his attention to more attractive subjects. He became theatrical critic for the Morning Chronicle, (1814) and was the first person who insisted strenuously on the merits of Kean, the actor; and he wrote, at intervals, various papers on art in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and elsewhere. The article on Painting, more especially, in the last-named work is from his pen.

"In 1816 he published his essays called the 'Round Table'; in 1817 his 'Characters of Shakspeare's Plays;' and in the same, or the next year, lectured to full audiences at the Surrey Institution. He read his lectures in an abrupt yet somewhat monotonous voice, but they were very effective. If he failed in communicating, by his manner, the lighter graces of his authors, he established their graver beauties, and impressed on his auditors a due sense of their power. He was a great talker, when it was his cue to talk, and I have never known one more amusing. If he uttered fewer words than Mr Coleridge, or expatiated less, he developed his ideas more distinctly, and I think exhibited as many of them. The difference between these two was well expressed by — I forget who, and was afterwards adopted by Mr de Quincy, in his 'Confessions of an Opium Eater.' Coleridge, he said, was a subtle and Hazlitt an acute thinker. There was the same distinction between them as between the alchymist and the regular professor of chemistry. This judgment, however, is too hard upon Mr Coleridge, who, if he soars too frequently in 'mid-air,' and traverses the regions of Mesmerism and astrology, can also descend upon the earth and reason like a philosopher."

In 1825 Mr Hazlitt visited France and Italy. In 1828 he published his largest work, 'The Life of Napoleon,' in 4 vols. 8vo. Besides the works above enumerated, he contributed largely to various periodical works. His death, which occurred in Frith street, Soho, on the 18th of September, 1830, was occasioned by an organic disease of the stomach. He retained the entire possession of his faculties to the last. Soon after his death, a character of him appeared in the Atlas; from which the following are extracts:—"All our contemporaries have mistaken, or otherwise failed to appreciate duly, the character of William Hazlitt. His memory is entitled to justice, of which he had but little when living. He was not the sort of man to whom justice could have been done effectually, for there was a waywardness in him that was sure to upset the cup before the wine was

emptied. Perhaps it is the nature of genius—and he had an abundant share—to make its own circumstances, and to make them, too, of the troubled cast. He made a name at little cost, and preserved it indifferently, as if it were to show the greatness of his powers, that could sustain without effort what the toil of others could not accomplish. Had he chosen to labour at the improvement of the faculties he had, and the enlargement of their application, there would be little need to inquire into the mysteries of his moral constitution. To those who knew him best he was the greatest marvel. They saw what the world could not see, the strangest combinations and the most perplexing contradictions. It is said that accident made Hazlitt a writer. He was originally a painter, or pursued his earliest studies with that end in view. But his taste was not satisfied with his labours: he never could embody his own conceptions, or transfer to the canvass his own principles complete. Instead of practising the art, he expounded it. Connected with the philosophical examination of painting and sculpture, the drama and the theatre came naturally within his inquiries. Into these subjects he poured the tide of his luminous mind, and soon acquired the reputation of being one of the highest critical authorities on the drama and the fine arts. He penetrated boldly, and wrote graphically; and whether his opinions were always profound or just, you felt that they were dexterously said, and hardly cared to question farther.

“The history of his mind was this:—He commenced with a certain stock of ideas, or, more properly, dogmas. These he never renounced, and rarely consented to modify. He was an indolent reader, and never increased them. To the end they remained with him, and were his *penates*. What he did, then, was out of his own thoughts, and not by any process of analysis or comparison of others. Reasoning was all in all with him. He started with a principle, and carried you through a chain of inductions admirable and perfect. The only doubt was, whether his first position were true. The results were generally incontrovertible. The obstinacy of mind, generated by a stern adherence to a few doctrines, which, with inconceivable weakness, he applied equally to all questions, produced prejudices at last, and prevented him from seeing the whole of a topic. He seized upon a feature—perhaps a grand one, but still only a part—and, arguing as if it were the whole, led the reader frequently into conclusions false as they respected truth, but true as they respected his view of it. He was deluded by his own powers of argument. They were so great, that they made him indifferent to all other means of greatness. That was his primary failing. What his enemies called bigotry, was in him habit. It would surprise the cursory admirer of Hazlitt's works to learn how little, how very little, he actually read throughout his life. The whole action was in his mind, which, being thus thrown back upon his own resources, was frequently forced into old and beaten tracks over and over again. The positive truths he originated are compressible into a small compass. But he repeated himself unconsciously, and always with an air of novelty. He thought he was creating, when he was in fact but re-combining. This peculiarity prevented him from progressing with the age. He was of the school that cried down the wisdom of our ancestors; but that was out of a sort of constitutional resistance to fanaticism; and

despotism, and not because he was advancing with the world. He came in with the principles of freedom, and maintained them zealously in the abstract. But he could not, as knowledge accumulated, accumulate new stores with it; nor could he well understand how others could be always in motion that way. His habitual distaste for the toil of books, arising from his mental isolation, rendered him unfit for literary labours in a professional sense. But necessity forced him to write, whether he would or not. The consequence was, that in trying to re-shape old materials, or dig up fragments of reflection that might have hitherto escaped, he frequently fell into extravagance and mysticism. He has written things that resemble the dreams of a disturbed imagination. He either did not see his subject clearly, or did not feel it sufficiently to make it intelligible.

"Much has been said of the caustic bitterness of his style when occasion demanded it, and the public have not hesitated to ascribe it to his natural disposition. The inference was hasty and erroneous. Hazlitt was mild, even to a child's temper; he was self-willed, but who needed to have drawn out the venom? Had he been suffered to pursue his career at his ease, he would not have afforded grounds for charging malignity upon him. The malignity grew up elsewhere, and extracted from him all the gall that was in his heart. For some unaccountable reason, which Hazlitt could never fathom, Blackwood's Magazine took an extraordinary pleasure in ridiculing him. They went beyond ridicule,—they made him appear all that was base in public and private, until at last his fame became a sort of dangerous notoriety. His political and religious opinions were represented in such odious colours, that even the booksellers,—our trading ones,—shrank from the publication of his writings, as if they contained nothing but treason and blasphemy. That impression went abroad, and nearly ruined him. He attributed it solely to the writers in Blackwood, who painted him as a cockney of the worst description, mixing up wickedness with namby-pamby. Even Lady Morgan, smarting under his criticism in the *Edinburgh Review*, followed up the cry in her stupid 'Book of the Boudoir.' It was not surprising that a man of Hazlitt's solitary habits should feel and resent this in his brooding moods. He did resent it, and fearfully, and the passion of revenge was instilled into his being, subdued only by the imperious presence of philosophy. He had strong passions and affections; and they swelled the torrent. Those who charge him with evil should pause over the story of his agitated life.

"When you were first introduced to Hazlitt, with this previous impression of his bold character on your mind, you were disappointed or astonished to meet an individual, nervous, low-spoken, and feeble, who lived on tea as a regimen. There was not a particle of energy about him ordinarily. His face, when at repose, had none of the marks of extraordinary intellect, or even of animation. The common expression was that of pain, or rather the traces left by pain: it was languor and inertia. But when he kindled, a flush mantled over his sunken cheeks, his eyes lighted up wildly, his chest expanded, he looked like one inspired, his motions were eloquent, and his whole form partook of the enthusiasm. This is commonly the case with men of genius, but it was so in a remarkable degree with him. His conversation, generally, was ragged in expression, exceedingly careless as to phraseology, and not

always clear in purport. He used the most familiar words, and, for ease-sake, fell into conventional turns of language, to save himself the trouble of explanation. This was not so, however, when he grew warmed. Then he sometimes mounted into sublime flights. But his conversational powers were, at the best, below his literary capacity.

"As a periodical writer, for the reasons we have stated, Hazlitt was unable to sustain any rank. The best articles of that kind, for which we are indebted to his pen, are to be found in the *Edinburgh Review*, where he had scope to enlarge upon his principles of taste and his political theories. Of his dramatic criticisms it may be remarked, that they cannot claim to be considered as being comprehensive. He could not read enough to make them so. But they are acute, sound, and in a philosophical spirit. Few had a higher zest for the poetry of the drama, but he did not permit it to develope itself freely. He warped and narrowed it. Taking a single point of beauty, he followed it up into all its aspects, but had no relish for judging by the context. His criticisms on the fine arts are more elaborate and liberal. There all was contemplation, and he could master it. The subject required no aids from drudgery in the library, and happened to fall in felicitously with his tastes.

"But the work by which Hazlitt will be remembered, and through which he desired to transmit his name and his opinions to posterity, is his '*Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*.' It was the greatest undertaking in which he ever engaged. It exhibits his powerful mind in a position most favourable for its display; and presents an imperishable record of the strength and versatility of his genius. As a history, it has the merit of rendering narrative subservient to instruction, by making events the keys to thought. Hazlitt was too abstract and philosophical for the labour of details: hence his work contains so much of fact as is necessary to the ends of truth, and may be perused from the beginning to the end without inspiring in the reader a single misgiving that a page of matter has been wasted. That is a merit in an extensive history, not to speak of its other higher merits, that we have rarely an opportunity of applauding."

Sir John Leslie.

BORN A. D. 1766.—DIED A. D. 1832.

THIS eminent philosopher was born in April, 1766, near Largo, in Fifeshire. He was destined, we believe, by his parents, to follow the humble though respectable occupations connected with a small farm and mill. But before he reached his twelfth year, he had attracted considerable notice by his proneness to calculation and geometrical exercises; and he was, in consequence, early mentioned to Professor Robison of Edinburgh, and by him to Professors Playfair and Stewart. They saw him in his boyhood, and were much struck by the extraordinary powers which he then displayed. After some previous education, his parents were induced, in consequence of strong recommendations, and of obtaining for him the patronage of the earl of Kinnoul, to enter him a student at the university of St Andrew's. Having passed

some time in that ancient seminary, he removed to Edinburgh, in company with another youth, destined like himself to obtain a high niche in the temple of scientific fame—James Ivory. Whilst a student in Edinburgh, he was introduced to, and employed by, Dr Adam Smith, to assist the studies of his nephew, Mr Douglas, afterwards Lord Reston. Disliking the church, for which, we believe, he had been intended by his parents, he proceeded to London, after completing the usual course of study in Edinburgh. He carried with him some commendatory letters from Dr Smith; and we recollect to have heard him mention, that one of the most pressing injunctions with which he was honoured by this illustrious philosopher, was to be sure, if the person to whom he was to present himself was an author, to read his book before approaching him, so as to be able to speak of it, if there should be a fit opportunity. His earliest employment in the capital, as a literary adventurer, was derived from the late Dr William Thompson, the author of many and various works, all of which, with the exception of his 'Life of Philip the Third,' have fallen into oblivion. Dr Thompson's ready pen was often used for others, who took or got the merit of his labours; and if we recollect rightly, he employed Mr Leslie in writing or correcting notes, for an edition of the Bible with notes, then publishing in numbers, under some popular theological name. But Mr Leslie's first important undertaking was a translation of Buffon's 'Natural History of Birds,' which was published in 1793, in nine octavo volumes. The sum he received for it laid the foundation of that pecuniary independence which, unlike many other men of genius, his prudent habits fortunately enabled him early to attain. The preface to this work, which was published anonymously, is characterised by all the peculiarities of his later style; but it also bespeaks a mind of great native vigour, and lofty conceptions, strongly touched with admiration for the sublime and the grand in nature and science. Some time afterwards he proceeded to the United States of America, as a tutor to one of the distinguished family of the Randolphs; and after his return to Britain he engaged with the late Mr Thomas Wedgwood to accompany him to the continent, various parts of which he visited with that accomplished person, whose early death he ever lamented as a loss to science and to his country.

At what period Mr Leslie first struck into that brilliant field of inquiry where he became so conspicuous for his masterly experiments and striking discoveries regarding radiant heat, and the connection between light and heat, we are unable to say; but his differential thermometer—one of the most beautiful and delicate instruments that inductive genius ever contrived as a help to experimental inquiry, and which rewarded its author by its happy ministry to the success of some of his finest experiments—must have been invented before the year 1800; as it was described, we think, in Nicholson's 'Philosophical Journal' some time during that year. The results of those fine inquiries, in which he was so much aided by this exquisite instrument, were published to the world in 1804, in his celebrated 'Essay on the Nature and Propagation of Heat.' The experimental devices and remarkable discoveries which distinguish this publication, far more than atone for its great defects of method, its very questionable theories, and its transgressions against that simplicity of style which its aspiring author rather spurned than was unable to exemplify; but which must be allowed to be a quality

peculiarly indispensable to the communication of scientific knowledge. The work was honoured, in the following year, by the unanimous adjudication to its author, by the council of the Royal society, of the Rumford medals, appropriated to reward discoveries in that province whose nature and limits he had so much illustrated and extended.

The year just alluded to (1805) must, on other accounts, be ever viewed as memorable in the history of Mr Leslie's life, and we fear we must add, in the history of ecclesiastical persecution of the followers of science. It was in this year that he was elected to the Mathematical chair in the university of Edinburgh, and that the church-courts were disturbed and contaminated by an unwarrantable attempt to annul that election. But we gladly pass from this humiliating exhibition, to pursue the more grateful theme furnished by that course of experimental discovery, by which Mr Leslie conferred new lustre on that celebrated seminary, from which some misguided sons of the church would have cast him forth as an unworthy intruder. It was in 1810, we think, that he arrived, through the assistance of another of his ingenious contrivances—his hygrometer—at the discovery of that singularly beautiful process of artificial congelation which enabled him to convert water and mercury into ice. We happened to witness the consummation of the discovery—at least, of the performance of one of the first successful repetitions of the process by which it was effected; and we shall never forget the joy and elation which beamed on the face of the discoverer, as, with his characteristic good nature, he patiently explained the steps by which he had been led to it. We felt, on looking at, and listening to him—albeit not happy in the verbal exposition even of his own discoveries—how noble and elevating must be the satisfaction derived from thus acquiring a mastery over the powers of nature, and enabling man, weak and finite as he is, to reproduce some of her wondrous works.

Mr Leslie was removed to the chair of Natural Philosophy in 1819, on the death of Professor Playfair. He had previously published his 'Elements of Geometry,' and an 'Account of Experiments and Instruments depending on the relation of Air to Heat and Moisture.' Of his 'Elements of Natural Philosophy,' afterwards compiled for the use of his class, only one volume has been published. He wrote, besides the works mentioned, some admirable articles in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and several very valuable treatises on different branches of physics, in the Supplement to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' His last, and certainly one of his best and most interesting compositions, was a 'Discourse on the History of Mathematical and Physical Science,' during the eighteenth century, prefixed to the seventh edition, of that national Encyclopædia. He received the honour of knighthood, in the year of his death, on the suggestion, we believe, of the Lord-Chancellor.

It would be impossible, we think, for any intelligent and well-constituted mind to review the labours of this distinguished man, without a strong feeling of admiration for his inventive genius and vigorous powers, and of respect for that extensive knowledge, which his active curiosity, his various reading, and his happy memory had enabled him to attain. Some few of his contemporaries in the same walks of science may have excelled him in profundity of understanding, in philosophical caution, and in logical accuracy; but we doubt if any surpassed him, whilst he must be allowed to have surpassed many in that creative faculty—one

of the highest and rarest of nature's gifts—which leads and is necessary to discovery, though not all-sufficient of itself for the formation of safe conclusions; or in that subtilty and reach of discernment which seizes the finest and least obvious relations among the objects of science—which elicits the hidden secrets of nature, and ministers to new combinations of her powers. There were some flaws, it must be allowed, in the mind of this memorable person. He strangely undervalued some branches of philosophical inquiry of high importance in the circle of human knowledge. His credulity in matters of ordinary life was, to say the least of it, as conspicuous as his tendency to scepticism in science. It has been profoundly remarked by Mr Dugald Stewart, that “though the mathematician may be prevented, in his own pursuits, from going far astray, by the absurdities to which his errors lead him, he is seldom apt to be revolted by absurd conclusions in other matters.” Thus, even in physics, he adds, “mathematicians have been led to acquiesce in conclusions which appear ludicrous to men of different habits.” Something of the same kind was observable in the mind of this distinguished mathematician, for such also he was. He was apt, too, to run into some startling hypotheses, from an unwarrantable application of mathematical principles to subjects altogether foreign to them; as when he finds an analogy between circulating decimals and the lengthened cycles of the seasons. In all his writings, with the exception, perhaps, of his last considerable performance—even in the sober field of pure mathematics—there is a constant straining after “thoughts that breathe and words that burn,” and a love of abstract, and figurative, and novel modes of expression, which has exposed them to just criticism by impartial judges, and to some puny fault-finding, by others more willing to carp at defects than to point out the merits which redeem them. But when even severe criticism has said its worst, it must be allowed that genius has struck its captivating impress, deep and wide, over all his works. His more airy speculations may be thrown aside or condemned; but his exquisite instruments, and his original and beautiful experimental combinations, will ever attest the fruitfulness of his mind, and continue to act as helps to further discovery. We have already alluded to the extent and excursiveness of his reading. It is rare, indeed, to find a man of so much invention, and who himself valued the inventive above all the other powers, possessing so vast a store of learned and curious information. His reading extended to every nook and corner, however obscure, which books have touched upon. He was a lover, too, and that in no ordinary degree, of what is commonly called anecdote. Though he did not shine in mixed society, and was latterly unfitted, by a considerable degree of deafness, for enjoying it, his conversation, when seated with one or two, was highly entertaining. It had no wit, little repartee, and no fine turns of any kind, but it had a strongly original and racy cast, and was replete with striking remarks and curious information.

Our readers will have perceived, that, much as we admire the genius and talents of the subject of this hasty sketch, we are not writing an indiscriminate eulogy upon his mind and character. His memory requires nothing such to insure due concern for his loss, or to assuage the feelings of surviving friends. He had faults, no doubt, as all “of woman born” have; and we have heard enough of them in our time from some who, it may be, have more. He had prejudices, of which it

would have been better to be rid: he was not over charitable in his views of human virtue; and he was not quite so ready, on all occasions, to do justice to kindred merit as was to be expected in so ardent a worshipper of genius. But his faults were far more than compensated by his many good qualities;—by his constant equanimity, his cheerfulness, his simplicity of character almost infantile, his straightforwardness, his perfect freedom from affectation, and, above all, his unconquerable good nature. He was, indeed, one of the most placable of human beings; and if, as has been thought, he generally had a steady eye, in his worldly course, to his own interest, it cannot be denied that he was, notwithstanding, a warm and good friend, and a relation on whose affectionate assistance a firm reliance could ever be placed.¹

Jeremy Bentham.

BORN A. D. 1747.—DIED A. D. 1832.

THIS celebrated philosophical writer was the son of an attorney, in Red Lion street, Houndsditch, where he was born, on the 15th of February, 1747–8. He was, says his friend and biographer, Dr Southwood Smith, a precocious child; at the age of five he had read Rapin's 'History of England,' and acquired a knowledge of musical notes. Such too was the contemplative turn of his mind, and the clearness and accuracy of his observations, that he had, at this time, acquired the name of 'the philosopher,' amongst the members of his family. He had read *Télémaque*, in French, at the age of seven; and at eight was placed at Westminster school, where he soon became distinguished. During one of his vacations he read Helvetius's celebrated work on the mind. He was admitted, in his fourteenth year, of Queen's college, Oxford; where he is said, in public disputations in the common-hall, to have excited, by the acuteness of his observations, the precision of his terms, and the logical correctness of his inductions, the surprise and admiration of all who heard him. At sixteen, he proceeded B. A.; and, at twenty, M. A.; being the youngest graduate who, at that time, (1767,) had been known at either of the universities. An occurrence at Oxford, as related in his own words, will illustrate the acuteness of his perception, and a portion of his moral character which became more strongly developed in after-life:—"Of the university of Oxford I had not long been a member, when, by a decree of the Vice-chancellor in his court, five students were, under the name of Methodists, expelled from it. Heresy and frequentation of conventicles were the only offences charged upon them. Taking the word conventicle for the place of meeting—these conventicles were so many private rooms, the small apartments of the several poor students; for poor they were. The congregation consisted of these same poor and too pious students, with the occasional addition of one and the same ancient female. The offence consisted in neither more nor less than the reading and talking over the Bible. The heresy consisted in this—viz., that, upon being, by per-

¹ The above sketch, from the pen, we believe, of Professor Napier, first appeared in the Caledonian Mercury newspaper.

sons sent to examine them, questioned on the subject of the Thirty-nine Church of England Articles, the sense which they put upon these Articles was found to be in some instances different from the sense put upon these same Articles by those their interrogators."—After having forcibly depicted the iniquity of this sentence, he proceeds thus :—"By the sentence by which those readers of the Bible were thus expelled from the university, that affection which at its entrance had glowed with so sincere a fervour—my reverence for the church of England, her doctrine, her discipline, her universities, her ordinances, was expelled from my youthful breast. I read the controversy; I studied it; and, with whatsoever reluctance, I could not but acknowledge the case to stand exactly as above. Not long after—(for at my entrance, that immaturity of age, which had excused me from the obligation of signature, had excused me from the necessity of perjury)—not long after came the time for the attaching my signature to the Thirty-nine Articles. Understanding that of such signature the effect and sole object was—the declaring, after reflection, with solemnity and upon record, that the propositions therein contained were, in my opinion, every one of them true; what seemed to me a matter of duty was, to examine them in that view, in order to see whether that were really the case. The examination was unfortunate. In some of them, no meaning at all could I find; in others, no meaning but one, which, in my eyes, was but too plainly irreconcilable either to reason or to scripture. Communicating my distress to some of my fellow collegiates, I found them sharers in it. Upon inquiry, it was found that among the fellows of the college there was one to whose office it belonged, among other things, to remove all such scruples. We repaired to him with fear and trembling. His answer was cold; and the substance of it was,—that it was not for uninformed youths, such as we, to presume to set up our private judgments against a public one, formed by some of the holiest as well as best and wisest men that ever lived. When, out of the multitude of his attendants, Jesus chose twelve for his apostles, by the men in office he was declared to be possessed by a devil; by his own friends, at the same time, he was set down for mad. The like fate, were my conscience to have showed itself more scrupulous than that of the official casuist, was before my eyes. Before the eyes of Jesus stood a comforter—his Father—an Almighty one. Before my weak eyes stood no comforter. In my father, in whom in other cases I might have looked for a comforter, I saw nothing but a tormentor: by my ill-timed scruples, and the public disgrace that would have been the consequence, his fondest hopes would have been blasted, the expenses he had bestowed on my education bestowed in vain. To him I durst not so much as confess those scruples. I signed: but by the view I found myself forced to take of the whole business, such an impression was made, as will never depart from me but with life."

Being destined for the legal profession, he attended the celebrated Vinerian lectures of Sir William Blackstone, having previously become a student of Lincoln's Inn. "By the command of a father," he says, in his 'Indications respecting Lord Eldon,' "I entered into the profession; and, in the year 1772, or thereabouts, was called to the bar. Not long after, having drawn a bill in Equity, I had to defend it against exceptions before a master in Chancery. 'We shall have to attend on

such a day,' said the solicitor to me, naming a day a week or so distant; 'warrants for our attendance will be taken out for two intervening days; but it is not customary to attend before the third.' What I learned afterward was—that though no attendance more than one was ever bestowed, three were on every occasion regularly charged for; for each of the two falsely pretended attendances, the client being by the solicitor charged with a fee for himself, as also with a fee of 6s. 8d. paid by him to the master; the consequence was—that for every attendance, the master, instead of 6s. 8d., received £1; and that, even if inclined, no solicitor durst omit taking out the three warrants instead of one, for fear of the not-to-be-hazarded displeasure of that subordinate judge and his superiors. True it is, the solicitor is not under any obligation thus to charge his client for work not done. He is however, sure of indemnity in doing so: it is accordingly done of course. These things, and others of the same complexion, in such immense abundance, determined me to quit the profession; and, as soon as I could obtain my father's permission, I did so: I found it more to my taste to endeavour, as I have been doing ever since, to put an end to them, than to profit by them."

Between Mr Bentham's coming of age, and the commencement of the French Revolution—a period of nearly twenty years—he was thrice on the continent, and each time resided chiefly in Paris. In his second visit to the Gallic capital, he formed an acquaintance with the celebrated, but unfortunate Brissot, then better known by the name of Wanville, and who soon after that period produced the following powerful sketch of him:—"If the reader has ever endeavoured to picture in his imagination those rare men whom Heaven sometimes sends upon the earth to console mankind for their sufferings, and who, under the imperfections of the human form, conceal the brightness of an ethereal nature—such men, for example, as Howard or Benezet—he may perhaps conceive some idea of my friend Bentham. Candour in the countenance, mildness in the looks, serenity upon the brow, calmness in the language, coolness in the movements, imperturbability united with the keenest feelings; such are his qualities. In describing Howard to me one day, he described himself. Howard had devoted himself to the reform of prisons, Bentham to that of the laws which peopled those prisons. Howard said nothing, thought of nothing, but prisons; and to better their condition, renounced all pleasures, all spectacles. Bentham has imitated this illustrious example. Selecting the profession of the law, not with the design of practising it, or of acquiring honours and gaining money, but for the purpose of penetrating to the roots of the defects in the jurisprudence of England—a labyrinth through the intricacies of which none but a lawyer can penetrate—and having descended to the bottom of this Trophonian cavern, Bentham was desirous, before proposing his reforms, of rendering himself familiar with the criminal jurisprudence of the other nations of Europe. But the greater number of these codes were accessible only in the language of the people whom they governed. What difficulties can deter the man who is actuated by a desire to promote the public good? Bentham successively acquired nearly the whole of those languages. He spoke French well; he understood the Italian, the Spanish, the German, and I myself saw him acquire the Swedish and the Russian. When he had examined all

these wrecks of Gothic law; and collected his materials, he applied himself to the construction of a systematic plan of civil and criminal law, founded entirely upon reason, and having for its object the happiness of the human race."

His first printed work appeared in 1776, under the title of 'A Fragment on Government,' professing to be an examination of Blackstone's Commentaries on that head. In 1778 he published his 'View of the Hard Labour Bill,' and in 1780 were printed his 'Principles of Morals and Legislation.' In 1787 was published his 'Defence of Usury,' showing the impolicy of restraints laid on pecuniary bargains,—a work described by a writer in the Edinburgh Review, as "unanswered and unanswerable; and not less admirably reasoned than happily expressed." In 1789 he published his 'Principles of Morals and Legislation,' and, in the following year, having conceived the idea of making convicts useful, he made that design public in 'The Panopticon, or the Inspection-House,' in which he developed the plan that has since been partially adopted in the Penitentiary at Millbank.

The death of his father, in 1792, put Mr Bentham in possession of a fortune, which enabled him to bestow exclusive attention on his favourite subjects; and in that year he printed his 'Truth *versus* Ashurst,' &c.; and in 1795, 'Supply without Burthen, or Escheat *vice* Taxation,' to which he prefixed his 'Protest against Law Taxes.' The great work, however, by which his name became celebrated throughout Europe, was fated to appear in a foreign language. It was first published in French, at Paris, in three volumes octavo, in the year 1802, under the title of 'Traité de Legislation Civile et Penale,' having been translated into that language by the late M. Etienne Dumont, a Swiss gentleman of great learning and talents. The Edinburgh Reviewers give the following account of this work: "The plan which Mr Bentham has chalked out for himself in this undertaking, is more vast and comprehensive, we believe, than was ever ventured upon before by the ambition of any one individual. It embraces almost every thing that is important in the science of human nature, and not only touches upon all the higher questions of government and legislation, but includes most of the abstract principles of ethics and metaphysics, and professes to delineate those important rules by which the finest speculations of philosophy may be made to exert their influence on the actual condition of society. M. Dumont has exhibited, in his preface, a short catalogue of the articles which Mr Bentham has enabled him to finish, by delivering the manuscripts to his custody; and declares that they form but a part of the gigantic system upon which he is still engaged. What Mr Bentham has already executed, is as follows: 1. The general principles of morals and legislation; 2. The principles of law as applicable to civil questions; 3. The principles of criminal law; 4. A detailed code of criminal law *in terminis*; 5. The principles of a code of remuneratory law; 6. A plan for the organization of the judiciary function; 7. A complete system of legal procedure, comprehending the whole law of evidence, and all the forms of litigation; 8. A system of political economy; and, 9. A system of tactics for legislative assemblies, or of the rules according to which they should be constituted and should conduct their deliberations. There are besides six separate treatises on 'Invention in the Science of Legislation; on the art of accommodating law to a change of

time or place; on the methods of promulgating the law,' &c. The present volumes do not by any means contain the whole of these dissertations; but M. Dumont assures us, that all the materials are in his hands, and that he has already brought them into such form and order, as to secure their successive publication at no great distance of time. The work now before us consists of four principal parts. 1. A general view of the principles of legislation, composed in a good degree from the 'Introduction' formerly published in English in 1789; 2. A general sketch of the complete system of laws which Mr Bentham proposes to erect upon those principles; 3. The application of those principles to the law in civil questions; and, 4. The application of the same principles to the law with regard to crimes. To these are added, three detached treatises; one on the establishment of a new sort of house of correction, to be called the *Panoptique*; another on the method of promulgating the law; and the third, on the influence of time and place in questions of legislation. From this short account of the contents of this publication, our readers will easily perceive that the merits of the whole system must depend upon the soundness of the principles upon which it is professedly founded, and that the character of the book must be determined in a great degree by the manner in which the first part of it is executed. M. Dumont, who has more than the common right of an editor to be partial to the work he has brought into the world, is persuaded that this publication must make an epoch and a revolution in the science of which it treats; and assures us, that the 'Introduction,' upon the principles of which it is founded, though not hitherto distinguished by any great share of popular applause, is already considered in that light by the small number of competent judges by whom its merits have been appreciated. To this privilege, he says, Mr Bentham's speculations are entitled; because they have set the example of a new method of philosophizing in politics and morality; and because they contain the elements of a new system of logic, by means of which ethics and legislation are for the first time advanced to the dignity of a science. These pretensions, it cannot be denied, are sufficiently magnificent; and the confidence with which they are announced, naturally leads us to inquire into the facts by which they are supported.

"The principle upon which the whole of Mr Bentham's system depends is, that utility, and utility alone, is the criterion of right and wrong, and ought to be the sole object of the legislator. This principle, he admits, has often been suggested, and is familiarly recurred to both in action and deliberation; but he maintains that it has never been pursued with sufficient steadiness and resolution, and that the necessity of assuming it as the exclusive test of our proceedings, has never been sufficiently understood. There are two principles, he alleges, that have been admitted to a share of that moral authority which belongs of right to that of utility alone, and have exercised a control over the conduct and opinions of society, by which legislators have been very frequently misled. The one of these he denominates the ascetic principle, or that which enjoins the mortification of the senses as a duty, and proscribes their gratification as a sin; and the other, which has had a much more extensive influence, he calls the principle of sympathy or antipathy; under which name he comprehends all those systems which place the basis of morality in the indications of a moral sense, or in the maxims of

a rule of right, or which, under any other form of expression, decide upon the propriety of human actions by any internal, unaccountable feelings, without any view to their consequences. In this place he introduces, by way of parenthesis, a technical enumeration of the sources and causes of antipathy, of which he reckons six—the repugnance of the senses—mortified pride—disappointed endeavours, &c. He then sets himself to show, that these principles have in many instances superseded the lawful authority of utility in the laws of most countries; and imputes to this cause the illusion which has led so many legislators to neglect the substantial happiness of their country, while they limited all their exertions to the promotion of its riches, its power, or its freedom. In the next place he combats, with great ability, the arguments of those who have affected to consider the principle of utility as a dangerous guide for our conduct; and endeavours to show, that such reasonings really amount to a contradiction in terms; since, to say of any action that it is hurtful, dangerous, or improper, is just to say that it cannot have been adopted upon the principle of utility. As utility is thus assumed as the test and standard of action and approbation, and as it consists in procuring pleasure, and avoiding pain, Mr Bentham has thought it necessary, in this place, to introduce a catalogue of all the pleasures and pains of which man is susceptible; since these, he alleges, are the elements of that moral calculation in which the wisdom and the duty of legislators and individuals must ultimately be found to consist. The simple pleasures of which man is susceptible are fourteen in number, and are thus enumerated:—1. Pleasures of sense; 2. of wealth; 3. of dexterity; 4. of good character; 5. of friendship; 6. of power; 7. of piety; 8. of benevolence; 9. of malevolence; 10. of memory; 11. of imagination; 12. of hope; 13. of association; 14. of relief from pain. The pains, our readers will be happy to hear, are only eleven, and are almost exactly the counterpart of the pleasures that have now been enumerated. The construction of these catalogues, M. Dumont considers as by far the greatest improvement that has yet been made in the philosophy of human nature. It is chiefly by the fear of pain that men are regulated in the choice of their deliberate actions; and Mr Bentham finds that pain may be attached to particular actions in four different ways: 1. By nature; 2. by public opinion; 3. by positive enactment; and, 4. by the doctrines of religion. Our institutions will be perfect when all these different sanctions are in harmony with each other."

His next works were: 'A Plea for the Constitution;' 'Scotch Reform Considered; with respect to the regulations of the Courts of Justice;' 'Defence of Economy against Burke;' and 'Elements of the art of Packing.' In 1812 another of his works, in two volumes octavo, was translated into French, and published in Paris, by M. Dumont, under the title of '*Théorie des Peines et des Récompenses.*' This was followed by a tract 'On the Law of Evidence;' 'Swear not at All;' 'Table of Springs of Action;' and 'Chrestomathia: Part I. Explanatory of a proposed School for the Extension of the New System of Instruction to the higher Branches of Learning,' 1816. Part 2. being an 'Essay on Nomenclature and Classification; including a critical examination of the Encyclopædical Table of Lord Bacon,' 1817. In the year last-mentioned, he published his 'Plan of Parliamentary Reform,' in which he

argues strongly for universal suffrage. He next published, in succession, 'Papers relative to Codification,' 'The Rationale of Reward,' and his 'Church of Englandism.' From 1819 to 1827, several productions of his pen continued to appear at intervals; amongst others, 'The Book of Fallacies;' and in the latter year Mr Mill published, from his manuscripts, 'The Rationale of Judicial Evidence, specially applied to English Practice,' in five thick volumes octavo.

Among the latest pieces which fell from the pen of this vigorous old man, within two years of his death, were: the first volume of a 'Constitutional Code;' 'Official aptitude maximised;' 'Expense Minimised,' 'Justice and Codification Petitions;' Letter to his French Fellow-Citizens; Letter to the French Chamber of Peers; and 'Remarks on the Bankruptcy bill.'

Mr Bentham's death took place on the 6th of June, 1832. Among the last things which his hand penned, in a book of memoranda, in which he was accustomed to note down any thought or feeling that passed through his mind, for future revision and use, if susceptible of use, was found the following passage:—"I am a selfish man, as selfish as any man can be. But in me, somehow or other, so it happens, selfishness has taken the shape of benevolence. No other man is there upon earth, the prospect of whose sufferings would to me be a pleasurable one: no man is there upon earth, the sight of whose sufferings would not to me be a more or less painful one: no man upon earth is there, the sight of whose enjoyments, unless believed by me to be derived from a more than equivalent suffering endured by some other man, would not be of a pleasurable nature rather than of a painful one. Such in me is the force of sympathy!" And this "force of sympathy" governed his very last hour of consciousness. Some time before his death, when he firmly believed he was near that last hour, he said to one of his disciples, who was watching over him,—"I now feel that I am dying: our care must be to minimise the pain. Do not let any of the servants come into the room, and keep away the youths: it will be distressing to them, and they can be of no service. Yet I must not be alone: you will remain with me, and you only; and then we shall have reduced the pain to the least possible amount."

Major Parry, in his 'Last Days of Lord Byron,' gives the following description of Mr Bentham's appearance, on a visit which he paid to him: "His appearance," says the major, "struck me forcibly. His white, thin locks, cut straight in the fashion of the Quakers, and hanging, or rather floating, on his shoulders; his garments something of their colour and cut; and his frame rather square and muscular, with no exuberance of flesh, made up a singular-looking, and not inelegant, old man. He welcomed me with a few hurried words, but without any ceremony, and then conducted me into several rooms, to show me his ammunition and materiel of war. One very large room was nearly filled with books; and another with unbound works, which, I understood, were the philosopher's own composition. The former, he said, furnished supplies." The major then gives a ludicrous account of his habit of running in the streets, and his fear lest he, the major, should be taken for a mad doctor, the attendant amanuensis for his assistant, and Mr Bentham for his patient, just broke loose from his keepers. "He exulted," it is said, "in his activity; and inquired particularly if I had ever seen a man so

active at his time of life. I could not answer 'No !' " says the major, "while I was almost breathless with the exertion of following him through the crowded streets." "Emperors," says the major, "have sought to do him honour; but he was too wise to encourage their advances beyond what was good for mankind. The Emperor Alexander, who was afraid of his legislation, sent him a diamond ring, which the philosopher, to his immortal honour, returned, saying (or something to that effect) that his object was not to receive rings from princes, but to do good to the world."

In the Examiner newspaper of the 10th of June, 1832, appeared the following able estimate of Bentham and his works :—"Jeremy Bentham is no more ! In him the world has lost the great teacher and patriarch of his time; the man who, of all men who were living on the day of his death, has exercised and is exercising over the fortunes of mankind the widest and most durable influence; and who is even now in some sort governing the world, although not yet recognised and looked up to as their leader by those who are daily obeying the impulse which he gave; no unusual fate of the real guides and rulers of mankind, especially in these latter days. Had such a man died at an earlier period of his life of usefulness, when much of his task yet remained for him to perform, and may years of possible existence to perform it in, there would have been room for sorrow and lamentation. It is one of the evils of the untimely death of a great man, that it mixes other feelings with those with which alone the thought of a departed sage or hero ought to be associated—joy and pride that our nature has been found capable of again producing such a man, and affectionate gratitude for the good which we and our posterity have received from him. Such feelings only can find a fitting place near the tomb of Jeremy Bentham; nor know we, since all must die, what happier or more glorious end could have been desired for him, than to die just now, after living such a life. He has died full of years, and (so far as regards all minds throughout the world, which are yet fitted for appreciating him) of honours. He has lived to see many of the objects of his life in a train of accomplishment, and the realisation of the remainder rendered certain at no remote period. He has achieved the hardest, but the noblest of problems—that of a well-directed and victorious existence; and has now finished his work and lain down to rest.

"This is not the time for a complete estimate of the results of his labours. He is not like one of those who go to their grave and are no more thought of. The value of such a life to mankind, which is even now insensibly making itself acknowledged, will be felt more and more, as men shall become more capable of knowing the hand which guides them. Nor need we fear any lack of opportunities for commemorating what philosophy owes to him, when all which has been doing for ten years in English politics and legislation, and all which shall be done for twice ten more, proclaims and will proclaim his name and merits, in no inaudible voice, to all who can trace the influence of opinion upon events, and of a great mind upon opinion. These things, however, are worthy of notice at the present hour, chiefly as they conduce to a due appreciation of his life; and under this aspect also, as under so many others, will they continue valuable, not for to-day or to-morrow only, but (so far as eternity can belong to any thing human) for ever.

"Let it be remembered what was the state of jurisprudence and legislation, and of the philosophy of jurisprudence and legislation, when he began his career. A labyrinth without a clue—a jungle, through which no path had ever been out. All systems of law then established, but most of all, that in which he himself was nurtured, were masses of deformity, in the construction of which reason, in any shape whatever, had had little to do—a comprehensive consideration of ends and means, nothing at all: their foundation, the rude contrivances of a barbarous age, even more deeply barbarous in this than in aught else; the superstructure, an infinite series of patches, some larger, some smaller, stuck on in succession wherever a hole appeared, and plastered one over another until the monstrous mass exceeded all measurable bulk, and went beyond the reach of the strongest understanding and the finest memory. Such was the practice of law: was its theory in any better state? And how could it be so? for of what did that theory consist, but either of purely technical principles, got at by abstraction from these established systems, (or rather, constructed, generally in utter defiance of logic, with the sole view of giving something like coherence and consistency in appearance to provisions which, in reality, were utterly heterogeneous,) or of vague cloudy generalities arbitrarily assumed *à priori*, and called laws of nature, or principles of natural law.

"Such was existing jurisprudence; and that it should be such, was less surprising than the superstition by which, being such, it was protected. The English people had contrived to persuade themselves, and had, to a great degree, persuaded the rest of the world, that the English law, as it was when Mr Bentham found it, was the perfection of reason. That it was otherwise, was the only political heresy which no one had been found hardy enough to avow. Even the English constitution you might (if you did it very gently) speak ill of,—but not the English law. Whig, Tory, and Democrat joined in one chorus of clamorous admiration, whenever the law or the courts of justice were the subject of discourse; and to doubt the merits of either, appeared a greater stretch of absurdity than to question the doctrine of gravitation.

"This superstition was at its height, when Mr Bentham betook himself to the study of English law, with no other object than the ordinary one of gaining his living by practising a liberal profession. But he soon found that it would not do for him, and that he could have no dealing or concern with it in an honest way, except to destroy it. And there is a deep interest now, at the close of his life, in looking back to his very first publication—the 'Fragment on Government,'—which appeared considerably more than half a century ago, and which exhibits, at that remote period, a no less strong and steady conviction than appears in his very latest production, that the worship of the English law was a degrading idolatry—that, instead of being the perfection of reason, it was a disgrace to the human understanding—and that a task worthy him, or any other wise and brave man, to devote a life to, was that of utterly eradicating it, and sweeping it away. This, accordingly, became the task of his own existence: glory to him! for he has successfully accomplished it. The monster has received from him its death wound. After losing many a limb, it still drags on, and will drag on for a few years more, a feeble and exanimate existence; but it never will recover. It is going down rapidly to the grave.

"Mr Bentham has fought this battle for now almost sixty years; the greater part of that time without assistance from any human being, except latterly what M. Dumont gave him in putting his ideas into French; and for a long time almost without making one human being a convert to his opinions. He exhausted every mode of attack: he assailed the enemy with every weapon, and at all points: now he fell upon the generalities, now upon the details; now he combated evil by stripping it naked, and showing that it was evil; and now by contrasting it with good. At length his energy and perseverance triumphed. Some of the most potent leaders of the public became convinced; and they, in their turn, convinced or persuaded others; until at last the English law, as a systematic whole, is given up by every body; and the question, with all thinking minds even among lawyers, is no longer about keeping it as it is, but only whether, in rebuilding, there be a possibility of using any of the old materials. Mr Bentham was the original mover in this mighty change. His hand gave the impulse which set all the others at work. To him the debt is due, as much as any other great work has ever been owing to the man who first guided other men to the accomplishment of it. The man who has achieved this can afford to die. He has done enough to render his name for ever illustrious.

"But Mr Bentham has been much more than merely a destroyer. Like all who discredit erroneous systems by arguments drawn from principles, and not from mere results, he could not fail, even while destroying the old edifice, to lay a solid foundation for the new. Indeed, he considered it a positive duty never to assail what is established, without having a clear view of what ought to be substituted. It is to the intrinsic value of his speculations on the philosophy of law in general, that he owes the greater part of his existing reputation; for by these alone is he known to his continental readers, who are far the most numerous, and by whom in general he is far more justly appreciated than in England. There are some most important branches of the science of law, which were in a more wretched state than almost any of the others when he took them in hand, and which he has so exhausted, that he seems to have left nothing to be sought by future inquirers; we mean the departments of procedure, evidence, and the judicial establishment. He has done almost all that remained to perfect the theory of punishment. It is with regard to (what is the foundation of all) the civil code, that he has done least, and left most to be done. Yet even here his services have been invaluable, by making far clearer and more familiar than they were before, both the ultimate and the immediate ends of civil law; the essential characteristics of a good law; the expediency of codification, that is, of law written and systematic; by exposing the viciousness of the existing language of jurisprudence, guarding the student against the fallacies which lurk in it, and accustoming him to demand a more precise and logically constructed nomenclature.

"Mr Bentham's exertions have not been limited to the field of jurisprudence, or even to that of general politics, in which he ranks as the first name among the philosophic radicals. He has extended his speculations to morals, though never (at least in his published works) in any great detail; and on this, as on every other subject which he touched,

he cannot be read without great benefit. Some of his admirers have claimed for him the title of founder of the science of morals, as well as of the science of legislation, on the score of his having been the first person who established the principle of general utility, as the philosophic foundation of morality and law. But Mr Bentham's originality does not stand in need of any such exaggeration. The doctrine of utility, as the foundation of virtue, he himself professes to have derived from Hume: he applied it more consistently, and in greater detail, than his predecessors; but the idea itself is as old as the earliest Greek philosophers, and has divided the philosophic world, in every age of philosophy, since their time. Mr Bentham's real merit, in respect to the foundation of morals, consists in his having cleared it more thoroughly than any of his predecessors from the rubbish of pretended natural law, natural justice, and the like, by which men were wont to consecrate as a rule of morality, whatever they felt inclined to approve of, without knowing why.

"The most prominent moral qualities which appear in Mr Bentham's writings, are love of justice, and hatred of imposture: his most remarkable intellectual endowments, a penetrating deep-sighted acuteness, precision in the use of scientific language, and sagacity and inventiveness in matters of detail. There have been few minds so perfectly original. He has often, we think, been surpassed in powers of metaphysical analysis, as well as in comprehensiveness and many-sidedness of mind. He frequently contemplates a subject only from one or a few of its aspects; though he very often sees further into it, from the one side on which he looks at it, than was seen before even by those who had gone all round it. There is something very striking, occasionally, in the minute elaborateness with which he works out, into its smallest details, one half-view of a question, contrasted with his entire neglect of the remaining half-view, though equally indispensable to a correct judgment of the whole. To this occasional one-sidedness, he failed to apply the natural cure; for, from the time when he embarked in original speculation, he occupied himself very little in studying the ideas of others. This, in almost any other than himself, would have been a fault; in him, we shall only say, that but for it he would have been a greater man.

"Mr Bentham's style has been much criticised; and undoubtedly, in his latter writings, the complicated structure of his sentences renders it impossible, without some familiarity, to read them with rapidity and ease. But his earlier, among which are some of his most valuable productions, are not only free from this defect, but may even, in point of ease and elegance, be ranked among the best English compositions. Felicity of expression abounds even in those of his works which are generally unreadable; and volumes might be filled with passages selected from his later as well as his earlier publications, which, for wit and eloquence, have seldom been surpassed.

"Few persons have ever lived, whose lot in life, viewed on the whole, can be considered more enviable than that of Mr Bentham. During a life protracted far beyond the ordinary length, he enjoyed, almost without interruption, perfect bodily health. In easy circumstances, he was able to devote his whole time and energies to the pursuits of his choice—those which exercised his highest faculties, moral and intellectual,

and supplied him with the richest fund of delightful excitement. His retired habits saved him from personal contact with any but those who sought his acquaintance because they valued it. Few men have had more enthusiastic admirers: and if the hack writers of his day, and some who ought to have known better, often spoke of him with ridicule and contempt, he never read them, and therefore they never disturbed his tranquillity. Along with his passion for abstruser studies, and the lively interest which he felt in public events, he retained to the last a childlike freshness and excitability, which enabled him to derive pleasure from the minutest trifles, and gave to his old age the playfulness, light-heartedness, and keen relish of life, so seldom found except in early youth. In his intercourse with his friends he was remarkable for gaiety and easy pleasantry; it was his season of relaxation; and in conversing he seldom touched upon the great subjects of his intellectual exertions."

For the following valuable remarks on the fundamental principle of the Utilitarian school of philosophy we are indebted to an able American writer:—"It is a fact which ought to be known and pondered, that the selfish morality, which was first taught by Epicurus, and which extended itself till it contributed to unnerve the stern virtue of the Romans, and to overthrow, at one blow, their patriotism and their liberty; which was revived in France during the reign of a licentious court, and helped to prepare the nation for all the guilt and atrocities of the Revolution; which reappeared again in England about fifty years since, and was the means of producing, says Robert Hall, an entirely new cast of character, equally remote from the licentious gaiety of high life, and the low profligacy which falls under the lash of the law; a race of men distinguished by a calm and terrible ferocity, resembling Cæsar in this only, that they went with sobriety to the ruin of their country;—it deserves to be known, that this philosophy is revived in our own day, and is taught with indefatigable zeal by some of the ablest writers in our language. It comes to us, at present, under the auspices of Bentham, and is the presiding spirit in all his powerful but singular works. It has succeeded in establishing one of the ablest of the British reviews, (the Westminster,) and may be met in publications of every size and rank, from the quarto volumes of Mr Mill and Dr Bowring, down to the humblest effusions of a daily press. Nor these alone. Hume and Godwin, and we must add Paley, still live, in their works, to plead its cause; while it numbers, as allies, mightier than all, the spirit of the age, the sordid inclinations of the heart. Thus addressing us under the sanction of honoured names; thus clothed in all the grace and brilliancy that the highest genius can bestow—taught us perhaps as one of our youthful studies—reiterated now in the literature of our libraries and our drawing-rooms, it becomes us to weigh well its claims. It approaches us when least we suspect it, in the worldly-wise maxim—in the levity and banter of conversation—in the flexible politics of private as well as public life—in the countless influences of a busy and a worldly age. If, then, we would not imbibe it as thousands do imbibe it, unconsciously—if we would recognise it in all its disguises, and be prepared deliberately to accept or withstand its influence, we should make it the subject of study. We should weigh its principles—consider its tendency, and try it by that unfailling ordeal—the ordeal of history.

What then is this system usually called the selfish system of morals?

For an answer to this question we go to its most esteemed advocate, Dr Paley, and we find it stated by him in few and explicit words. "Virtue," says Paley, "is the doing good to mankind, in obedience to the will of God and for the sake of everlasting happiness!" The motive then from which all duty or virtue must proceed is the hope of everlasting happiness. It must be in accordance with the will of God, because he alone has everlasting happiness at his disposal, and it must consist in doing good to mankind, because it is by that means alone that he will permit us to attain eternal happiness! The same principle is laid down in another form. "Why," says Paley, "am I obliged to keep my word?"—and we may add, to relieve the poor or perform any other duty. The simple and only answer given is, "because I am urged to do so by a violent motive," (*viz.* the fear of everlasting misery and the hope of everlasting happiness) "resulting from the command of God." Paley, it must be remembered, was a Christian and a divine—and it was of course needful that he should bring into view the precepts and sanctions of his religion.—Not so with Bentham. Translated into his language and into the language of most modern and ancient Utilitarians, Paley's definition would read more simply thus,—*"Virtue is the doing good to mankind for the sake of my own happiness."*—I am obliged to keep my word, and feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, not because I am touched by a noble impulse, which finds delight in acts of justice and charity—not because I am urged by a sense of duty, which, though it speaks with still small voice, yet speaks in tones of rightful and supreme authority—but simply because I am urged by a violent desire to secure my own happiness, which (*alas!*) can be secured on no other terms. Nature or necessity has so bound up my own welfare with that of others, that I am not at liberty to attain the one without promoting the other, and therefore I must needs be just and charitable. Still my own happiness is the only thing for which I am required, or was ever destined to care. In labouring for the benefit of others, I am to do it simply because I am myself to be the gainer, and not because I need feel any sincere interest in it. When performing the highest offices of philanthropy, I fully acquit myself of all the claims of duty, though intent only on my own good, and utterly careless of their welfare for whom I labour. Nay more. If I could indeed lose sight of my own interest, if utterly unmindful of the reward which was to follow, I were capable of an act of kindness to my fellow-men, simply from good will to them, or from a sense of gratitude and veneration towards that Supreme Being in whose image they were made, I ought not to regard such an act as virtue. I ought rather to repress such an impulse from within, as factitious and foolish; and consider that it is not by feeling, but by a cool calculation of interest—by a nice computation of profit and loss, that I am to determine the preference of truth to falsehood, of piety to blasphemy, of humanity and justice to cruelty and blood.

This, we believe, is an impartial exhibition of the grounding principle of that philosophy, which can be distilled from almost every page of Dr Paley's celebrated work on morals, and which forms the glory of the plan by which Bentham and his disciples would regenerate the world. We do not propose now to call in question the specific rules which this system may prescribe for the regulation of our conduct. We might

even admit that these rules, so far as they respect the outward conduct, are identical with those furnished in the scriptures, or in any other moral code. What we object to here is the spirit of the system—the motive on which it makes virtue dependent. We contend, that in resolving all duty or virtue into self-love, it strips it of its dignity—debases our moral sentiments, and offers violence to fundamental notions of the human mind. And it might also be shown, that the system has never prevailed in any country or at any age without tending to the subversion of morality and order. Man is sufficiently sordid from the impulse of his passions. He needs no aid from philosophy to render him sordid on principle and selfish by rule.

Our first remark on this system is, that it confounds virtue with prudence. This is virtually acknowledged by Paley, who states that the only difference between an act of prudence and an act of virtue is, that in the one case we have respect to the happiness of this life alone, whereas in the other, we consider also what we shall gain or lose in the world to come—a difference, be it observed, for which there is no place in the minds of those who do not admit that there is a world to come; and which disappears in practice, we apprehend, from the minds of most, if not of all, who adopt the system. In truth, it is simply a verbal difference. If the mere fact, that an action is useful to the agent, be sufficient to constitute it a virtuous action, it can matter little whether the benefit be of shorter or of longer duration. It follows then, in effect, that prudence is virtue, and that the highest virtue is but the highest prudence. If a capitalist makes a wise investment, or a merchant projects a judicious and successful voyage, we may term these respectively a virtuous voyage, and a virtuous investment; just as Bentham was wont when he spoke of good mutton, to call it virtuous mutton, and when he petted his favourite animal (a deer) to style it his virtuous deer. If on the other hand, the same man performs some noble deed of patriotism or philanthropy—some act in which, seeming to forget himself, he toils and sacrifices only for the benefit of others—why, he is merely a prudent man, who uses the means of happiness intrusted to him.

For example, Sir Thomas More, after a year's imprisonment, and when enfeebled by suffering, is offered permission to return to his wife and children whom he loved so tenderly—to the intellectual pursuits in which he took such delight—to the summit of greatness from which he had been plucked down, if he will but sacrifice a scruple of conscience. He indignantly refuses and prefers rather to perish on a scaffold; and he, on this system, is but a prudent man, who has a proper understanding of his interest! Lafayette, a husband and a father—with every thing in certain prospect or in actual possession that the highest ambition could crave or the warmest sympathies desire, surrenders all—hurries to the aid of a distant and almost hopeless cause, and offers, not only without regret, but with exultation, the endearments of domestic life and the favours of his prince in exchange for toil and danger in behalf of suffering strangers—and he too is but a prudent man! The great Washington tears himself from the peaceful and honoured shades of Mount Vernon, assumes reluctantly a command more fearful perhaps than was ever before intrusted to man—a command which puts at peril his fame, his fortune, and his head. Campaign after campaign he toils

almost without resources, loaded down with responsibility, the object of machinations at home, and of deadly hostility abroad;—and at length, when victory is achieved—his country independent—his name on every tongue, hastening to lay down his command, he escapes from the thanksgivings and honours of his grateful country to the silence of his home; and this is but prudence! and through all this career of seeming glory there has been but the shrewd calculations of an exclusive self-love!

It would be easy to multiply such examples. What shall we say of Howard, leaving a home of opulence and ease that he might dwell “in the depths of dungeons and amidst the infection of hospitals.” What of the soldier of the cross as bidding farewell to the scenes of his childhood and the land of his fathers—rupturing the ties of affection—counting not his life dear unto himself, he goes out to gather amidst malignant gales and in savage wildernesses a harvest for his Lord? What of that Lord himself, as he comes forth from the glory of universal empire, and clothes himself in human form, and becomes a man of sorrows, and consents at last to die in agony for the rescue of the guilty and the vile? Is there nothing here but prudence? Is it all self-seeking? Has there been no principle, no patriotism, no philanthropy, no love of liberty, no disinterested zeal for God and man? Then we say, let history be rewritten, that it may strip these pretenders of their factitious greatness. Let the Evangelists and the Acts of the Apostles, too, be revised, that they may no longer tell of benevolence and zeal—that they may record of Peter and James and John,—when they appear before us rejoicing that they are reckoned worthy to suffer for the name of Jesus—when they resolve that, in spite of the decrees of councils and the madness of mobs, they will still publish the things that they have seen and heard—when they go from city to city smiling on the rage of persecutors, lifting their warning voice in the presence of rulers, and making the very prison-house vocal with their songs;—let the historian, amended and corrected by the Utilitarian, tell us that, after all, these were but men who had a keen eye to their own interest and were in quest of honour and reward! In quest of honour and reward they doubtless were. That they had no thought of these, or that they were not, in truth, advancing their highest happiness by this very self-devotion, is not pretended. But was this all? Their happiness they had a right to think of! To neglect or madly trifle with it is alike folly and guilt. But did they think of nothing else? Was it by dwelling exclusively and intently on their own interest, that they were moved to tears and sympathy—that they were nerved to deeds of self-sacrifice—that their hearts were made to bleed for the sins and sufferings of distant strangers and benighted heathen? Or is it in man, when engrossed with himself and thinking not of others, to rise to the stature of such deeds, and write his name high and bright among the benefactors of his race. Surely this life must be delusion—history a romance—the holy Evangelists but a tissue of fables, or else the philosophy in question is false.

And yet further.—This philosophy not only confounds virtue with prudence,—it goes so far as to confound it even with vice, to abolish all intelligible distinction between right and wrong, and place them before us on the same moral level. For what, according to the Utili-

tarian, is virtue? It is a wise forecast and calculation respecting our own happiness. And what is vice? It is an unwise calculation and forecast in regard to the very same thing. To both the virtuous and vicious man is presented the same object to be pursued from the same motive, and the only conceivable difference is one of degree, not of kind. The one looking for happiness rises to justice and beneficence—the other in quest of the same end descends to deeds of infamy and guilt. Where is there room for that vast and radical distinction which we are accustomed to make, for that deep and heartfelt reverence on the one hand, or for that intense disapprobation and displeasure on the other? Is a mere “error in arithmetic”—a mere mistake in the computation of gain and loss such an enormous crime that it ought to kindle indignation; or is simple “expertness in posting and balancing the moral ledger,” in anticipating the chances of a given adventure, an achievement so lofty, that it ought to bow down our souls in admiration? On the supposition that this system is true, where is there room for the exercise of moral esteem and reverence, or for those sentiments of contempt and reprobation which we feel at the sight of the seducer and oppressor? And the guilty man himself, when he takes a review of his life and finds that he has been an extortioner, a sensualist, a blasphemer, what occasion has he for that remorse with which he is wont to goad himself? At the worst he has but calculated badly—made an unwise speculation for which he may well feel regret—but should suffer no remorse. Once admit the principle that man acts and ought to act only from a regard to his own happiness, be it in this or in a future world, and it must be followed out till there remains no place for moral distinctions. Duty sinks till it becomes synonymous with prudence, virtue with skill, vice with error, remorse with regret, and indignation with pity.

There is yet another objection. Dr Paley admits the divine will to be our rule of duty, and inculcates implicit obedience. But on what ground does he do so? Is it on the ground that God has a moral right to our obedience—that as our Creator and best benefactor—as the source and centre of all excellence, he merits and should receive the deepest homage of our gratitude and esteem? Far from it. We are not obliged, on his principles, to cherish one sentiment of gratitude or of reverence. “Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,” merely means, in this school, “be very careful not to incur his displeasure! He has at his disposal your eternal well-being—be extremely cautious lest you provoke him to make it a sacrifice!” Such caution is doubtless proper. It is enjoined in one sense by all the sacred writers and by Christ himself. It shows the expediency of consulting the divine will. But is it the ground on which they rest the duty of obedience? Is it the great informing principle of their morality—the source whence they deduce the authority and the obligations of religion? In other words, is the government of God built on the mere basis of power, and not of right, so that we are called to submit, not because we ought, but because we must? Such is indeed the view which these speculations seem to take; and it may assist us in forming a proper estimate of the system, when we thus find it blotting from the divine character all moral attributes, such as justice and holiness—holding up his om-

nipotence as the only proper object of regard—representing his commands as merely arbitrary decrees, and our own moral notions as little better than fictions of law.

Hannah More

BORN A. D. 1745.—DIED A. D. 1834.

HANNAH MORE was the daughter of a schoolmaster, and his five daughters were bred to the same profession. The worthy man is said to have had a great dread of female pedantry, but probably communicated unconsciously to his daughter a taste for such pursuits as interested his own mind. There was, however, no cause for apprehension; for, remarkable as she was for the variety and extent of her attainments, she never took her place in society simply as a literary lady; and this is one proof of her ability, since there are but few persons so situated, in whom the consciousness of having a reputation to sustain would not interfere with the lightness and grace of their motions and appearance in society. Her mother was the daughter of a farmer, whose education had been plain and suitable to her station. Mr More was himself a tory and high-churchman, the rest of the family were presbyterians, and the daughters had frequently heard their father say that he had two great-uncles captains in Cromwell's army. Hannah was distinguished, even from an early age, by great quickness of apprehension, retentiveness of memory, and a thirst for knowledge; when she was between three and four years old, she had taught herself to read, and repeated the catechism in the church in a manner which excited the admiration of the minister of the parish. That there was some fascination in her manners, and intelligence in her conversation, even while a mere girl, we may presume from a curious anecdote that is related by her biographer, Mr Roberts. When she was about sixteen, a dangerous illness brought her under the care of Dr Woodward, a physician of eminence in that day, and distinguished by his correct taste. On one of his visits, being led into conversation with his patient on subjects of literature, he forgot the purpose of his visit in the fascination of her talk; till suddenly recollecting himself, when he was half way down stairs, he cried out, "Bless me! I forgot to ask the girl how she was;" and returned to the room, exclaiming, "How are you to-day, my poor child?" Among her early acquaintance, she was indebted for the improvement of her taste, and for the acquisition of just critical knowledge, to none more than to a linen-draper of the name of Peach, at Bristol, with whom the following curious story is connected: He had been the friend of Hume the historian, who had shown his confidence in his judgment by intrusting to him the correction of his 'History,' in which he used to say he had discovered more than two hundred Scotticisms; but for him it appears that two years of the historian's life might have passed into oblivion, which were spent in a merchant's counting-house at Bristol, whence he was dismissed, on account of his being too apt to correct the letters he was commanded to copy. More than twenty years after the death of Mr Peach, Hannah More being in company with Dr Percy, Gibbon,

and others, who were conjecturing what might have been the cause of this chasm in the life of Hume, of two years, was enabled to solve the mystery by relating the above anecdote.

The place of her residence in youth was Bristol, where her sisters kept a boarding-school. The first on the long list of her distinguished acquaintance was the elder Sheridan, who came to deliver lectures on eloquence in that city. He was struck with her prematurity of talent, and was doubtless a good judge of real ability, though his life was too roving and unsettled for him to accomplish much, even in his chosen pursuit. At the time when her intellectual gifts led him to cultivate her acquaintance, she was only in her sixteenth year. Ferguson also, who was delivering astronomical lectures in Bristol, was one of these admirers. To have her acquaintance sought by such men of note, was exceedingly flattering to one so young; but the only effect of it seems to have been to encourage to a literary effort. She wrote a pastoral drama, called the 'Search after Happiness;' whether it succeeded or not, we are wholly unable to tell; her biographer merely says, in the Delphic style, "The attempt succeeded as it deserved."

At this period she became acquainted with Dean Tucker, the well known political writer, and Dr Langhorne, a person of some distinction in his day. But the friend to whom she appears to have felt most indebted was Sir James Stonehouse, who had relinquished a large practice as a physician to take holy orders, and was then residing in Bristol. Besides encouraging her to cultivate her talents, he did much to draw out and cherish those religious feelings, which grew constantly stronger as she advanced in years. She was also the object of a more tender attachment; a rich old bachelor fell violently in love with her, and she accepted his offers; but some caprice on his part induced him to defer the marriage from day to day, till she resolved to be trifled with no longer. The engagement was dissolved by mutual consent, and the discarded lover became her friend. Without the fear of a suit for breach of promise before his eyes, he was desirous to settle an annuity upon her, and by the persuasions of her friends she was induced to accept it, though with long hesitation. At his death he left her a legacy of a thousand pounds. All her affairs of the heart seem to have been disposed of in a summary manner in early life. Her hand was again solicited and refused; but by whom, history does not say.

This is all the biographer has been able to gather of her early life, from 1745, when she was born, till 1774, when she went to London; we presume this was the year, but her neglect to date her letters on many occasions, leaves us uncertain at times when we wish to be sure. This, he says, brings her "to that stage in the progress of ardent inexperience, when the blooming speculations of hope and fancy are to be exchanged for vulgar verities." Very fortunate was she if her ardent inexperience lasted to the age of twenty-nine, and if her blooming speculations could then be exchanged for such vulgar verities as the acquaintance of Johnson and Garrick, in one sex, and Mrs Montague and Mrs Carter, in the other. We are not informed what conducted her to London, nor to what good fortune it was owing that she became at once an object of flattering attentions. A provincial reputation for talent, be it ever so great, is not often a passport to London society, and as for her works,

we hear of scarcely anything except the 'Search after Happiness,' which there is reason to suppose did not meet with unusual success. Garrick, it is true, had some reason to be prejudiced in her favour; he accidentally saw a letter in which she described her own delight at witnessing his performance of *Lear*: he was pleased with her critical remarks, and doubtless thought the subject very happily selected. Thus prepossessed in her favour, he sought an introduction to her, and finding his favourable impressions confirmed, he introduced her to his own circle, which included the eminent, the fashionable, and the great,—if we may use that conventional term to describe the noble, in presence of the majestic Johnson, and the sublime Burke.

She gives a lively idea of the interest inspired by the farewell performances of this great actor. She says that the eagerness to see him was inconceivable; duchesses and countesses were glad to get places in the upper boxes, and those who were formerly too proud to go, would then courtesy to the ground for the worst seats in the house. The theatre was in those days a more general resort than it has ever been since; and Miss More, though she was always serious in her religious views and feelings, did not then regard the stage as she did some years after. She even caught the dramatic inspiration, and wrote a tragedy called 'Percy.' Garrick exerted himself to have it produced under the most favourable circumstances; though he had left the stage himself, his interest was great, and his taste and judgment were regarded as established law. He wrote the prologue and epilogue himself; on the night when it appeared he went with her to the theatre, where they had the gratification of finding it received with unbounded applause. The profits of this play amounted to six hundred pounds; but it brought her approbation, which was worth more to her; Mrs Montague wrote her warm congratulations; Dr Percy returned his "best thanks for her invaluable present," and presented the thanks of the duke of Northumberland and Earl Percy. Mr Home called to rejoice in her success, while he was mourning for the untimely fate of his own 'Alfred'; the Man of Feeling, though as far off as Edinburgh, declared that he had shed tears in reading it; but while the town was ringing with her success, a look into her apartment shows that she was spending her time in reading such works as 'Locke on the Epistles,' and 'West on the Resurrection.'

One of the most singular friends in her large circle was Horace Walpole; he is so constantly associated with old times, and his father's administration, that he is generally set down among the ancients, nearer Queen Anne than George III. But he lived till the close of the last century, and most of his works were published after he had reached his maturer years. He was so fastidious and shy in his whole character, that one would hardly expect to find him cultivating an acquaintance with strangers like Hannah More, and that, too, on account of her literary pretensions, which he held in affected disdain, though it was the devouring ambition of his life to secure some literary renown; and the probability is, that had she been of the other sex, he would have thought of her rather as a rival than a friend. But at this time he went freely into select society, where he was welcomed and treated with respect, as a man of elegant taste, and an amusing chronicle of old

times; and happening to meet with Hannah More, he was struck, like every one else, with her talent, liveliness, and general attraction. He invited her to his baby-house at Strawberry-hill, where he exerted himself strenuously to entertain her; afterwards he kept up a correspondence with her for years. She attended the first representation of Sheridan's play, the 'Rivals,' which did not succeed, and of General Burgoyne's 'Maid of the Oaks,' which did succeed much better than his military expedition; she lived when Cumberland's 'Odes' appeared, and tried in vain to persuade Richard Owen Cambridge to read them; she attended the trial of the duchess of Kingston, and heard Dunning, whose manner was insufferably bad, coughing and spitting at every three words; she was admitted to the friendship of Mrs Delany, who had been the intimate of Swift, and was within hearing of the cry, when Guiscard stabbed Lord Oxford; she received calls from Dean Tucker and Edmund Burke, on the same morning, and rejoiced that they had not met, since it was just after Burke had attacked the Dean in the house of commons; she dined one day with Gibbon, Sterne, Harris, Burney, Chambers, and Ramsay, and the next with Bishop Porteous and Jonas Hanway; she met the author of 'Evelina,' just after that work appeared, and was surprised that with her youth and modesty she could have picked up so much knowledge of life; she read Mason's 'Life of Gray,' when it first appeared, and was a believer for a time in the antiquity of Rowley's poems; she heard the storm which raged round Dr Johnson's impassive head, when his 'Lives of the Poets' appeared; she was invited to Mr Thrale's to an assembly, on the very day when the master of the house so suddenly died of the luxuries of his table; she received classical compliments from Bishop Lowth, and flirted with General Paoli; she saw Mythology Bryant, who had been that morning to present his book,—one of the little princes requested to see it, and holding it a few minutes upside down, pronounced it an excellent work; she quarrelled about the slave-trade and the English language with Lord Monboddo, and was received with pomp and favour by Bishop Watson; she rejoiced over the publication of her friend, Dr Kennicott's Hebrew Bible and conversed with Sir William Jones; she found an admirer in the person of General Oglethorpe, whose gallantry was not extinguished by his age, which exceeded ninety; she was one of the first to be struck in conversation with the amazing abilities of the conceited Lord Erskine; the veteran Lord Bathurst lent her his collection of the original letters of Swift, Pope, Bolingbroke and Queen Mary, and Leonidas Glover sung his ballad called 'Hosier's Ghost' to her, when he was past the age of eighty; she played at children's games with Lord North, and had long and serious conversations with Burke. But this was near the close of that brilliant period; star after star was fast going down; Johnson soon died, and she heard all the discordant elements of biography, which gave battle to each other over his grave. Her own feelings also changed; she never had been fond of fashionable society, though circumstances had thrown her into the midst of it; the stage she had utterly renounced and condemned, though her second attempt was nearly as successful as the first; her conscience was always reproaching her with living only for self-gratification, and from this time she began to execute the purpose, which she had long deliberately formed,—that of devoting her

time and means to useful and charitable actions, and her heart to religious duty.

About this time she removed to a small cottage near Bristol, at a place called Cowslip-green, and visited London only at distant intervals. She kept up a correspondence with Mrs Boscawen, the lady mentioned with so much respect in Boswell's Johnson, and Mrs Montague, who, by reason of her large fortune and intelligent conversation, was an acknowledged leader in the world of fashion and taste. She wrote often to Sir William Pepys, who, though letter-writing was not his forte, wrote her with great length and punctuality; and occasionally a missive from Horace Walpole pursued her into the shade. With the consciousness that she was approved by the wise, sought for by the great, and loved by the good,—with property enough in possession and in her power to secure a comfortable support, she began to give her mind wholly to religious subjects; and the chapter which commences in the history of her life is entirely new, and even more honourable to her than the last.

Her associates and correspondents were now in general of a graver cast; David Garrick was succeeded by John Newton, a man of great excellence and fervour, but somewhat too fond of describing himself as the old African slave. She did not wholly abandon London; she returned to it on occasional visits, and was received with the same warmth as ever: but at Cowslip-green her time was passed in pursuits both of a literary and religious character; her fine practical understanding prevented her from subsiding into a useless devotee, and her conscientiousness made her consult utility rather than profit and popularity in her writings. The subject of the slave-trade was then beginning to agitate the public mind, and Wilberforce was entering public life as the champion of this sacred cause; the opposition to reform was powerful, headed by such statesmen as Dundas, supported by philosophers like Monboddo, not to speak of popular writers like Boswell; the two great statesmen of the day were interested on the right side, though they would not make the question the chief object of their attention, but the amount of interest on the other side was so great as to make the result of the battle doubtful. Hannah More took the most anxious interest in these proceedings; wishing to do her part to exert favourable influences on the public mind, she wrote her poem called the 'Slave-trade.' We do not know what effect nor what amount of circulation it had, but we find it complimented by Warton, Horne, and the less poetical authority, Bishop Watson.

Her station in society had given her an opportunity of seeing much of the fashionable and the great, and she was fully convinced that the whole spirit of social life, in the higher circles, was adverse to the cultivation of religious principle. Many practices tolerated in it seemed to her to indicate an entire disregard to religious considerations; such for example as Sunday-concerts, the form of denying themselves by the words "not at home," and the prevailing want of sympathy with all those to whom they were bound to do good. Believing that some impression might be made, at least upon a few, she wrote her work called 'Thoughts on the Manners of the Great,' and sent it without her name into the world, where it soon excited much attention. It was not difficult to

trace the author; but many of those against whose practices it was aimed, and who had always considered themselves very tolerable Christians, found it quite difficult to understand her drift. One of them told her, that he admired the institution which gave rest to those who laboured; but that it could not be meant for people of fashion, since as they did nothing on any day, it could not be necessary for them to give that one to rest. But though many could not comprehend it, it was read by all, and some received suggestions from it which produced a change in their habits of life. To attempt to reform the great, though not easy to be accomplished, was too easy in the efforts required to fill her high sense of duty. She had also found vices prevailing among the poor, many of which she thought were owing to their entire want of instruction. She determined to exert herself for their reform, as far as her influence extended; and as her sisters had now been able to give up their school, and to retire with an adequate support for the rest of their lives, her plan was, with their assistance, to educate the poor children of the neighbouring villages. Her design was conceived with as much judgment as generosity; but it met with the most violent opposition, even from many of those who were to receive the benefit of her gratuitous services.

She selected Cheddar, a romantic village, ten miles from Cowslip-green, as the scene of her first experiment. The first person to be propitiated—for she was obliged to solicit permission to do this favour—was a rich farmer, whom she was able to conciliate only by flattery and attention. The vicar of this place lived at the university of Oxford, and the curate at a place twelve miles distant; in this hopeful region she commenced her enterprise, by hiring a house and a mistress at her own expense; though the parents were suspicious, the children came in, and the prospect of success was encouraging. Though formerly, when divine service was performed there once in the sabbath, eight was considered a sufficient audience in the morning, and twenty in the afternoon, when they had carried on their school for a year, it was attended by two hundred old people, and as many children. The success which they met with here encouraged them to extend their operations, and in a short time they had twelve hundred children under their care. Their own resources were not equal to all these demands; but they were sustained by generous friends, like Wilberforce, who stood ready to supply whatever was wanting. Considering that some of the villages were inhabited by miners, so rude and ferocious that officers of justice dared not venture among them, and that such persons were distrustful of an enterprise which they could not understand, their success might appear surprising, if there were not a thousand examples to show what kind and cheerful views of religion, a spirit of disinterested regard for others, and a heart engaged in its object, are able to do. But as the fears excited by the French revolution prevailed more extensively in England, and found support in the approbation of revolutionary principles, which was openly expressed by a large party in that country, the attention of alarmists began to turn with apprehension to examine every thing that was new; among others, her schools became suspected; they were institutions which had grown up at about the same time with the new political system; they were not in the books; no one could suppose that any thing less than a deep-political design was the inspiring cause of so much effort and self-devot-

tion. At first the chief difficulty had been with the young converts; when the subject of religion was first embraced by their minds, they were anxious to distinguish themselves by doing some great thing. Her thorough good sense had always recognised the truth, that holiness of life was the only sure test of the religious character, and she was obliged to labour unceasingly, to prevent the ardour of her converts from spending itself on lighter matters of the law; besides this, she felt the absolute necessity of their seeing not merely the truth, but seeing it in its proper light; since those to whom it appeared in a gloomy, unsocial, and forbidding aspect, were strangers to its spirit, though they might know its letter by heart. These difficulties were, however, surmounted, since it depended on her own efforts to subdue them; but, after a time, a storm of popular prejudice was excited against her, which had almost broken up her institutions, and had such an effect on her health, which was never firm, that it came near bringing her to the grave. It originated, probably, in some feeling of personal ill-will. The curate of Blagdon, the parish in which Cowslip-green was situated, requested her to establish one of her schools there, and for several years expressed himself delighted with its effect; but all at once he turned against her, accused her of being hostile to church and state, and, as such a panic was then easily spread, he raised an outcry, which for a time beat from all quarters in a perfect storm. The charges against her show what kinds of transgressions were magnified into atrocious crimes by the feverish state of popular feeling. One charge was that of Calvinism,—an enormous offence, of which, however, if her own words may be trusted, she was not guilty. "As a party matter," she says, "I never write nor talk about doctrines, thinking that it makes our tempers sour and unprofitable. The doctrines peculiar to Calvinism I do not adopt, though I much reverence many good men who maintain them." The other offence alleged, was that of occasionally permitting extemporary prayer in her schools; it appeared that one or two zealous teachers had made a prayer of this description, without any idea of shaking the foundations of church and state; but the matter was amended as soon as known, and it was understood, that if they had no book they should never pray again.

At the time when the English nation was in its highest state of excitement, and before the excesses of the French revolution had alarmed its early friends, the spirit of opposition to established institutions was extending itself so rapidly, that even the pilot who weathered the storm, seemed likely to be overborne by a mutinous crew. The friends of Hannah More, knowing her power of adaptation to all to whom she wished to address herself, believed that the same tact which had made her exert a happy influence on persons of rank, would enable her to do much to calm the agitated minds of the poor. After resisting much urgency from her friends, Hannah More wrote her 'Village Politics,' as a hasty experiment, and published it without her name; it had a most rapid and perfect success; being adapted in manner and spirit to the poor, it made a deep impression upon that class; and the higher orders, who by no means felt safe in the possession of their titles or fortunes, exerted themselves to spread it throughout the kingdom. Finding that this new field of enterprise was opened, she wrote the tracts which compose her

'Cheap Repository,' every one has heard of the 'Shepherd of Salisbury Plain,' and such publications took a hold upon the minds of the people, which no doubt had great effect in reconciling them to a state which was certainly hard, but could only be made worse by hasty attempts to alter.

We do not intend to follow her through the history of her life, which was prolonged for many years, in which she suffered much from sickness and loss of friends; but they were nevertheless as happy as the respect and affection of others, the consciousness of doing good, and a firm religious trust could make them. Her later works were of a religious cast; not addressed to particular classes like the others, and therefore less successful; since it was in this adaptation to those whom she wished to influence that her strength lay. But they do great honour both to her mind and heart. In sentiment, still more in style, they are not always judicious, but generally they display the marks of a strong, ready, and discriminating hand; no fault can be found with their spirit, for though men of the world charged her with excessive rigour, it would not be easy to show in what particular she transcended the great rule which all profess to follow, nor did she ever prescribe a rule for others which she did not herself observe. Her charity was most exemplary; throughout her writings we find a strong attachment to her own opinions indeed, such as belongs to an independent mind; but notwithstanding this strength of conviction, or possibly in consequence of this strength of conviction, she gave others full credit for equal sincerity, and never suffered her good feeling to other sects or individuals to be influenced by difference of opinion.

It was this singleness of heart,—this warm and generous sympathy with her race, which constituted the great attraction of her works. Her mind, though active and powerful, was not of the first order: she often took miniature views of great subjects,—correct enough as far as they went, but not sufficiently enlarged. There is often more regard to the point of the sentence than to the scope of the argument, and an epigrammatical way of setting down her reflections, which was unfavourable to logical deductions. The very circumstance that her works were so successful, every one of them passing through many editions, would create a suspicion that they were of a fashion which passes away. And this is true of them; they are now not generally read,—and they will excite less and less interest in future years. Being meant, and wonderfully suited for a given time, they are not of the kind which are suited to all times; they may be forgotten, but she will always retain a high traditional fame as one who exerted a considerable influence upon her own age, and that the age of Goldsmith, Burke, and Johnson. Of all her efforts 'Cœlebs' was the least successful; not because it wants merit, but because it was founded in the mistake of supposing that she could exert herself to more advantage by assuming a popular disguise.

Hannah More died in September 1834, at the age of eighty-eight. Several years before her death she was obliged to quit Barley Woods, the place which she had formed after her own taste, and in which she hoped to die, in consequence of the bad conduct of her servants, who had taken advantage of her great indulgence. But her sisters were dead; she herself was waiting to follow, and it was of little importance

to her where she passed the remaining hours of her closing day. Her powers of body and mind failed after that time, but not so rapidly as might have been expected from a constitution which had never been strong, and was then undermined by sickness added to the infirmity of age. Her disposition was cheerful and even playful to the very last ; we mean the last period of her conscious existence ; for she was brought by successive stages of decline to such a state of helplessness, that her mind almost failed her for a year before her death.

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